NON-FICTION

Frontier Times

May, 1968

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TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

TEXAN TAMER

JAY KALEZ REVEALS
WHAT PINK SIMMS
THOUGHT OF WYATT EARP

A RUMANIAN QUEEN IN THE WEST

The BAYHORSE TREASURE

—BY MAURICE KILDARE—

LAST CHIEF OF THE CHEROKEES

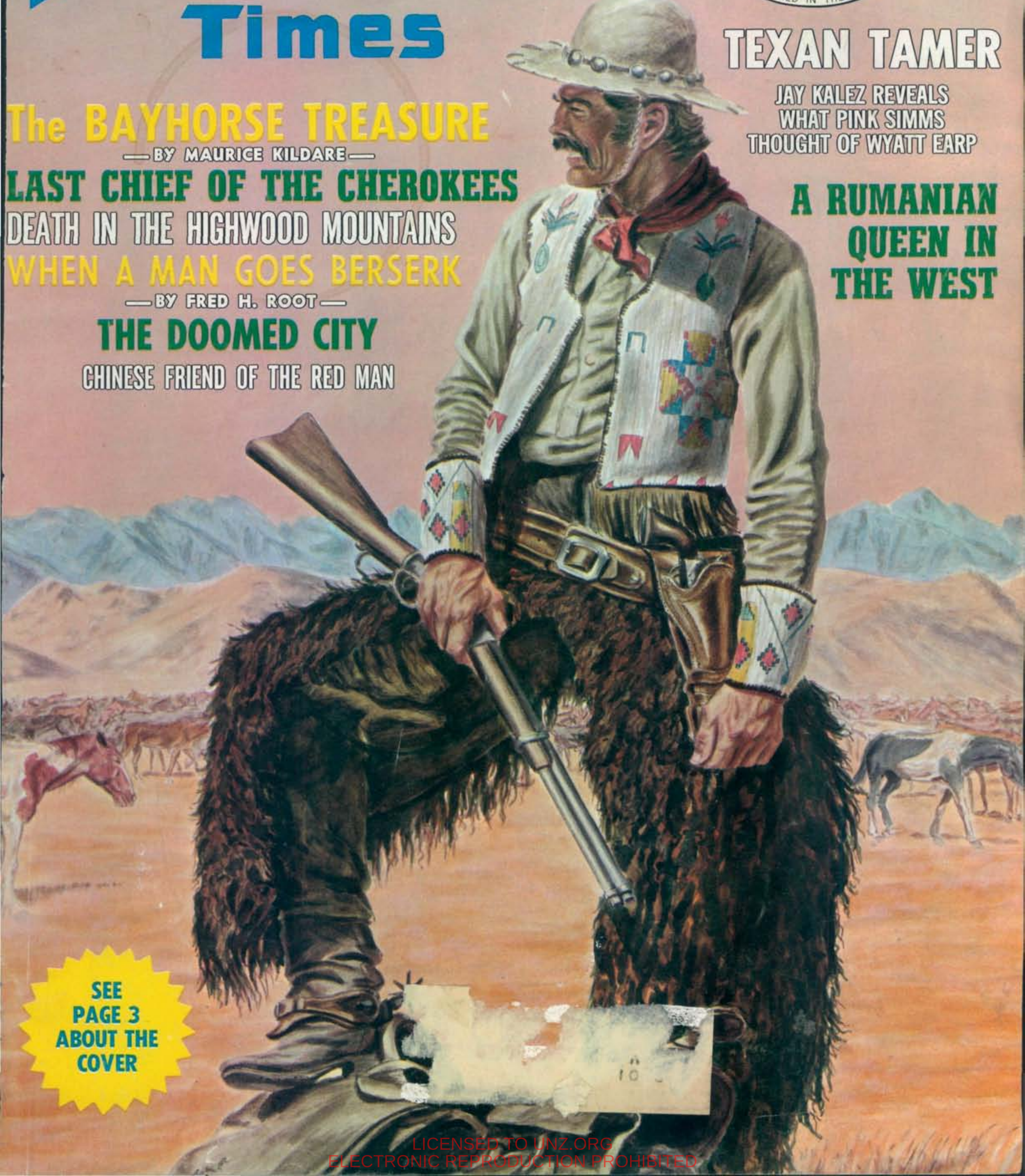
DEATH IN THE HIGHWOOD MOUNTAINS

WHEN A MAN GOES BERSERK

—BY FRED H. ROOT—

THE DOOMED CITY

CHINESE FRIEND OF THE RED MAN



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PAGE 3
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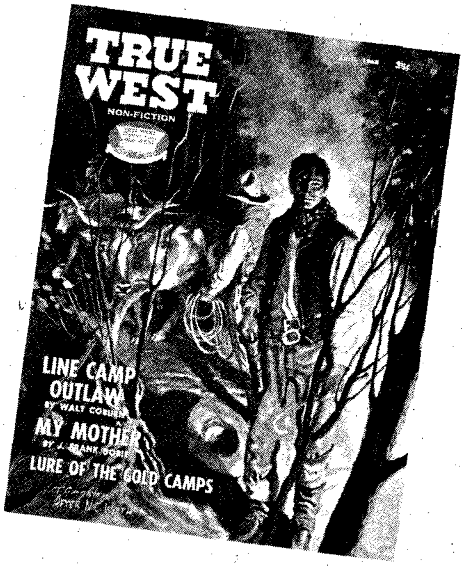

The April 1968 issue of TRUE WEST gets off to a flying start with **"LINE CAMP OUTLAW"** by Walt Coburn. "Whenever an outlaw tried for a South American stake he was gambling all he had to lose, including his life, on one throw of the dice." Walt Coburn tells of the winter he spent with a man getting ready to make this move. To Walt he was just "Shorty"—a pretty good guy. "Shorty and his pardner took that dangerous chance and lost." Walt was advised to keep his mouth shut about it and he did—until now (50 years after)!

Also, J. Frank Dobie tells about **"MY MOTHER".** To her, life was a big Christmas package—its savor much like that moment when the ribbons part, giving the first glimpse of what's inside. "Maybe I don't always get what I want," she used to say, "but I always want what I get."

LURE OF THE GOLD CAMPS by Mary Elizabeth Story Howard. Life had as many troubles as cactus needles mixed in the sand—but folks just had to get to California! **PROWLING FOR LOOT ON DELAWARE CREEK** by Maurice Kildare. When there's a cantankerous farmer and a pack of dogs to contend with, that old "No Trespassing" sign gets to reading like "Rest in Peace." **LAME CHARLIE SPEAKS** by Harry E. Webb. Could this be the solution to the old mystery of the Maiden's Grave? **HELL FOR LEATHER RANGERS** by William B. Secrest. They were a three-months' whirlwind designed to suck up only one man—the elusive Murrieta. **HORNY TOAD MAN** by Lenore Dils. "Everything that has ever happened on any railroad has happened on the Horny Toad. Every situation devised by man, nature or the devil had to be faced and overcome by the men on that division." **NICK EGGENHOFER'S WEST** by Les Beitz. Fourth in a series of outstanding western artists and the particular media of each. **JORNADA CATTLE DRIVE** by Nick Carter. Seems like only two quantities of water were found on this trail—too much or too little. A man's tongue would swell one day; his hat would float the next.

THE SEARCH FOR ZONIA by Tom Barkdull. Another in a series of little-known ghost towns. **WASHDAY IN INDIAN TERRITORY** by Olevia E. Myers. The secret here was organization—which extended right on down the ranks to the six-months-old. Not a split second was lost, still the chore took all day.

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PAT WAGNER
Editor

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

ROBERT SMALL
Advertising

MARY SANDERS
Editorial Assistant

LESTER U. BEITZ
Art Director

MARILYN WHITE
Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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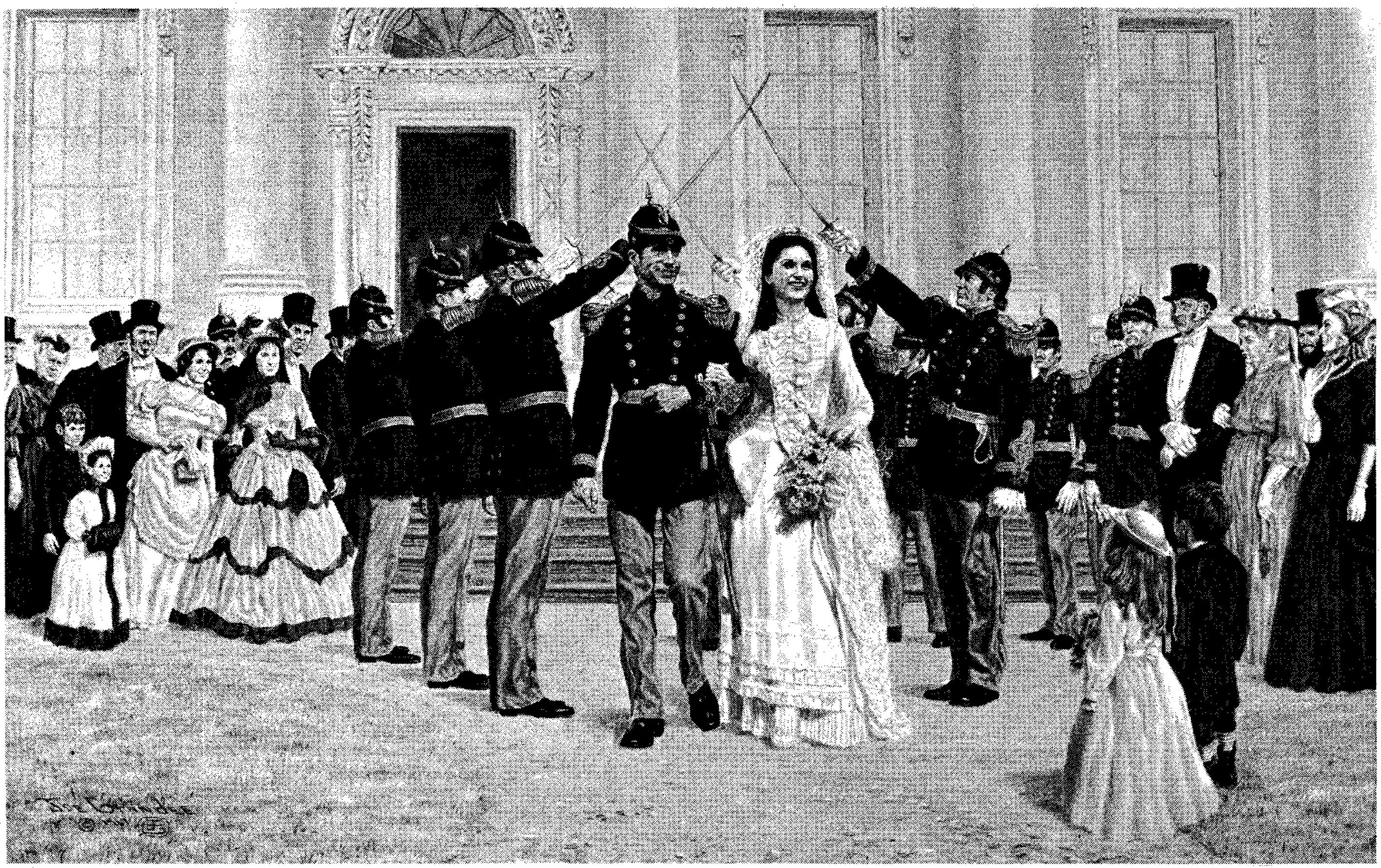


Our Boy Joe

GRANDEE, that is. You know, when somebody gets famous, people even crawl out of holes in the wall saying, "I knew him when!" or "I made him, man—I flat created this boy!" or maybe just "I gave him an apple and a cheese sandwich when he didn't even have a cupboard to be empty!"

Anyhow, it's a fairly safe bet that we were not the *complete* cause of Joe Grandee's present success—I don't remember one single time when I guided his hand while he did a painting. We did run so many of his covers and inside illustrations that they got to calling him "the TRUE WEST artist" and anybody with a half grain of know-how will immediately realize that, had we been in publication during their time, we could have made a success of Charlie Russell and Frederic Remington by the same method. . .

Well, I had a little talk with the Grandees recently and here's a short version of their latest adventures. If they don't watch out, they're going to turn out to be rich, successful and mizzerable! It's a joke, son! They'll never be mizzerable; they are one of the dad-burned nicest couples you'll ever meet.

By golly, if I was a rattlesnake, I'd wind up so long that my silly head would get stomped before I could strike, so here goes about the Grandees . . .

Last summer Joe was asked to paint Lynda Johnson and Chuck Robb's White House wedding in some early-day period, the exact setting to be left up to Joe. The painting was to be a wedding gift from a personal friend of the bride and groom.

Joe and wife Murlene seriously discussed whether or not to take on this assignment for the simple reason that it would be a major production. The entire subject matter would be unfamiliar to Joe and would require extensive research. Joe knows nothing of formal military weddings (or at least he didn't then!) and very little about the early Marine Corps uniforms as he had specialized in cavalry, infantry, etc. with very little emphasis on the sea services. He had none of the Marine uniforms nor any research concerning them.

One of Joe's most pressing problems has always been the shortage of paintings. He never has enough on hand at any one time to be able to have a show—the main reason being the high detail and exacting research that goes into every one of his paintings. Another is that most of his work is done on assignment these days and what isn't, is snapped up quick like. But Joe's a young master on detail and exacting research so he just hauled off and bogged his spurs.

Joe decided on an 1880 period setting due to elaborateness of dress in both military and civilian clothing. Marine Corps uniforms, complete with coat, epaulettes, sword and belt, pants, gloves, helmets with insignias, etc.; ladies' dresses and gentlemen's formal wear had to be rounded up.

The finished product (35 x 50 inches in actual size) is shown above. What a beautiful publicity break for the Grandees. People who didn't know about Joe before (now there just *might* be a Republican dissenter!) are seeking Joe's autograph now.

Then, by golly, hard upon this honor, comes an invitation to be on Johnny Carson's "Tonight" show. One of the funniest things to me was Joe refusing to let the studio hands "make him up"! They were so frustrated they sulked in a corner and I hear that they refused to take nourishment for days!

Well, Johnny and Joe discussed the White House presentation of the painting and, as a surprise, Joe gave Johnny a water-color portraying Carson as an old-time frontiersman. Joe told Johnny he looked remarkably like Jesse James. The audience fell apart. If you missed this show, you shouldn't had ort to. They were short for time and Joe didn't get in one-fifth of what should have been said and shown about his remarkable and

(Continued on page 72)

FRONTIER POST

In His Name

Dear Sirs:

Years ago, when our son Charles B. F. Wilkinson was in the last of grade school and high school, he subscribed to your magazines. He was a lover of history, especially that of the West. He made one trip west and enjoyed it immensely. Then he went into the service and asked that we keep his copies of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES until he came home. He did not want to miss a copy and was afraid they would get lost in the mail. After we read each new issue, we carefully placed it with the previous copies.

As working conditions were bad here, he, on his own, became a commercial pilot and went South to dust crops after he got out of the service. There his plane had to be repaired. When he took it up, fate stepped in and he and another young man were burned to death in a fatal crash.

He loved your publications so we have continued to keep up his subscription. We should like it if you would continue to send them under his name as a gesture to a young man who loved the West.—Mrs. Charles R. Wilkinson, 1216 Fidelity Drive, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15236.

Correction

Dear Sir:

It has been only recently that I've had the pleasure of reading W. G. Hutchinson's article on Bent's Fort in the September, 1966 issue.

Please understand that I am not trying to make a production of two (2) errors, of which in my opinion, one is only minor—Ceran St. Vrain did not die October 20, 1870; Lucien Maxwell's middle initial is B.

Just thought I'd call your attention to two very small items. Enjoy your magazines anyway.—H. E. Berry, 307-C-East 11th Street, Austin, Texas 78701.

Mr. Berry, we appreciate your charitable attitude in calling these two errors "minor" but to slip up on a name and a date in an article having to do with history is about as serious a mistake as can be made (this opinion based on many years of making boo-boos of every shade and gradation). Thank you for calling it to our attention.

Vegas Cowboy

Howdy:

Just finished reading the January issue and want to say thanks to S. Omar Barker for his story, "Git for Vegas, Cowboy!" It brought back fond memories of days gone by. I used to "Git for the Vegas Annual four-day rodeo," most every year from 1927 through the early '30s.

I remember most all the old cowboys who took part in the show that he mentioned. Skeet Williams and I used to rodeo together. That was when I was taking care of Bear Springs Ranch, north of Magdalena, New Mexico. I have a picture of myself by Alan Le May, February 1930, *Colliers'* magazine, in the calf contest; one of the best action pictures to be found I believe. I also have a pair of silver-mounted spurs donated by Tom Dorn, manager, Meadows Hotel, to the cowboy who made the fastest time calf roping on July 4 of that year. I remember when Harold Crosby rode out to help a contestant who had bucked off a Brahma bull or steer. Harold's leg was broken when the critter ran directly into his horse. My wife and I went to see him at the hospital. He had just received a telegram from his brother, Bob, at Prescott, who was taking in the big show there, saying that his own leg was broken. The two accidents happened on the same day and probably almost at the same time. I went to school with the Crosbys one year at Toyah, Texas, my home town. —B. H. (alias Handsome Harry) Jarrell, Box 772, Willcox, Arizona 85643.

Eve Ball Fan

Dear Hosstail:

I really enjoyed that stomp-down, top-notch article by Eve Ball—all about our old friend Clell Lee and his renowned dogs. That lady surely knows what she's doing when she starts out to describe anything. Takes you right along with the main actor and those famous dogs (I've read about him before) so that you're right with 'im in person. I've read and re-read it, and am saving that issue (along with lots of others).—Dan N. Power, 3205 Westona Drive, Chattanooga, Tennessee 37412.

Harry Hynds

Sir:

Your story in January FRONTIER TIMES, "Canyon Springs Robbery" carries a picture of Harry Hynds (but he is not mentioned). In 1902 I was in Cheyenne just before my 17th birthday and while I was not bothered in any other saloon or club, one day I played at the roulette wheel in the Capitol Club and felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked around and the man asked how I was doing. I told him I was about a dollar winner, so he said, "Cash in," after which he took me to the door and said, "Don't come back. You're too young for this business." At the same time he advised me to stay away from all gambling. I learned he was the owner and his name was Harry Hynds. Wonder if it is he? Would your author know?—Lee E. McDermet, Box 2271, Denver, Colorado 80201.

Dear Editor:

In the story of the "Canyon Springs Robbery" there is a picture of Harry Hynds (one-time blacksmith).

I have an article clipped from the Denver *Post* (by my father, Dave Williams), dated March 16, 1933, of the death in San Antonio, Texas from pneumonia of "Harry P. Hynds, financier, and friend of the man in distress," from Cheyenne, Wyoming.

My father had known one Harry Hynds in Wyoming in the 1880s, who then did a lot of boxing, but hadn't heard of him for forty years. Could you possibly determine if it was the same man?—J. J. Williams, Redvale, Colorado 81431.

We Get Better the Second Time Around

Howdy, Hosstail:

I suppose I have every one of your rags stashed away in closets around the house. Sometimes I need a bit of information and start digging 'em out. When I get through taking them out of closets, safes, drawers, the coo-coo clock, behind the divan, in the attic, the fall-out-shelter, and other places you should see the stacks on the den floor. The only trouble is that when I get to looking for what I was looking for, I get interested in rereading an old article of some sort and plumb forget what I was researching.

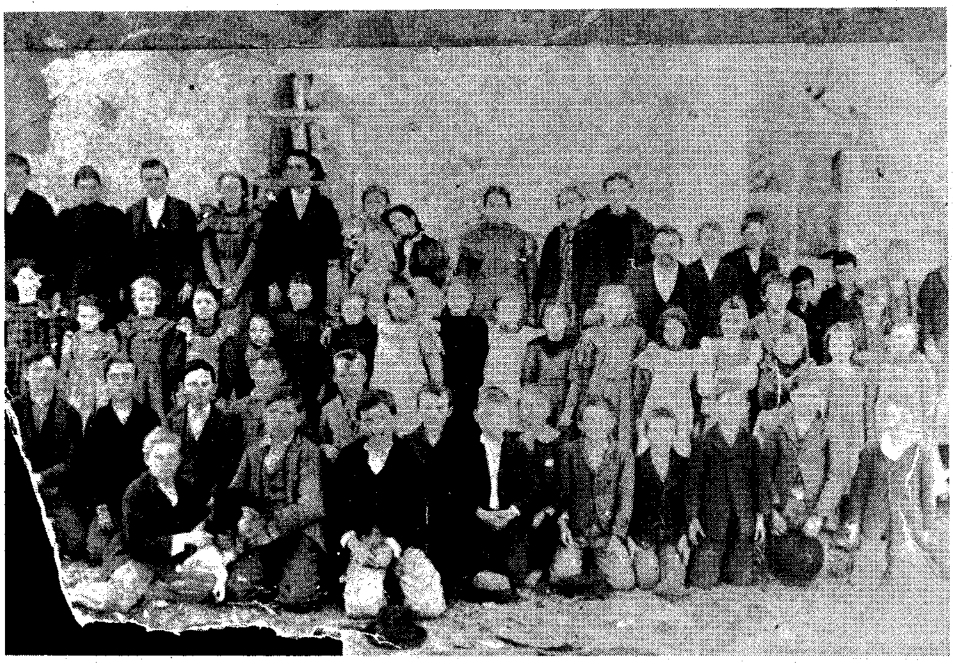
I think what most readers are missing, is that they should get ahold of all the old back issues they can get their hands on. It's kinda like driving through the country in a stagecoach. You only see one side of the mountains, trees and deserts. When you go back you see the whole story. That's sort of like your mags. Read them twice or even a half dozen times and each time you pick up a new clue, a new meaning, or a new idea. Try it sometime—I'll bet you'll be surprised.—Harley Smith, President, International Prospectors Club, Odessa, Texas 79760.

"Independence Bill"

Dear Mr. Joe:

About twenty years ago I went to high school in the little town of Rushville, Missouri, across the river from Atchison, Kansas. In one of my books there was a poem of about umpteen verses. As near as I remember the name of the poem was "Independence Bill." It was about an old stagecoach driver. I can only remember a few of the lines such as: "Away the wheels would rattle, and away the dust would fly. Till you'd think a million cattle had stampeded and gone by." Another line was: 'He'd holler 'Shoot 'em, fellers,' I ain't got time to fight."

I sure would like to have this poem. Wonder if any of your readers might know it all. How I would have loved to live back in those days!—Wilma J. Thomas, Box 288, RFD #4, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.



School days, 1893.

Yesterday's Scholars

Dear Sir:

I am sending along one of my father's school group pictures. It was made in 1893 or thereabouts. Mr. Young was the school teacher. It is either at Pecan Gap, or the old Giles Academy School between Ben Franklin and Pecan Gap, Texas. I heard that community had a reunion October 22, 1967 and I thought perhaps some of the older residents might enjoy this photograph.

My father was John Thomas Garrison, born December 26, 1883, in Franklin County, Arkansas. His father died when he was but two years old and he and his mother lived in Delta County, Texas until about 1906. My father is on the front row—first one at the left holding the dog.—Mrs. Frankie Garrison Followwill, 125 S. E. 57th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73129.

Mysterious Bay

Dear Sir:

I am writing this to try to clear up a discussion which sometimes almost brings old Westerners to blows and always provides a real good argument.

In 1917 my father bought a fine little stocking-legged bay horse from a man named Cox at Sallisaw, Oklahoma. This horse had short clipped (or could have been frozen off) ears. Father almost refused to buy because of the short ears, thinking the horse had been stolen, but was told this was the way Indians marked an outlaw horse. On being assured the man and horse were both O.K., the deal was made.

This horse had a brand on his left hind leg, or hip. I would say that no one in these parts could explain what outfit (ranch) he was from. The brand was like this —is it a Bar H? or Bar T? or T.H.? possibly a Rocking H? It has led to many discussions and arguments among old-timers here and on the road races, such as Dad ran him in.

In my sixty-seven years I never saw a horse any faster in a race than this horse was. He just would not let a horse beat him in a race, for he would crowd, run into the others, or stop in front of a fast starter. I think this was why he was called an outlaw. Another habit he had was when an old-time circus came to town and, if they had a parade, no matter what was done or who rode this horse, he would break into a prance until he was in that parade and would stay in it until it was over. This made us wonder if he could have been a show horse once.

Do any of your readers remember seeing such a horse or know what outfit his brand belonged to? If so, it will help solve a long controversy. We were told once in Ponca City that he was foaled on the Keeney ranch near Tishomingo, Oklahoma.—Lee Copeland Sr., Jamesport, Missouri, 64648.

How Embarrassing!

Hi, Joe:

Seems as though everytime some one sneaks a look at my TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES collection, one of them disappears.

I am missing Volume 13, No. 5, Whole No. 75, and if you will send it, the whole works are going under lock and key.

I notice that some of the other western magazines are copying your stuff—right on down to the mistakes in type and research details, slight as they are and infrequent.—J. R. Koszta, 2715 Dayton Street, Olympia, Washington 98501.

1845 Diaries

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who is aware of or owns a diary, or portion thereof, written during the 1845 westward migration from the Missouri to the Pacific Coast, regardless of condition.

For many years I have been gathering and compiling information of that year's covered wagon trek, for what I hope will be an interesting history book.

Included will be the names of as many as can be found of those who came first to Oregon, with pertinent facts such as where and when each was born, married and died. Included, if possible, will be the names, dates and places for those laid to rest during the journey. Of the 2,350 names I have gathered to date, 72 represent those who died either on the trail or shortly after reaching the Willamette Valley as a result of the hardships.

I know there were diaries which found their way back to the middle-western and eastern states by one way or another. One in particular was by a man named Sanford Patch and another A. Davidson, but try as I may, I have been unable to locate either. I would especially like to hear of a diary by a woman. I would only want copies of the diaries and would gladly pay for this.—Donna M. Wojcik, 345 S. W. 90th, Portland, Oregon 97225.

McMillan

Dear Folks:

Have just got back from Arizona and New Mexico. Could anyone give me any information on the old ghost towns of Colfax or McMillan (McMillan-ville?) that we looked over. Also some old-timer who knows the country might be interested in going with us on a bottle hunting tour. I have a good pick-up, camper and groceries.

We are just plain ranch folks raising a few Appaloosa horses to keep the wolf from the door.—Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Olsen, Orchard, Colorado 80649.

Needs a Partner

Dear Sir:

Now that I'm free and forty-five, I'm doing much reading of true stories on the Old West—especially stories of lost gold mines and treasure. I would sure like to have a partner to share the same interests.

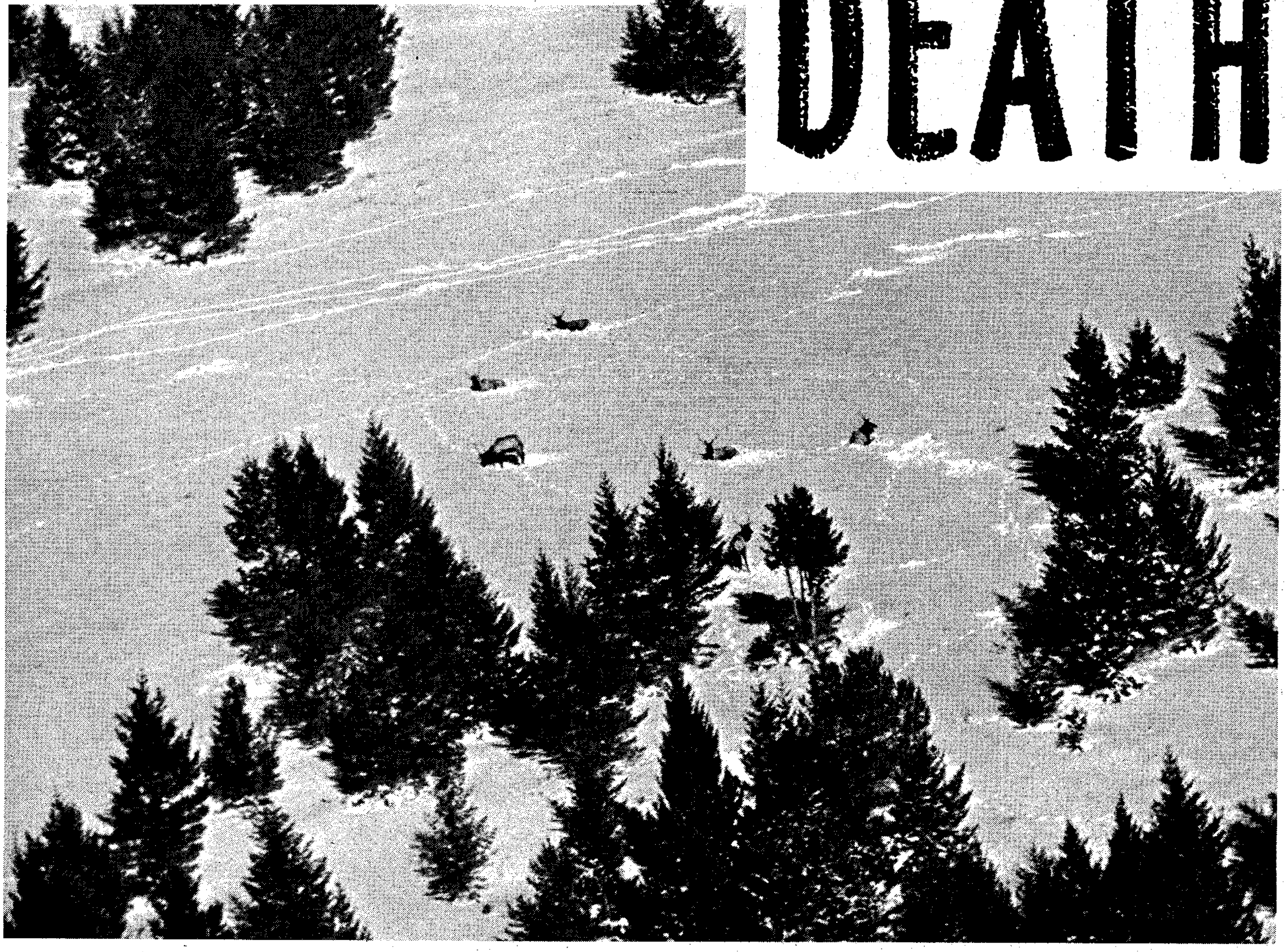
Ten years ago I spent a week's vacation near the town of Quemado, New Mexico. I heard of the so-called Adam's Diggings, but I didn't take stock in it. However, the last day I was there, I took a little hike alone. I had stopped to light a smoke when I saw what appeared to be a cave. I went to investigate only to find it was very shallow. It was all black inside where a fire had been. The black wouldn't rub off, which indicates the fire had been built many years ago. I noticed inside the cave-like hole that there had been a smaller hole but it was sealed up with pine sap and pine needles which, when hardened, is almost like concrete. I only had a knife with me, but I hacked a small hole through six inches of this substance. I could squeeze my hand into a hole which dropped down inside.

It started to storm and I made a run to where my car was. I left right away because I didn't want to be caught in a flash flood. Though I've never been back, I know exactly where it is and can find it easily. But every time I planned a trip up there something happened that I couldn't go. My wife didn't share my interests, thus it was best I forget them. Now I am a widower and will soon be ready. Anybody interested?—Charles A. Isreal, 113 Cobb, Midland, Texas 79701.

By FLORENCE BOYD FRANKLIN

Photos Courtesy Author

DEATH



Above, elk graze on the Madden ranch, where blizzards were expected and it had been known to get as cold as forty below.

This is the story of how a beautiful Indian Summer day turned to a nightmarish storm. It took place in Montana's Highwood Mountains at the Madden and Boyd ranches.

It concerns the fortunate rescue of William Van Orsdel, a prominent gospel singer and early-day Methodist preacher known throughout the West as Brother Van. He did a great and unselfish work in Montana, and this is the story of how his life was saved by the Boyd household after he was found almost dead in this terrible early blizzard.

IN THE early 1850s settlers came into the Highwoods and fell in love with the beauty of the heavily wooded slopes, the abundance of wild game, good logs for building homes, free water and free grass as far as the eye could see. These pioneers were followed by others who sensed that here was the ideal cattleman's kingdom. Even today in this valley one may still see remnants of their big cabins which were built to withstand the bitter cold of winter and the heat of summer.

John Madden founded an extensive cattle ranch here in this area. His holdings began at the headwaters of Arrow Creek where he established his home ranch.

Before he turned to cattle ranching Madden had been successful in locating gold and sapphires near Yogo in central Montana. In 1880, Madden was one of the first men to witness the big gold strike and to become one of the fortunate ones whose mines yielded valuable quartz. He had extensive lode mines at Yogo Gulch, where he named one of them the "Aggie Lode" after his cherished and only sister, Agnes. The important Golden Chariot mine in this same area also belonged to John.

All these were sold later to a British syndicate, but are no longer operated. Montana sapphires are very beautiful, chiefly blue in color, and are used extensively as ornaments in jewelry pieces and by watch manufacturers.

Madden was also interested in these once-famous gold camps of Maiden. Gilt Edge, and Kendall in the Judith and Moccasin Mountains of Fergus County. It was his cattle interests, though, which gave him the greatest pleasure, and he soon devoted all his time to the Shonkin and Highwood ranches.

When Agnes came out from Chicago his happiness was complete. Everything he did was for his little sister, and he piled up his fortune for her future. She inherited all his property.

After John Madden's death, Agnes married a Canadian, Murdock Boyd, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, who was interested in raising horses of the strong and sturdy type which sold well to the British Government for the Mounties.

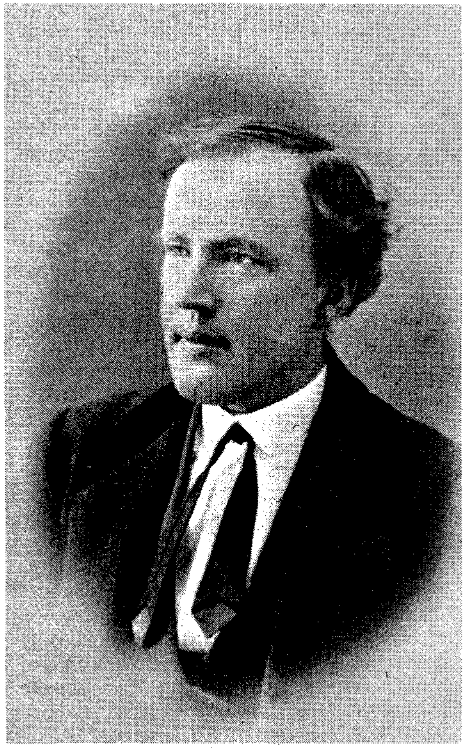
The Boyds were very successful both with cattle and the raising of horses. (Several ranches were later carved out of these extensive holdings—Frank McLish, Lobergs, and others.) This was the Highwoods where I was born.

MOTHER had photos of her brother, John, and he resembled her, especially the red-gold hair. He was killed when his spirited horse threw him, and he was not found until too late.

The original Madden ranch stretched in a rich expanse of wide valleys crossed by deep streams. It adjoined my father's holdings, so that when Mother and Dad married, the land became one big ranch. However, it generally retained the name, Madden. The unfenced cattle ranges be-

IN THE HIGHWOOD MOUNTAINS

Peril hovered in the sky that year. It struck first in the form of summer lightning, then finished the job with snow—and it almost got Brother Van



Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Right. Rev. William Van Orsdel.

yond were wide and free for any man's stock to graze at will.

The big log house was set in a grove of pine and spruce with a great massing of cottonwoods to shade it from the heat of summer, and protect it from the winds of winter. When all the leafless cottonwoods and brushy coulees were stark bare and lonely, these pines, firs and spruce stood in their rich mantles of deep green and silvery blues, bright and colorful against the glistening snowdrifts.

Most ranch houses at this time were large and the finishing of them, such as windows, chimneys and furnishings, were hauled great distances. All, save the logs and rough lumber from a local sawmill, came up to the Madden Ranch from Fort Benton. These houses were built for hospitality. People lived far apart, and friends came and stayed whenever they wished. Barns and corrals took care of the visitors' teams. My father kept a full oat bin for all such occasions.

There were two wings to Mother's house which were really two complete buildings connected by a long kitchen or dining room. Maria often sewed for children there, laying out her yards of material on the big table because it was such a bright room. One could see off toward the valley road and across the canyon. At any season of the year it was beautiful in our mountains. In spring, especially, the world was clothed in the bluish-greens and silver gray of sage. Buffalo grass would hurry up through the previous year's growth, and there waving in the wind, complete another cycle.

Close behind the melting snow, we would gather lilies, columbines, white dryads and globe flowers. Prickly-pear cactus would open to the sun and near the big rocks and boulders, the Oregon grape would show its yellow blossoms.

The Indians revered this locality and in former years looked upon it as their own hunting country. Certain it was that the Blackfeet had left the marks of their tribe upon it. Often in winter ranch hands found the bleached skulls of Indians still hanging in the bare, leafless cottonwood boughs.

Only once had my father seen such a tree burial. A band of Blackfeet had placed the body of one of their tribe high in the top of a tree. It was wrapped in blankets. Placed nearby were his worldly possessions. The sight of a squaw, bowed low in deep mourning at the foot of the tree, touched my father deeply. It was a picture any artist might have loved to paint. He told Mother that only a master could do justice to "Mourning Woman" or portray her deep and eloquent sorrow.

THE HORSE was king, and every ranch of any importance had a large herd of them. Our geldings sold for top saddle stock though my father never liked to sell a horse unless he knew the buyer to be a horse lover.

Our cattle herd grew larger year by year, fattening on the rich grass of the valley. They roamed far and wide until roundup, but the horses were carefully guarded near the ranch itself. They were indeed the "apples of Father's eye."

A spring roundup dance was held every year at the old Madden ranch. In our big room the carpets were rolled up, and the fine, wide, smooth boards scrubbed white. After being well dried, they were sprinkled liberally with corn meal. The ranch hands worked on the floor to make it "slick as glass" for the big dance. They slid upon it, dragged heavy stones wrapped in carpet over it, and often in their merriment they dragged each other. At any rate it was perfect when they had finished.

Here in this big long room a table was set up at all times of the year for, as Mother said, "You never can tell who will come along hungry at any hour, day or night, in this country." Spread with a neat oilcloth, and with dishes, knives and forks placed handy, it stood always ready. From the adjoining kitchen came the inviting odors of delicious food.

Mother often told us of the first summer she had hung her new pictures and curtains in this home. Her heart had been filled with pleasure. The men laid the carpets, and unloaded all the rest of the Boyd possessions.

The family room, as they called it, became a meeting place. Here evidence of hunters and trappers, riders and adventurers, was all about. Upon the well-worn carpet, bear rugs were thrown in comfortable abandon. The walls, in the light cast by the glowing fireplace, exhibited deer and elkhorn hat- and coat-racks. Beaded Indian trophies hung in colorful and artistic array. These belonged to my father as my Uncle John had hated any Indian reminders.

Once some friendly Blackfeet camped in a little clearing by the big branding corrals. Mother, then a young wife, had watched them from a little grove of cottonwoods, and begged Father to let her visit them. She was fascinated with the idea of the squaws carrying their babies upon their backs in deerskin carriers—an Indian's cradle.

A kind old squaw, seeing the look in the young white woman's eyes, picked up from her pile of work a beautiful beaded carrier of blue and white, and presented it to Mother. The white deerskin was so artistically embroidered with the bead work that Mother took it home rejoicing and hung it proudly upon the wall. Sometimes Dad and Mother carried their own little daughters in it for fun, "playing Indian." But always they hung it tenderly back upon the wall again.

Beaded tobacco bags and long reddish earth-pipes clung to the walls, also. These were presents which my father had received from chiefs. He always treated Indians fairly, with dignity and formality, thereby winning their respect and admiration.

The room was cheerful but much too large for the furniture available at the time. Perhaps that was what made it ideal for large gatherings. In winter, or on rainy days, plenty of wood lay ready for the box stoves. There were, however, winters long and cold when even the house itself shivered. A fireplace was built in the big room downstairs where huge logs could be accommodated.

Mother was a fine housekeeper, her friends all told her. It was her kind and understanding nature which made her remember all the nice little touches which they often found nowhere else. Truly it was this, rather than a sense of wishing to shine as a wonderful housekeeper. To her it was not a duty but a labor of love.

Great stone crocks of cookies were always at hand, fresh butter and buttermilk, good thick rich cream from the spring house in summer and the cold room in winter. Roasts of beef and veal were everyday fare, as were fine tender steaks.

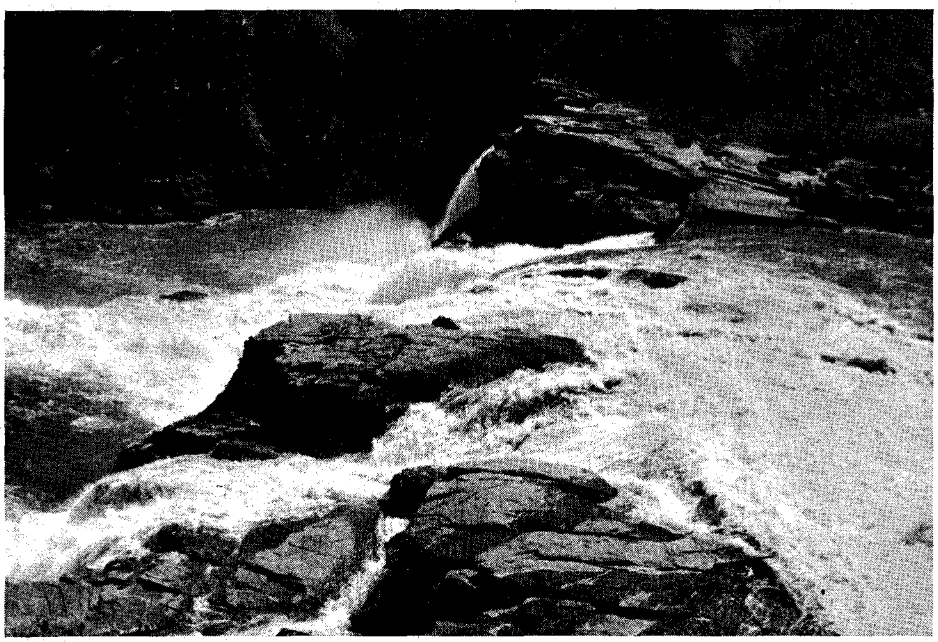
Mother's "riz" biscuits and her excellent baked beans were famous. Layer cakes, and pies made from dried fruit and custard were favorites. My Uncle John had brought the first hens into this part of the country. Eggs elsewhere were unheard of. Before winter set in the great storehouse was stocked to overflowing with cases of dried fruit, kegs of maple syrup, great wooden pails of jelly, and jugs of molasses. Here, too, were great barrels of white flour and every sort of household and ranch commodity which might be needed. It was all brought from the supply centers by four and six-horse teams, hitched to heavy wagons, for often rain and snow overtook the men who made the last trip down to Belt or Great Falls.

There was a smaller parlor downstairs with a hallway leading to it. This little parlor was seldom used except when a mission priest came each year to say Mass, usually in the spring or early summer as soon as the roads were passable and the high water had gone down. Each season the frail pole and log bridges had to be replaced. Our mountain creeks were really rivers after the melting snow had gone, and the water remained high even in early summer.

This parlor was kept in an atmosphere of sacred readiness with its homemade altar, decorated with its silver candlesticks and lace-trimmed altar cloths. Maria made most of these fine cloths and all were beautifully fashioned with intricate lace edgings and embroidery. She spent many hours in this little room arranging it and doing the dusting and cleaning. She took great pride in it.

The walls, though somewhat faded in our time, had once been fine gilded blossoms on a white background. They presented a mellowed brocaded effect. My Uncle John had had this paper brought up from some fine city in the South. It was still a charming room, and with the memory of it I feel again the pleasure we children found here within its quiet walls. It was here the family album was kept and the chests of personal belongings which were Mother's. One of these treasures was her wedding gown, with its veil trimmed in rich lace. Sometimes we could find Mother in this room examining the contents of the chests to determine whether any mildew or moth damage had been done. With great care she would shake out the rich ivory folds of satin, and we children would cry out in delight as she held up the small-waisted gown with its demure high collar and lace frilled cuffs. We have this treasured gown still, though it is now almost a light brown in color and cannot be touched, for it would crumple to pieces.

Highwood Creek where ". . . each season the frail pole and log bridges had to be replaced."



It was an event for all the folks of the community when the long winter months were behind us. Our yard and corrals were crowded with buggies, buckboards, light wagons, and many saddle horses.

Time's passing can not dim my memory of the big room, ablaze with hanging lamps, and the long floor which had been given an extra good corn meal treatment. Indeed the dancers found it like glass, and parents warned their "youngans" to stay off it as several would already be nursing bruises from too actively engaging in sliding in their best Sunday shoes.

Maria would come out many days in advance, bringing help from Mattie Castner's hotel. We could not have managed without her.

Out in the kitchen big boilers of coffee brewed on the hot stove. Delicious meat and bean sandwiches were piled in great mounds, besides dozens of layer and loaf cakes, cookies, pies, doughnuts, pickles, sweet milk and buttermilk, roasted chicken and jerked venison, and all manner of other smaller game. There was plenty of mountain trout waiting in the milkhouse over the big spring. This was to be fried for breakfast and eaten with good hot breads. A cook trained by Mattie provided these.

Mother had her hair curled for the occasion and wore a big white apron over her best Paisley silk. She darted in and out of every room to see if things were right.

When the waltz was over, the caller for the evening, Tommy Shanley, began to get sets ready. He sang his calls in a melodious tenor voice. He was a very popular caller because of this unusual talent. Fat and jolly, with red cheeks and bright blue eyes, his good nature struck the keynote of the party.

Occasionally the musicians would rest and wipe their faces with their clean white handkerchiefs. The fiddlers would then wax up their bows and tune up again with our fine parlor organ, which was the pride of the family. It had been brought in just the previous autumn.

Soon old and young were lost indeed to all except: "Gents to the right—and promenade all." The happy hours sped by with scarcely an interval elapsing between waltz, polka, schottische, and quadrille. We children fought off the sandman.

"Partners for the supper waltz," was at this moment called, and then in short order, for all were hungry, "Supper!"

Something especially entertaining always took place after supper. Albert Castner, with a little coaxing, got up and did his best jigging. Eb Lewis and his wife got up, also, and waltzed with glasses of brandy on their heads, "never spillin' a mite." Mother sang many of her beautiful songs, but it was the caller, Tom, who knew all the favorites and seemed never to wear out. Requests came thick and fast for specials like "Light in the Window," "The Baggage Coach Ahead," "The Rosewood Casket," "The Ship that Never Returned."

After the cleaning-up process was completed, the floor was again given another touch-up with corn meal. Dad declared it would give the dancers a good start; and the orchestra now refreshed and rested, struck up a lively polka. All returned to the floor, and dancing was resumed with renewed energy.

The bold light of day was shining when the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" filled the room.

"Breakfast for all," was called, and indeed the crowd did justice to the coffee, mountain trout, and hotcakes. The folks were fortifying themselves for a long ride home. Mother and Mattie packed up generous lunches for those who had children and for those who had a "real long way" to go. When the folks at last said, "Goodbye" to my parents they really meant their "Thanks for a wonderful time" and "We'll be back at Christmas."

We children were rather lonely and quiet after the hours of crowded yards and the noise of music and laughter. The household felt a little weary, too, as they talked over the party. They would take a good rest, for tomorrow the big roundup would begin.

That party was to be the last time we were all together, for not long after, my father was struck down in a terrible lightning storm.

TIME seemed to stand still for us. We were completely out of things that summer, and before we became aware that life did go on, it was again autumn.

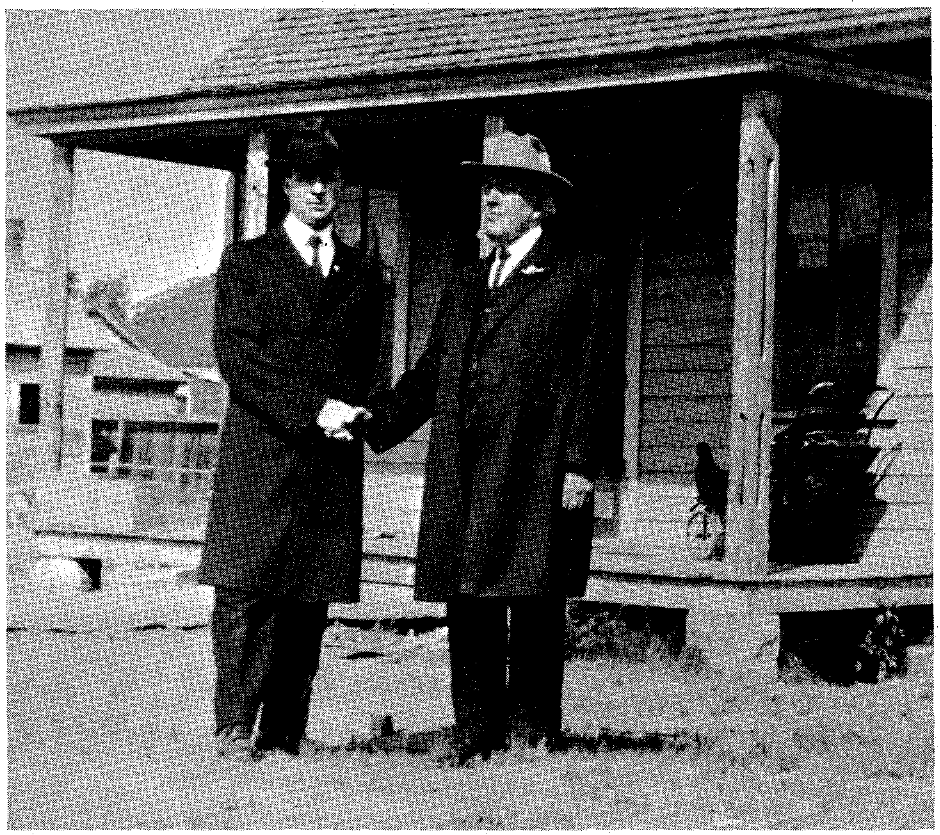
Though her heart was almost broken and her burden too great to bear, Mother tried to tear her eyes and her thoughts away from the little valley where Father slept.

Maria stayed on with us and we had plenty of assistance from Mattie, for she sent us her best helpers out from Belt. Her laundress, a young jolly colored girl, whose name was Alice, charmed us children with her games and her many ideas for entertaining us somewhat forlorn children.

During the first part of October the weather was fair and beautiful. Alice, who had never lived through one of our severe northern winters, was, of course, totally ignorant of the suddenness with which a Montana blizzard arrives. She could not believe our stories of sudden onslaughts, of deadly cold and below-zero temperatures.

But the Indian Summer days were wonderful. Alice took us children for long rides in the buggy and often we rode the gentler horses. Most of the saddle horses were much too spirited for us, and we were strictly forbidden to ride them. We could never have succeeded in putting a saddle or bridle on most of them, much less mount one of these skittish cow horses.

John Castner had a white mare, Nellie, at our ranch, which he rode whenever he came out to visit. She was a pretty, dainty little thing and also was broken to drive. Sometimes we used her on the buggy. My father had sold her to Mr. Castner some time before. Agnes and I often rode her double, while Alice took sister Marie up behind her on a tall horse called Roanie. We had wonderful trips this way, and often carried lunches to the high peaks which we liked to climb.



Courtesy Montana Historical Society, Helena

Rev. Jacob Mills with Brother Van (right) at Havre, Montana, circa 1915.

Upon this particularly fine day, Alice decided that it was easier to harness the gentle team which now stood in their stalls at the barn. She always had quite a time of it, but taking the pitchfork she got the harness off its rack and then proceeded to harness up the horses. Sister Marie was a great help to her in noticing mistakes, as she often watched the men harness up.

Mother had warned Maria never to permit us children to go down to the barns or any other place alone. She had a horror of coarse language and swearing. However, my father usually hired only men who were decent and whom we had known for years. Most of these men were still in our employ and things went on just as smoothly as if Father were still over them as "boss." They were our loyal friends as well as employees.

The day was so very fine, even the horses were so full of spirits that they started off at a fast trot. This team could travel at that pace for miles and miles, and Alice slowed them only at the hills and steep climbs. Then we would ease up and look back at the distance we had come.

Jolly Alice laughed as she whipped up the team. Away we sped down through the field road, crossing through the splashing creeks and coming up on the jump. Across the reds, greens and golds of October fields we traveled. I can still smell the fine day, with its perfume of evergreen and sage! The road led out of the home ranch and on toward our sheep camp.

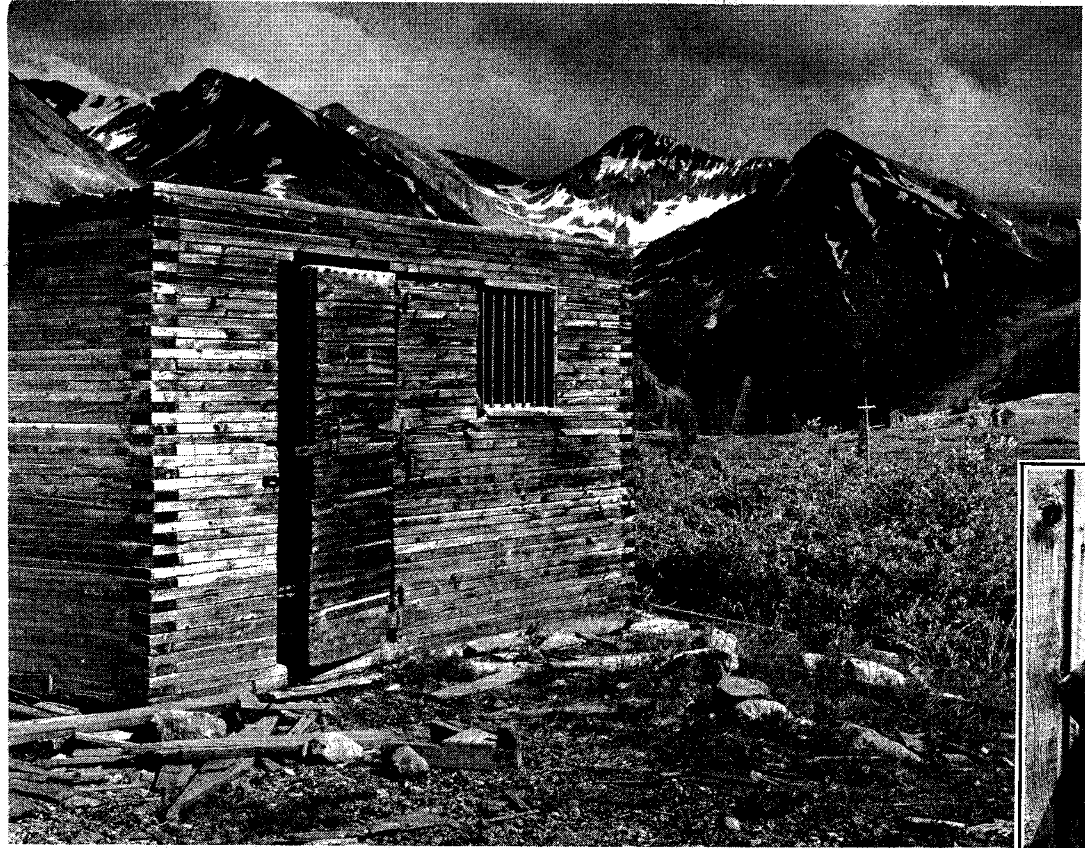
Our cares slipped behind us with the miles and we were really happier that day then we had been since my father's death. Dear Alice! How she laughed in our happiness and exacted a solemn promise that we would never tell Mother or Maria how very far we had come on our ride today. We swore to keep this deep secret for it was all part of our wonderful game. We stopped to admire the work of the beavers as they completed their winter homes at the big dam. They shyly slipped out of sight at our approach.

The frost had created a world of beauty about us; the leaves were bright scarlet and gold and brown. Some Indians were camped not far off, the squaws gathering berries and roots for the winter medicine.

All nature seems to hold its breath on such a day, treasuring each moment, savoring to the last drop this cup of delight!

We sighted Sandy McPhail's cabin, and as we were very fond of the sheepherder and his collie dog, we persuaded Alice to let us visit the lonely fellow. She saw no reason not to favor us, and she, too, welcomed the new adventure with interest. I can see her now, white teeth flashing, and merry eyes so full

(Continued on page 48)



Above, Animas Forks (elevation over 11,000 feet) perched high in the Colorado Rockies. Now only a few frame structures remain; the best preserved is this stoutly-built jail. Prisoners had a superb view of San Juan Peaks through the barred window. Right, the once busy railroad town of Gimlet was just south of present-day Sun Valley, Idaho. Almost nothing remains except the siding of buildings, this one displaying the lovely texture of weathered wood.

Glimpses Through the Mists of Time

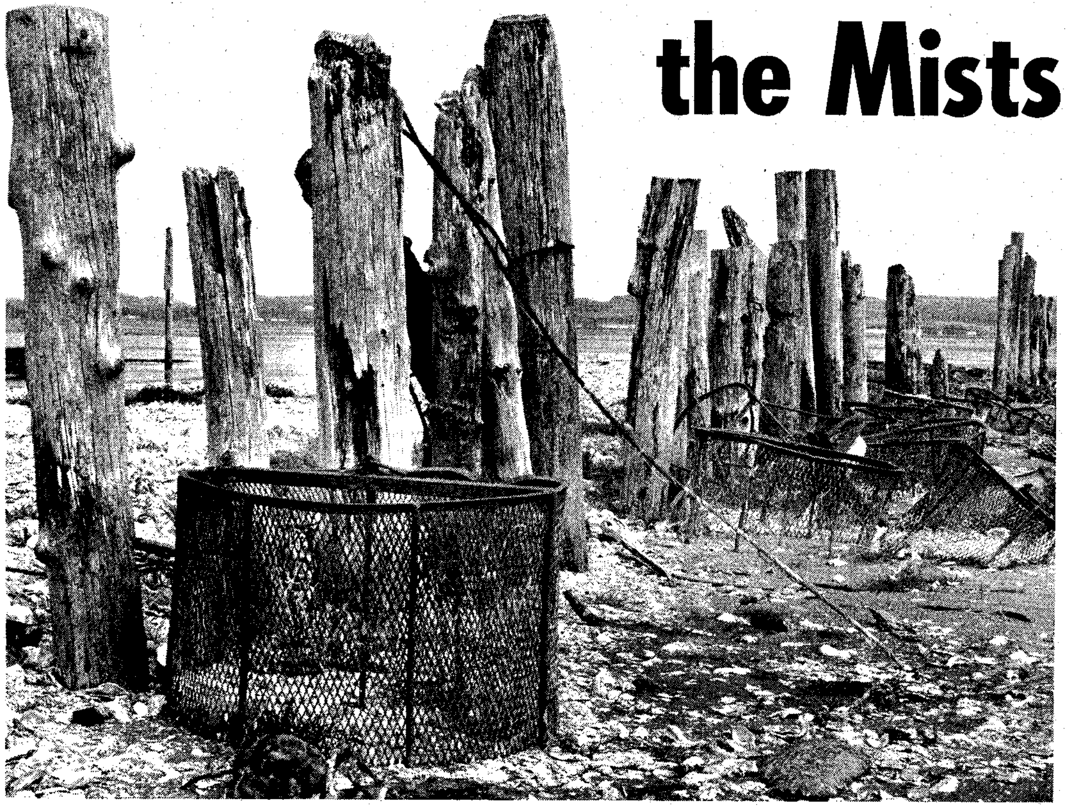


PHOTO STORY

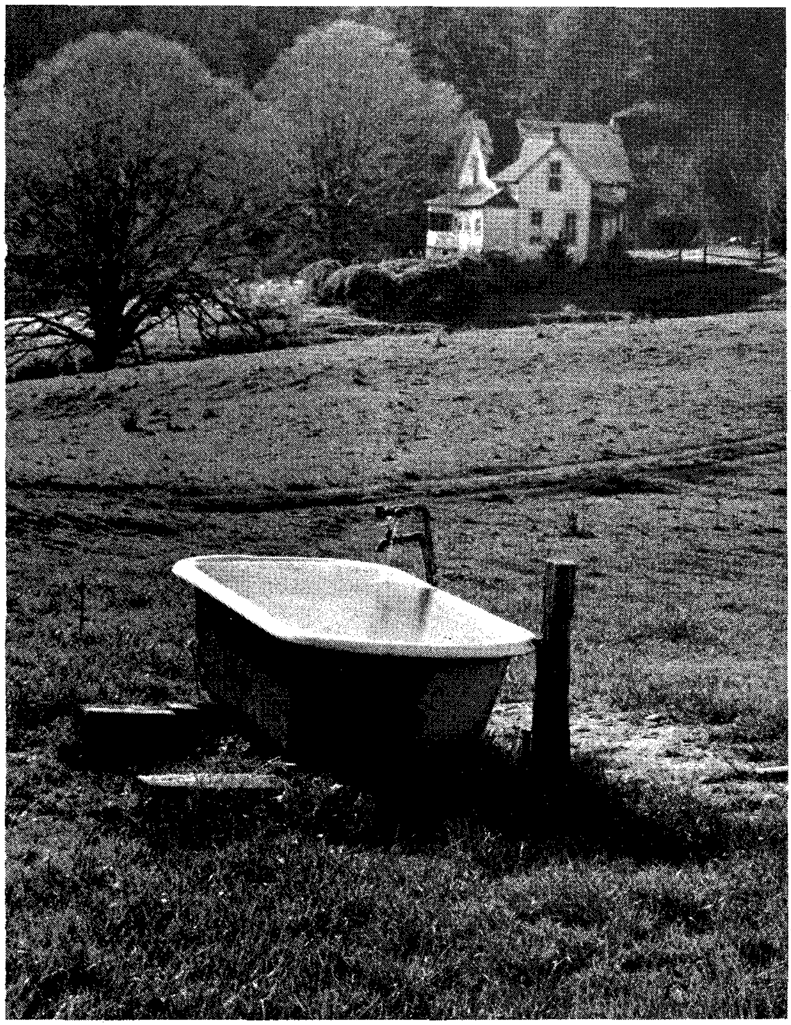
By LAMBERT FLORIN

Long lines of silver-gray piling extend on flats left bare by the outgoing tide at old Oysterville, Washington. Now lonely, Oysterville hummed with activity around 1870. The town was the metropolis of the area surrounding Willapa (then called Shoalwater) Bay.

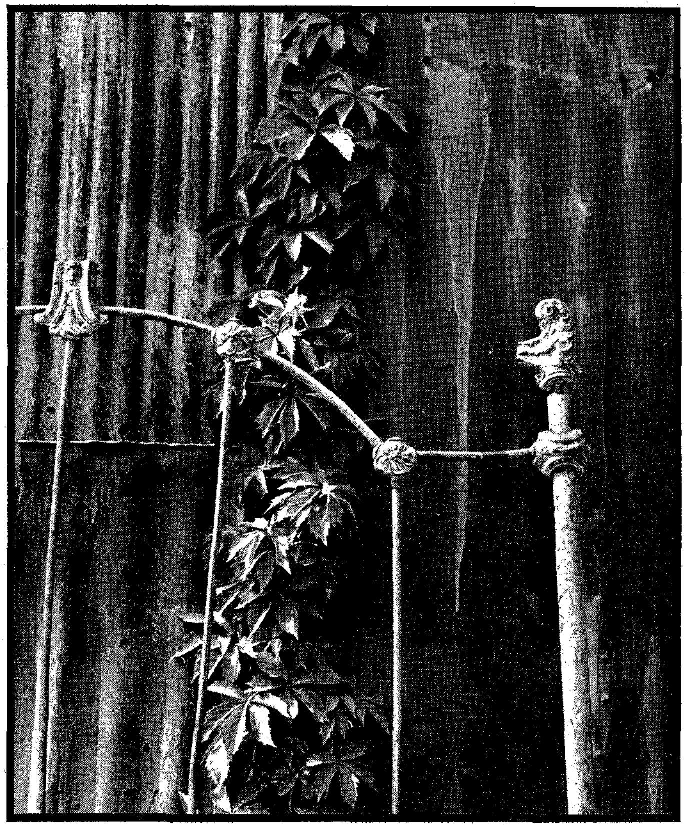
At high tide, barges would distribute large metal baskets over a selected area. Receding waters allowed "oyster pickers" to gather shellfish in their bushel-sized baskets which, when filled, were emptied into the big containers shown here. The next flooding saw the return of the barges with cranes which lifted the containers on deck for shipment to San Francisco markets. The oysters, tightly closed to endure the dry period of low tide, remained dormant but alive during the voyage. In hot weather, shipments were discontinued.

Over-harvesting caused eventual depletion of beds. This, together with the later establishment of towns on the mainland, resulted in the abandonment of Oysterville.

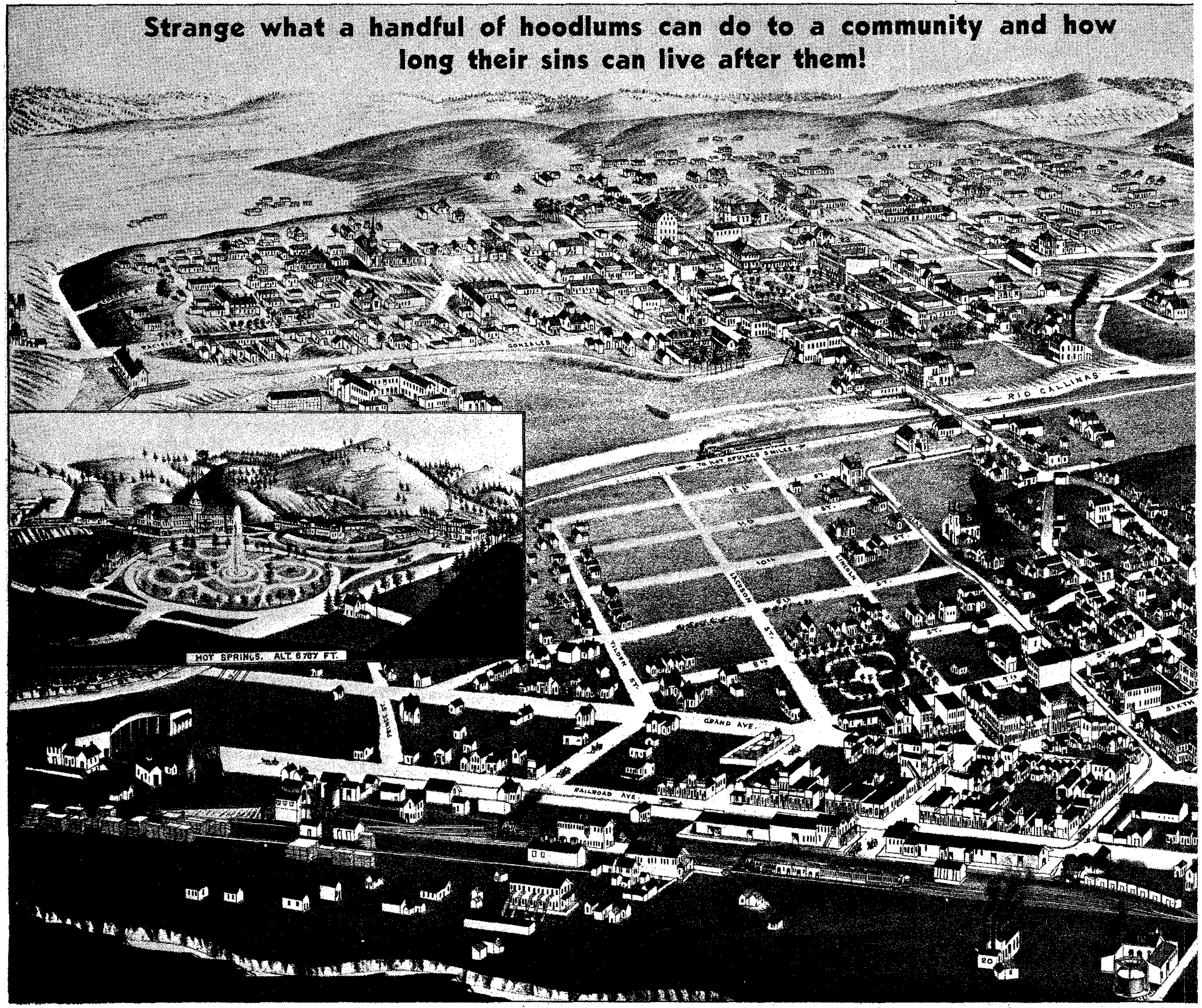
Above, Mercur, Utah, passed through phases of mining for silver, gold, and mercury but is now a ghost. Miners' shacks are backed by immense piles of tailings. The town is overgrown with brilliant yellow-blooming rabbit brush. Above left, a forlorn cluster of shacks is all that is left of the once roistering gold camp of Broken Hills, Nevada. The last rays of sunlight accentuate the solitude.



Above, the site of Fort Hoskins, Oregon, is little more than a grassy pasture. Some foundations and rotting boards remain. The old hospital building in the background is now a private residence. Right, Madrid, New Mexico, was a coal mining town, now long deserted. Many buildings remain, also "artifacts" spanning the era from the late 1870s to about 1940.



Strange what a handful of hoodlums can do to a community and how long their sins can live after them!

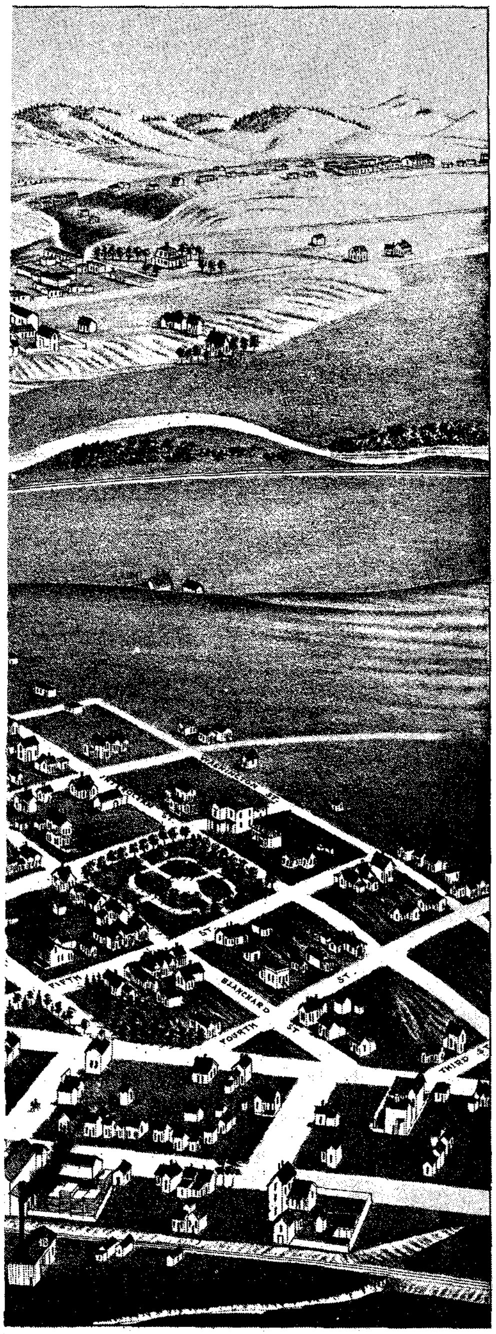

HOT SPRINGS. ALT 6767 FT.
TO HOT SPRINGS 6 MILES
RIO GALLINAS
GONZALES
PACIFIC ST.
TILDEN ST.
JACKSON ST.
LINCOLN ST.
PRINCE ST.
GRAND AVE.
RAILROAD AVE.
SIXTH
20

Published by J. J. Stoner, Madison, Wis.

1. Court House.
2. Academy.
3. Las Vegas College.
4. R. Catholic Church.
5. Presbyterian Church.
6. " Mission Church.
7. M. E. Church.
8. Episcopal Church.
9. First National Bank.
10. San Miguel National Bank.
12. Gas Works.
13. Depot.
14. Round House.
15. Post Office.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF
LAS VEGAS, N.M.
C.S. SAN MIGUEL COUNTY
1882
6400 FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL
Copyright 1882 by J. J. Stoner, Madison, Wis.

LAS VEGAS and the DODGE CITY GANG



Beck & Pauli, Lithographers, Milwaukee, Wis.

16. New Mexico Planing Mills, Hope & Bullard.
17. Planing Mill, John B. Wootten.
18. Planing Mill, F. C. Ogden.
19. Carriage Works, W. H. Shupp & Co.
20. Foundry.
21. Monte Suma Hotel.
22. Hot Springs Hotel.
23. Plaza Hotel, Mrs. S. B. Davis.
24. St. Nicholas Hotel, Keller & Clemm.
25. Grand Central Hotel, Geo. McKay.
26. Wooster House, H. S. Wooster.
27. New York House, T. A. Nettorberg.
28. Depot Hotel.
29. Summer House, Mrs. M. A. Maxwell.
30. Grand View Hotel, Dr. J. H. Sutfin.
31. Wagners Hotel.

By MILTON W. CALLON

Photos Courtesy Author

THE MURDER of a drummer, James Morehead, at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New Town Las Vegas, New Mexico, on March 2, 1880, marked the beginning of the end of a reign of terror which had gripped the settlement for almost a year.

The Santa Fe Railway had "roared" into the Las Vegas Valley on July 4, 1879, and had established a depot and plotted a townsite one mile east of the old Mexican village of *Nuestra Senora de los Delores de Las Vegas* (Our Lady of Sorrows of the Meadows). The "gandy dancers" who for weeks had headquartered in the village while they laid the tracks into the valley had also, with rough and tumble carousals, "cut a right-of-way" for the criminal element which was to follow.

The local paper in Old Town, the *Las Vegas Gazette*, hailed the advent of the railroad as the coming of civilization. But in its wake were the camp followers: gunmen, rustlers, gamblers, bunco artists, pimps and the demimonde of the "tent parlors."

On May 24, 1881, the *Trinidad Daily News* reprinted an article previously published in the *Las Vegas Optic* and it recalled, rather humorously, how it was in the hectic days when "civilization" came to the Mexican village in 1879: " 'Slap Jack Bill', 'Fly Speck Sam' and 'Bull Shank Jack' all came to Las Vegas about the time the railroad got here, and were soon run in the quay on a charge of train and coach robbery."

The article could have mentioned many more with equally descriptive names but these characters were only the penny-ante operators compared to those who came in later to "restore law and order."

New Town was spreading over the valley like a malignancy and with an equal degree of viciousness. The new townsite and its environs were designated as Precinct 29 of San Miguel County but there was no incorporated city under which authority could be assigned. The editor of the *Gazette*, J. H. Koogler, had been in business in Old Town for some time and was in favor of incorporating the precincts of Las Vegas Valley into one municipality. Russell Kistler, editor of the *Optic*, who had loaded his presses on a flat car and had come in with the tide of humanity in November, 1879, was a racist with an implacable hatred for Negroes, Indians and Mexicans. His stand was a separate incorporation for New Town and "to hell with the Greasers!" The time and place was ideal for a group of men, subsequently known as the "Dodge City Gang," to come into New Town and take over.

THE ORIGIN of this group began when the Santa Fe Railway called on Bat Masterson to organize a body of men in Dodge City to help fight what has historically been recorded as the Royal Gorge War—a right-of-way fight between the Santa Fe and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroads. Bat Masterson, Ben Thompson and J. J. Webb were the leaders of the Santa Fe contingent which included the best gunmen of the Dodge City area. After a little gun play, considerable palaver, and final adjudication, the controversy was settled by the middle of June, 1879. The Dodge boys were paid off and immediately sought new fields of conquest. Nine "veterans" of the Royal Gorge War headed for Las Vegas soon after the depot was established. Guns were for hire in the Meadow City by the time Russ Kistler was ready to go to press with the first edition of the *Optic.*

The ring leaders of the Dodge City Gang were H. G. Neill, nicknamed "Hoodoo Brown"; Joe Carson; John Joshua Webb, a close friend of Bat Masterson; and "Mysterious Dave" Mather. Their shills were John Allen, "Sport" Boyle, Bill Goodlet and "Dutch Henry" Born (Borne), known in Las Vegas as "Dutchy." James Allen, the murderer of James Morehead and no relation to John Allen, was allegedly connected with the gang by subsequent events.

While there is no undeniable record to prove that these men planned in advance to take over New Town Las Vegas, the available information lends credence to the theory that their past records as "peace officers" at Dodge City and the Royal Gorge War prompted them to arrive in a body at Las Vegas when the town was in trouble with outlaws of lesser stature.

Events leading up to the takeover by the Dodge City Gang were ominous in the light of history, but the Gang was too new to New Mexico Territory to foresee the significance. On August 23, 1879, the following article appeared in the *Santa Fe Weekly New Mexican:*

"Gov. Arny, who was one of the passengers on the coach robbed last Monday near Tecolote, gives the following account of the affair. Monday evening last as the coach was coming down the hill about two miles the other side of Tecolote, the driver noticed a man with a gun across his knee, sitting on a log beside the road. As the coach approached, he elevated his fowling piece and ordered a halt, which under the circumstances was promptly complied with. The gentlemanly road agent then politely invited the driver and passengers, J. H. Strahan, of New York, and Gov. Arny to alight, which order was cheerfully obeyed. There were two Mexicans and one American composing the band, all well armed. They ordered the driver again on the seat to hold the horses and the passengers to take their seats beside the road. Gov. Arny refused to comply with this request but perambulated around while the robbers went through the mail and trunks. He told them they had struck the wrong coach, that they should have taken in one of the coaches of the week previous. They searched Gov. Arny three times before finding his money. The man who did the searching was ordered, after the second effort, to go through that antedeluvian again which was done and the specie discovered. They examined the Gov's. gold watch but he told them that it had his name on it, and it would lead to their discovery. They took Mr. Strahan's gold watch however. They examined the trunk of the latter but took nothing. They cut open the mail sacks and turned out the mail, but found no great amount of money. After completing their search, they took the horses from the coach, mounted them and ordered the passengers to remain where they were for 20 minutes. The robbers obtained some four or five hundred dollars in money and the watch of Mr. Strahan."

The holdup of the governor's coach just a few miles outside of Las Vegas forged the first link in the chain of events which would bring about the downfall of the Gang even before they had officially appeared on the scene. The culprits, one of whom was almost certain to have been one of the veterans of the Royal Gorge affair, had raised the hair on the back of the neck of the Governor of the Territory of New Mexico. Wheels began to turn in Santa Fe.

IN LESS than two weeks a similar episode took place within four miles of the robbery of Governor Arny. The *Santa Fe Weekly New Mexican* reprinted an article taken from the *Las Vegas Gazette:*

"About 10 o'clock last night, John Forsha, agent for this division of stage line came in and reported coach robbed four miles from town, Jack Davis was the driver, six passengers aboard, agent Forsha and messenger Charley Dedrow. Jack Davis says it was the same parties that robbed the coach before with the addition of one man. They searched the mail and passengers and even took seven dollars from the driver. They then mounted the stage horses and rode in the direction of town. John Forsha followed on foot and found a mare that was abandoned on the road. He mounted her and came to town. He said the robbers were not five minutes ahead of him. A party was organized and went out immediately, but they had not reported up to the hour of going to press. The coach arrived in town at midnight.

"The passengers aboard were Mrs. Abbott and son of Prescott, Arizona, Caldwell of surveying party, John H. Watts of Santa Fe, Stoops of Paxton & Co. this city, and Eugenio Romero. Mr. Watts does not think they obtained more than $200 from the passengers.

"From the passengers we glean further particulars in reference to the coach robbery. The place selected by the gentlemen of the road was the second Puertocito between Las Vegas and Tecolote. This is a narrow gorge through which the road winds its way. It is extremely rocky and the hills rise up abruptly on either hand. The coach from Santa Fe passes this point near sundown. The robbers thus have plenty of daylight in which to make their examination of passengers, mail and express, and escape when night closes down. In this case there were four robbers masked with a veil over their faces. They were only armed with Colt's .45 calibre pistols, a sufficiently formidable weapon for ordinary purposes.

". . . Travelers on the coaches are not in the habit of carrying much money with them these times. They [robbers] allowed each passenger .50c to get supper with. Stoop[s] only had .15c in change and requested they make up the difference to him. They politely informed him that he might go to h——! John H. Watts had fortunately left his watch at home. They examined the messenger of the coach closely and even had him take off his boots. They obtained two watches but on learning that one was silver the chief [robber] ordered it to be given back to the owner. On taking their departure the robbers ordered the passengers to remain 20 minutes before leaving the place. This injunction was not very closely observed, Mr. Romero starting to walk to his brother's house accompanied by Mr. Watts and several other passengers. They had proceeded but a short distance when a buggy came out of the woods to the left with a couple of men in it accompanied by several men riding the stage horses. They all traveled on in the direction of town. We learn that a couple of men had obtained a buggy at Parker's corral in the afternoon and his buggy came back directly after the robbery, the horses covered with sweat. The men after paying for the buggy quietly disappeared and have not been seen since. This would indicate that they had gone out in a buggy to rob the coach. That is evidently an aristocratic business."

West side of the plaza showing the first bank of Las Vegas.

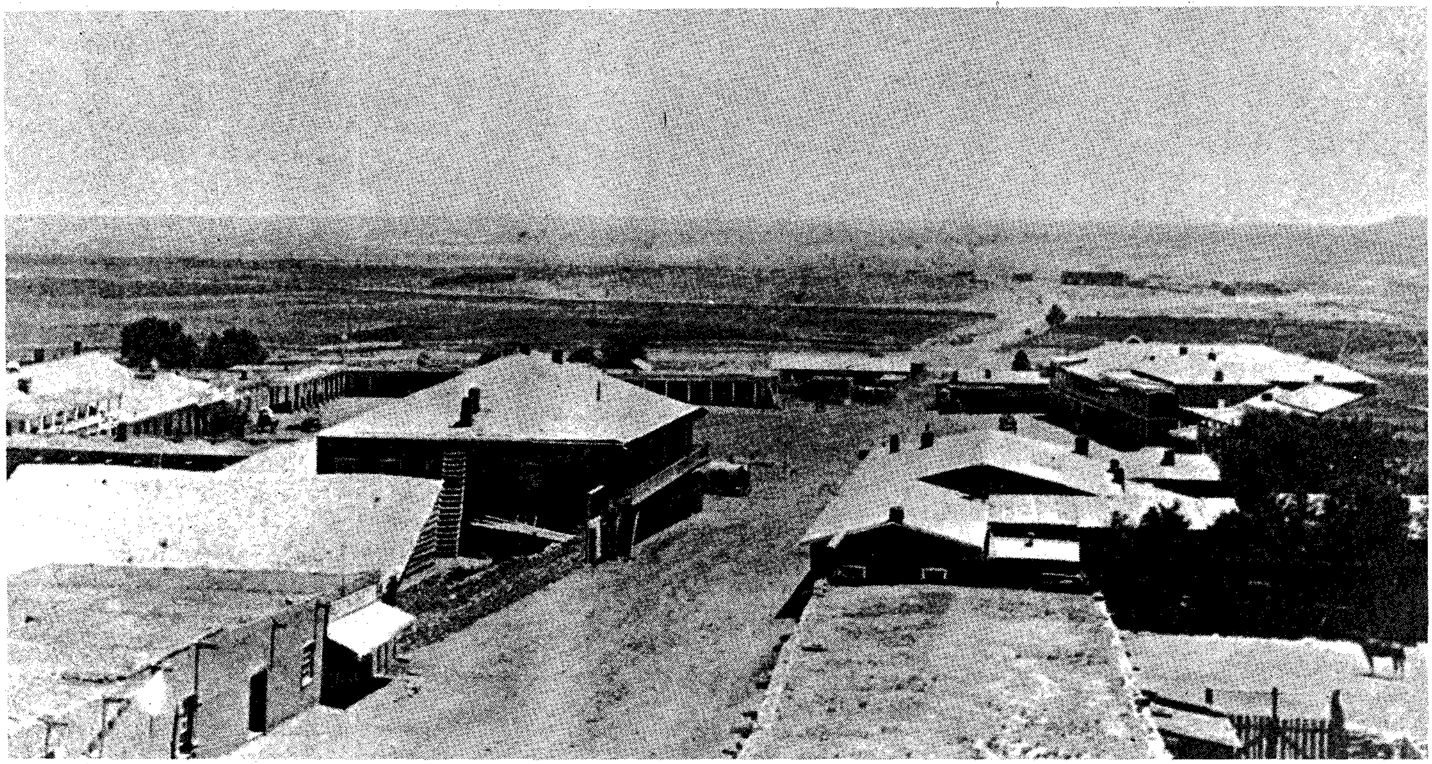
BY THIS TIME, Las Vegas had become the "hottest" town in the Southwest. Newspapers from Kansas west were carrying items about the crimes in New Town, and the editors were having a field day. The editor of the *Ford County Globe* of Dodge City, Kansas, on October 21, 1879, noted his boys were doing a little cleaning up in New Town:

"At 1:45 Wednesday morning, Mr. J. M. Thatcher, Gen'l Ag't Express Co., received a telegram informing him of the express train at Las Vegas having been taken in by masked robbers. With Messrs. [Harry E.] Gryden, [Charles E.] Bassett and [Chalkley M.] Beeson he immediately left for Las Vegas. From Judge Gryden, who returned this morning, we learn the following particulars.

"The night being rainy five men entered the Express car immediately on leaving Las Vegas, covering the conductor Mr. Turner, the messenger Mr. Monroe, and the baggage master, and compelling the messenger to open the safe 'damn quick.' The booty consisted of two $1,000 bills, $85.50 in C.O.D. packages and $1,000 in time checks of the A.T. & S.F.R.R., a package of $245 was overlooked. The three revolvers of the conductor, messenger and baggage master was also taken from them and all the lanterns, the parties then left the train without stopping it. Two of them have through the efficiency of Mr. Thatcher been arrested at Las Vegas, the others are known and will be caught. It was a neat and prompt job; but between Messrs. Thatcher and Judge Gryden they will, we have no doubt, be all landed in the penitentiary."

These three crimes were by no means the sum total of violence in the Las Vegas area at this time. However, they had the twofold effect of bringing the Dodge City Gang to power while at the same time contributing to its demise.

By November 24, 1879, Mysterious Dave Mather was a policeman and Joe Carson a deputy sheriff when they caught two robbers in the Monarch Billiard Parlor. On the same date it was noted in the *Optic* that Justice of the Peace Neill (Hoodoo Brown) was on the committee looking into the matter of municipal incorporation. The minutes of that meeting casts a shadow on the *modus operandi* of the editor of the *Optic*, Russ Kistler. He had agitated for the meeting, and the first motion presented called for the incorporation of the two towns into a single city. When this motion was defeated, Hoodoo Brown offered a resolution to look into the state laws regarding the incorporation of New Town. This was passed and Russ Kistler had himself a civic mouthpiece.



Looking east at the Old Town plaza, about 1877. New Town was to be built in background at right.

THERE is no direct evidence to prove that Kistler called in the Dodge City Gang, but considerable evidence supports the theory. He definitely wanted a tough "American" town on his side of the Gallinas River to combat the hated Mexicans on the other side.

By January of 1880, the official grip on New Town Las Vegas by the Dodge City Gang had been strengthened, and the takeover was almost complete. Hoodoo Brown Neill was still Justice of the Peace, Joe Carson was Marshal and Mather was ably assisted by the addition of J. J. Webb as policeman.

The appointment of Dave Mather as a policeman reflects on the characters of those who were fighting to keep the two towns from incorporating. On November 4, 1879, the *Las Vegas Gazette* reported that Dave Mather and Dave Rudabaugh were brought before Judge Morrison for trial as accomplices in the stage and train robberies mentioned earlier. As a proponent of incorporation, J. H. Koogler, editor of the *Gazette*, was suspicious of things which were taking place in New Town. He reported the disposition of the case as follows:

"Pleaded not guilty and in the absence of any prosecution were discharged. The case seems to be involved in mystery. The prosecution failed to appear, and the evidence was of such doubtful character that it was uncertain whether a case could have been made against them or not. [Dave Rudabaugh on December 26, 1880 confessed to complicity in the train robbery in an effort to avoid a more serious charge of murder.]

BEFORE the Dodge City Gang could get their plans in motion to milk the town dry, the strings to their puppet control began to loosen. As soon as Joe Carson took over as Marshal he issued an order banning the carrying of arms within the town limits by anyone but officers of the law.

When four toughs from Texas came into town on January 19, 1880, he enforced the ruling and the Texans were disarmed peacefully. On the night of January 22, however, Marshal Carson was aroused by shooting in the streets and he proceeded to the Close and Patterson Saloon on Railroad Avenue. As he walked into the saloon, he was met by the four Texans with drawn guns. When they refused to hand over their hardware, thirty to thiry-five shots were exchanged and Marshal Carson was struck by nine bullets. One Texan was killed and another so badly wounded he couldn't make his escape. The remaining two fled the scene before help arrived. Marshal Carson died within a short time and the curtain raised on one of the bloodiest four-months' period in Western history.

On January 26, 1880, the *Optic* reported a murder which took place eighteen miles southwest of Las Vegas.

"Theodore Caston, a freighter who left Las Vegas for Santa Fe on Friday morning (January 23, 1880), supposed to have $1500 in his possession, was brutally murdered by a party or parties unknown, at Bernal, this county, Saturday night. The weapon used was an axe. Several ugly gashes, either of which might have produced death, were found in his head. . . ."

The same issue of the *Optic* went into minute detail to describe the killing of a railroad worker by Mysterious Dave Mather:

"Last night, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, the sharp report of a pistol rang out on the night air in front of McKay's restaurant. The city being full of wild rumours about the return of the cowboys [Texans] and as it was known that three mysterious individuals rode into town after dark and asked permission to secret their horses in a blacksmith shop, not wishing to take them to a stable and have them unsaddled, everybody was sure that the bloody work of Thursday night, a night never to be forgotten in Las Vegas, was to be repeated."

The *Optic* article went on to relate that one Joseph Castello, a railroad construction foreman, was attempting to settle a dispute among his crew and had drawn a gun to break up a gang fight when Dave Mather responded to the noise of the ruckus:

"At this juncture, Dave Mather appeared upon the scene and commanded the parties to put up their weapons as we had had trouble enough of late. Instead of complying with this request, Castello suddenly pointed his murderous weapon at Dave Mather, and with a cocked pistol in his hand, threatened to shoot the officer if he advanced another step. Dave knew his duty and knew the consequences that would result from a delay of action, so he advanced, and in the twinkling of an eye, almost before the breathless bystanders had time to see a movement on his part, he drew his trusty revolver from its place and fired one shot at the determined man, the ball taking effect in Castello's left side below the ribs, penetrating the lung and ranging downward, passing through the stomach and liver. Of course the man could not live. He was carried to H. G. [Hoodoo Brown] Neill's office where Dr. Russell Bayly was summoned and remained until six o'clock this morning when Castello breathed his last. . . ."

Old Town plaza and the digging of the well, around 1877.

ON FEBRUARY 6, 1880, J. J. Webb formed a posse composed of William Goodlet, Bill Coombs, Dave Rudabaugh, Lee Smith and a man named Muldoon and took off for Mora, New Mexico, thirty miles northwest of Las Vegas. A tip had come through that the two remaining murderers of Marshal Joe Carson were hiding out there. On February 7 the posse brought in the murderers and two days later the *Optic* reported the verdict of "Judge Lynch."

"The vigilantes visited the jail between the hours of two and three o'clock a.m. . . . proceeded to break in the doors. . . . The men were taken out each with a rope around his neck and conducted towards the plaza [windmill]."

When the amateur hangmen botched their job the vigilantes became impatient and riddled the three Texans with bullets. An item in the *Optic* of February 13, 1880, dismissed the events of the previous weeks with this terse "obituary."

"Judge Morrison, as administrator of Thomas K[C]aston, deceased, the freighter who was murdered a short time ago, and robbed of $1500, sold at public auction on the plaza day before yesterday, horses, wagons, harness, etc; the total sum received amounted to $307.50. Judge Morrison also sold a watch, the blankets and the old clothes belonging to [Tom] Henry, [James West, alias] Lowe, and [John] Dorsey, the murdered cowboys [Texans], receiving $27 for them."

By February 24, the *Optic* noted that the wrath of Governor Arny was beginning to be felt: " 'Mysterious Dave', Charles Kirkard and several other Las Vegas boys are in Santa Fe to give testimony in the late stage robbery case."

Dave Mather was appointed Marshal for the town after the death of Joe Carson, and after giving his testimony in Santa Fe the Gang set out on a reckless and greedy path of crime. Without the cautious guidance of Joe Carson it was to be their one and only big haul.

A young rancher from Deadwood, South Dakota, Michael Kelliher, had come to Las Vegas with his friend and business associate, William Brickley, around the first of March, 1880, in search of cheap cattle. After making the rounds of the saloons in Old Town and several in New Town, word got around that Kelliher was carrying $1,900 on his person.

About four o'clock on the morning of March 2, 1880, Michael Kelliher and William Brickley were bending elbows from bar to bar. The Dodge City Gang had watched Kelliher's movements carefully since his arrival in town, and Hoodoo Brown set up the game to relieve Kelliher of his money. "Sport" Boyle was the shill and he cozied up to Kelliher during the course of the evening and invited him into Goodlet and Roberts Saloon on Center Street in New Town to buy him a drink. When it came time to pay for the drinks, Boyle passed the buck and declared that Kelliher had promised to "set 'em up."

An argument ensued and the parties to the frame-up testified later that Kelliher drew a gun. At the proper moment in the play, J. J. Webb entered the saloon by a rear door, ordered Kelliher to put up his hands, and before the command could be obeyed, Webb shot him in the back of the head. (Kistler of the *Optic* reported an entirely different version of the incident which upheld the testimony of the Dodge City Gang.)

The action then proceeded according to plan. William Brickley was ordered into the back room and Hoodoo Brown was called in. He hastily formed a coroner's jury of "tried and true men" and a verdict was rendered: ". . . The said J. J. Webb then and there being a peace officer and in the discharge of his duties as such peace officer, and that the said killing was justifiable and absolutely necessary under the circumstances."

Webb was declared a hero, and Hoodoo Brown as Justice of the Peace and Coroner took possession of the victim's personal belongings, including the $1,900.

IN LESS than five hours on that morning of March 2, 1880, J. J. Webb and Mysterious Dave Mather were to act in their official capacities for the last time in Las Vegas.

James Morehead, an extremely popular drummer who represented two wholesale firms of St. Louis—Derby and Day, and Greeley and Burnham—was a guest at the St. Nicholas Hotel at Sixth and Douglas in New Town. It was his custom to eat in the hotel dining room and he was very fond of eggs, regardless of the time of day. During his stay at the hotel, from Friday through Monday, he had had trouble getting his eggs. He was either too late for breakfast or the waiter, James Allen, would refuse to serve eggs during the lunch or supper periods. Tempers had flared between them on numerous occasions.

On Tuesday morning, March 2, with the memory of the insulting waiter fresh in his mind, Morehead hurried down to breakfast to meet the nine o'clock deadline for serving eggs. He took his seat in the dining room and Allen came out of the kitchen plainly disturbed by the late-arriving guest. Morehead ordered poached eggs. When Allen told him he was too late for eggs and he would have to take whatever was available, Morehead laid the law down. He demanded courteous treatment and said he expected to get his eggs regardless of the time of day since he was a paying guest in the hotel.

The argument became warm and when choice epithets no longer satisfied James Morehead, he rolled up his sleeves and started after the waiter. As he clinched with Allen he became entangled with a chair and both men tumbled to the floor. Allen rose quickly and grabbed a bottle from the table but when Morehead refused to give ground, Allen fled to the kitchen. In a few seconds he returned with a cocked pistol in his hand. His threat was ominous.

"You infernal s—o—b, get down on your knees and beg my pardon, or I'll kill you!"

Without replying, Morehead lunged at the waiter. Allen fired one shot, hitting Morehead in the left side of the stomach. Morehead stumbled into the adjoining office and sat down in a chair while Allen ran back into the kitchen. Allen was calmly doing his chores when Dave Mather arrived on the scene a short time later and arrested him.

JAMES MOREHEAD was a good friend of Miguel A. Otero, Jr., who was later to become Governor of the Territory of New Mexico. When Miguel Otero wrote his two-volume account, *My Life on the Frontier,* he related details on the Morehead murder.

Otero and a friend, Charles O. Cole, were in Old Town when the shooting occurred and upon hearing of the incident, rushed over to the St. Nicholas Hotel. They found Morehead sitting in the hotel office still unattended. Cole ran for a doctor and found Dr. M. M. Milligan just getting into his buggy on the opposite side of the street. Cole hailed him into the hotel and Otero, Cole and Dr. Milligan got Morehead up to his room where the doctor began an examination. Noticing a blue spot on his right side opposite the open wound, Dr. Milligan probed with a scalpel and made a small incision. The fatal slug popped out on the rug.

Otero and Cole remained with Morehead throughout the day and when it became certain that he would not survive, Otero suggested that a Justice of the Peace be summoned to hear Morehead's account of the shooting.

Cole went over to Old Town to get a Justice of the Peace from that side of the river. He had a distinct distrust of Justice Hoodoo Brown. A deposition was given and the final hours of the death vigil began.

News of the shooting had circulated to both sides of the community and Morehead's death at ten o'clock in the evening was a signal for crowds to gather and consult with Judge Lynch. By eleven o'clock a meeting had been arranged and men began to congregate on Railroad Avenue in New Town where the telegraph poles were both straight and tall.

Before the vigilante group could be well organized and indoctrinated for a murder, J. J. Webb and Mysterious Dave appeared at the St. Nicholas Hotel where the commission house men were making arrangements for the funeral of their genial friend, James Morehead. Webb took Otero aside and told him of the gathering vigilantes but warned that the jail was heavily guarded and that considerable blood would be shed before they could hang James Allen.

Otero thought it over and the message came through: The Dodge City Gang was not going to turn Allen over to the vigilantes without a fight and that sooner or later they would see to it that Allen escaped.

Otero caught up with the lynch mob before their plans were finalized and warned them of conditions. After some thought was given to the odds against them it was decided to take things easy and go quietly about their revenge in a more certain fashion.

TIDBITS of news in the *Optic* began to reveal the underlying story of what was going on in Las Vegas. Mather who had become Marshal upon the death of Joe Carson, resigned his job the day after the Morehead and Kelliher killings. A significant item appeared in the *Optic* the following day, March 4, 1880: "The boys are skipping out. The grand jury is in session, you know."

It appeared that Russ Kistler of the *Optic* was ready to switch horses because of the turn of events, and *Las Vegas Gazette* articles (reprinted in out-of-state papers) explains why. The *Trinidad Daily News* for March 7, 1880, carried two of the *Gazette* articles. Hoodoo Brown's activities and another version of the murder of Kelliher were disclosed:

"Justice of the peace, H. G. Neill, commonly known as Hoodoo Brown, quietly stepped aboard of yesterday morning's train and left for parts unknown. A boy known by the name of Dutchy went with him." [It was later revealed that Joe Carson's widow left town with Dutchy and Hoodoo Brown.]

The article went on to explain that Hoodoo Brown had visited the office of Probate Judge Carlos Blanchard the day following the Kelliher murder and requested that he be appointed administrator of the Kelliher estate. He acknowledged to being in possession of $1,090 of Kelliher's money. Judge Blanchard was suspicious and reluctant to make the appointment. He took it under advisement.

The judge's investigation showed that Hoodoo had as much as $1,900 of Kelliher's money and not $1,090. Thereupon the judge sent a messenger to Hoodoo Brown stating that he would have to put up a $4,000 bond if he wanted to administer the estate. When the messenger arrived at the office of the Justice of the Peace. H. G. [Hoodoo Brown] Neill had dusted Las Vegas from his boots.

The second article in the *Trinidad Daily News* was a more plausible account of what happened at Goodlet and Roberts Saloon on the morning of March 2, 1880.

"The statement of the circumstances attending the death of Michael Kelliher, as given by William Brickley, his companion, who came with him from Deadwood, Wyoming [South Dakota], differs materially from that hitherto published as obtained from the coroner's inquest. . . ."

Brickley told of how and why they had come to Las Vegas and that he knew that Kelliher had $2,115 in his pocketbook before they started touring the saloons. He said that he was not carrying a gun but Kelliher was. He denied that Kelliher drew the gun or made any reference to using it. He recalled the actual murder in this manner:

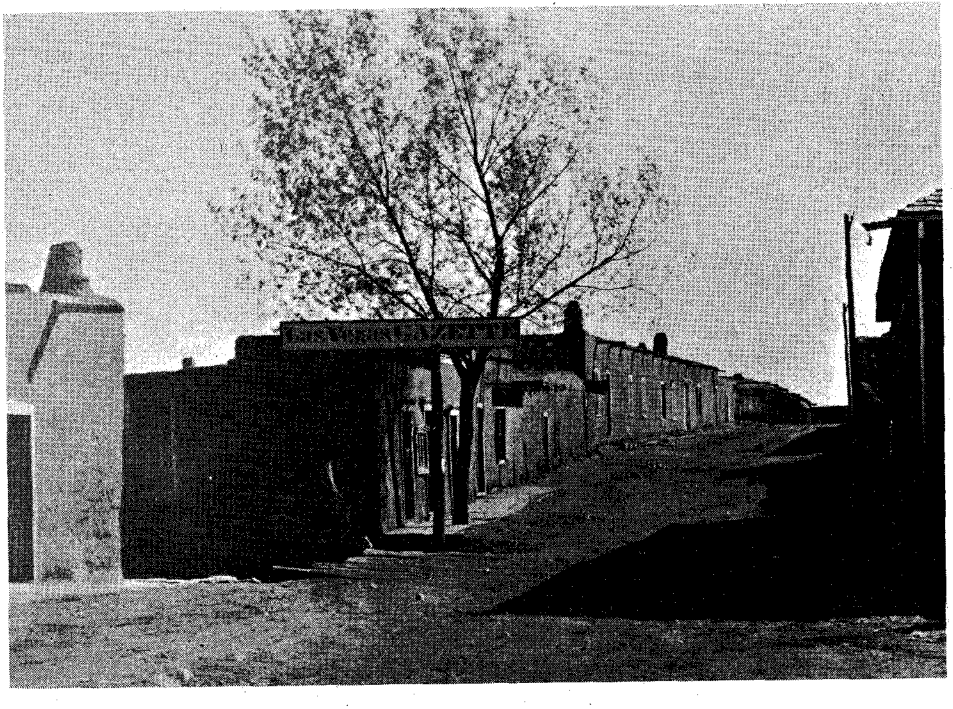
"He [Kelliher] was leaning on the counter with his elbow when the officer came in from the rear of the saloon, ordered Kelliher to hold up his hands, and immediately fired. Brickley was told to hold up his hands, which he did. He was then taken into the back room and kept for some time, when he was told he could go, which he did."

The article concluded with this statement: "Officer Webb was arrested yesterday on an indictment found by the grand jury for the murder of Kelliher. . . . "

THE JIG was up. The Territory of New Mexico, the grand jury, and the respectable people of the two towns were ready to do battle to preserve the

(Continued on page 62)

Offices of the *Las Vegas Gazette* located in Old Town at South Pacific and Moreno Streets, 1865-1882.



Courtesy Jim Reed

Tom McSparron settled on a farm in the Snake River Valley with his wife Martha, daughters Elsie and Abigail, and son Thomas, Jr.

Courtesy U.S. Forest Service

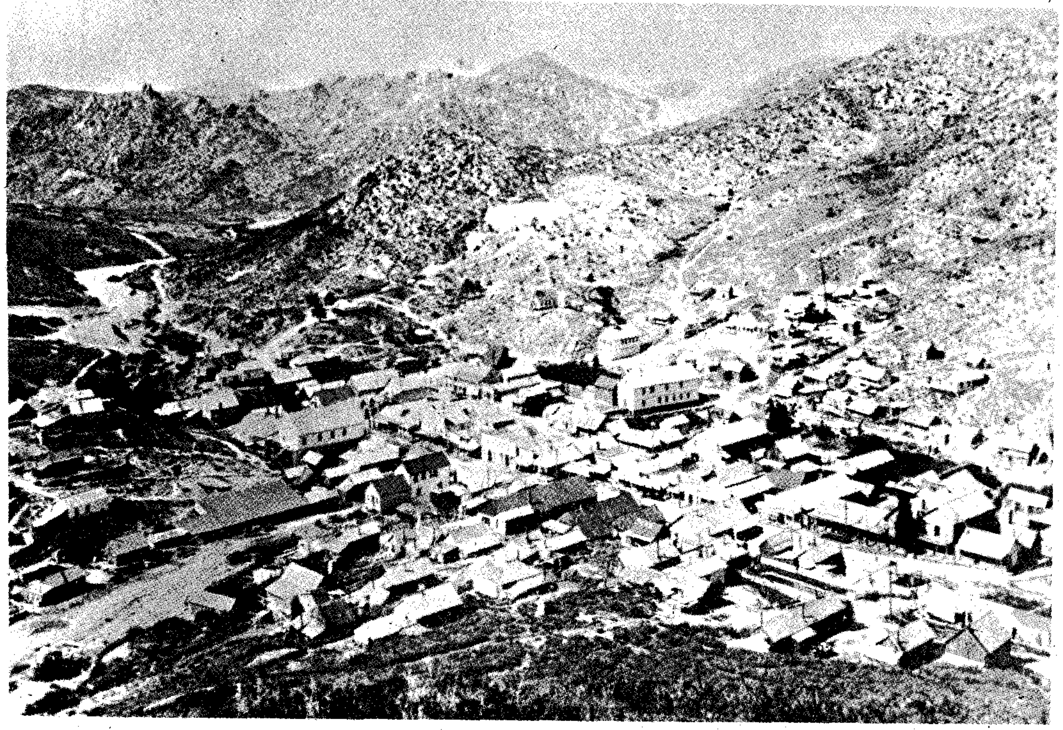
Charcoal kilns where bandit Simmons was employed.

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

Silver City, Idaho, 1880, a small town for fourteen saloons!

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society



THE SALT LAKE CITY stage rolled south out of Monida Pass. As it entered a stand of rocks above Spencer, Idaho, two masked bandits suddenly spurred their horses into view alongside.

There was no resistance. The shotgun guard sitting beside the whip promptly lifted empty hands. The strong box was thrown off and five passengers contributed their stuffed pokes. The stage wheeled on, not halted ten minutes.

According to the *Yankee Fork Herald* the total loot in raw gold was $180,000. If true, with gold worth only $12 an ounce in August, 1879, the value of this treasure today would amount to more than half a million dollars.

Small wonder that the few who are cognizant of the pertinent facts, guard with sealed lips the secret of so much wealth. The locale searched clandestinely lies south and west of Challis. Especially is attention concentrated on Bayhorse Creek around the ghost town of the same name.

A posse went forth as soon as the robbery was reported at the next station, but a sudden rainstorm halted all tracking in Beaver Creek Canyon. There the iron box was found looted. The posse

IDAHO HOTEL

Courtesy Idaho Historical Society

Idaho Hotel in Silver City. Haskell was shot by officers while at the bar located in the right corner of the building.

Gold coins often spend a man's life before he can spend them . . .

The BAYHORSE TREASURE

broke off pursuit, and it was assumed that the bandits either fled on eastward or turned north into Montana Territory.

Their identity remained unknown and the case was at a complete standstill until the following October, when one night John Simmons staggered mortally wounded into his ramshackle boarding house in Bayhorse. He had been working in the charcoal kilns outside the town.

A doctor was summoned. With him came two other men and the local deputy sheriff whose salary was paid by the mining companies to maintain some kind of order on Bayhorse Creek.

Simmons had been shot three times, once in the small of the back and twice in the left side. All the doctor could do was wrap his terrible gaping wounds and give him opium to kill the pain. Nor did the medico need to tell the man that he was dying.

When asked if he knew who shot him Simmons replied that his partner, George Haskell, did it. Then he astounded those in the death room by confessing that he and Haskell were the bandits who had robbed the Salt Lake City stage.

The listeners' surprise accrued from the fact that both men had been most favorably known along Bayhorse Creek for the past year. They were peaceful, hard workers and never caroused in the nine saloons on the main cut.

Simmons' jerky words disclosed that after the holdup they headed east to throw off pursuit and then swung around to the west. They circled the growing town of Challis to the north, struck Bayhorse Creek and rode down it. Between Bayhorse and the Salmon River, they buried the loot on a hillside at the base of an outcropping.

Only ten ounces of dust were kept out of the cache by each man. Resuming their jobs they planned to wait until the robbery was forgotten, then recover the swag and head out of Idaho. The two felt entirely safe in hiding out where they were because the Yankee Fork Mining District had a constantly changing population of eager hopefuls. Local citizens, until Simmons' account was given, did not suspect both were outlaws fleeing justice in Montana.

THE FATAL ARGUMENT between the bandits erupted when Simmons went to Haskell demanding that they recover the loot at once. In Simmons' opinion enough time had elapsed. He wanted to divide the money and return to his former Indiana home. Haskell at first refused. Later, at Simmons' dogged insistence, he seemingly agreed. Then, as the latter turned away toward his horse, believing they would proceed to dig up the loot that night, Haskell bushwhacked him.

After Simmons fell, never having had a chance to go for his six-gun, Haskell hurried inside the cabin. Presently emerging, he galloped away on Simmons' saddle horse. The wounded man made for the boarding house as soon as he had recovered enough to stand.

Haskell lived in a creek cabin not far out of town. Since Simmons had said that Haskell rode away almost immediately, the deputy sheriff was hardly surprised to find his one-room cabin empty. The deputy returned the next morning with help, attempting to track the bandit. He figured that Haskell, believing his partner disposed of, went straight to the buried loot. However, such was not the case.

Haskell's trail took off west, and he kept pounding leather in that direction. Reaching Yankee Fork Creek he followed it to the Salmon River. Downstream a few miles he swung directly southwest, avoided Boise and wound up in the mining camp of Silver City in the extreme southwest corner of Idaho.

The tired officer and his two companions arrived there near sundown, put their horses away, and ate supper in a Chinese restaurant. Rested somewhat from their long and grueling chase, they methodically started checking the fourteen saloons in town.

They found Haskell in the Idaho Hotel Bar. The heavy-browed, dark complexioned bandit took one look and knew the jig was up. Before they had spoken a word he drew his gun and opened fire. While the bystanders scrambled to safety the deputy sheriff and his men put a half-dozen bullets into Haskell, who toppled to the rough board floor—very dead.

Meanwhile in Bayhorse, Simmons had sunk into a coma and never regained consciousness. He was buried with scant ceremony, and his unmarked grave rests somewhere outside the ghost site of Bayhorse.

Simmons' account of burying the gold became common knowledge. The story resulted in a small horde of hopeful seekers taking time out from their regular work to hunt for it. After a few months of failure they returned to more certain monetary gains. During the heyday of Bayhorse, the 1880s and 1890s, this stagecoach loot was gradually forgotten.

BY 1894 the ordinary jackass prospector had served his days in the lust for gold and silver; big mining companies had taken over the hard quartz lodes. That was the year Tom McSparron drifted into the area. Of slight build and blond, he was thirty-two years old, and fresh from the Boise Basin camps where he had failed to make a strike of any kind.

Bayhorse was even then begining to die as a gold rush town. Most buildings along the one winding main street were abandoned shacks. Businesses had moved over to Challis.

McSparron found no one who had heard of the buried stage loot and could obtain no further information on the ground. However, he was well versed in the facts. They had been obtained a few years before from two ex-residents of Bayhorse, a former saloon owner then doing business in Boise, and a prospector.

Not long after he began prowling the area where Simmons claimed the gold was buried, he discovered someone else was after it. McSparron found his tracks along the hill slopes and ledges. Twice he came onto freshly gophered holes. Thereafter he kept an eye out for his competitor. Three times the man's sign were found around McSparron's creek camp, which was pitched on the north side of Bayhorse Creek where the stream junctioned with the East Fork of Salmon River near Challis. After discovering that on at least two occasions the mystery man had followed him to spy, McSparron grew wary.

The next time he went to Challis for supplies he made cautious inquiries, but could not get a line on the man haunting the hills. McSparron suspected that he denned at a distance, probably in the mountains.

Thereafter he maintained a sharper lookout, and finally spotted a stranger darting into the cover of some tall rocks about 400 yards away. Calling out in a friendly manner, he waved him in. There was no answer. Slowly McSparron advanced toward the hiding place but that one glimpse of a small, wiry, roughly dressed figure was his last. McSparron concluded that he was probably "some old-timer who has been in the hills too long," and continued about his business.

THREE DAYS later while heading for camp near sundtown he spotted the man again, running off through the timber. By this time McSparron theorized that the gold must have been cached closer to the creek. He shifted camp to within three miles of Bayhorse. The few local people believed him to be prospecting. He had told no one of his real search through the hills and on the mountain slopes.

The next time he entered Bayhorse he loitered, awhile, drinking in Charlie Moon's saloon. A few feet away at the mahogany stood a spry old man with tobacco-stained whiskers reaching to his chest. The unkempt appearance of a scroungy beard was in direct contrast to the carefully washed blue denims he wore. They had received much laundering—probably by pounding with sticks on rocks in the creek. This unusual fact drew McSparron's attention. Very few prospectors bothered to clean up.

The old man carefully avoided looking at anyone. McSparron, easing unobstrusively along the bar, gained a position almost beside him. This time instead of shifting away the old man turned a pair of bleak, washed-out blue eyes on him but never uttered a word.

Trying to engage him in casual conversation brought no response. Nor did a word come from him when the bartender was told to refill both their glasses.

Downing his snort promptly, McSparron drawled, "Well, see you around," and walked out.

The old man's attitude wasn't unusual. As gold hunters the old codgers had outlived their wandering years. They merely futilely refurbished ground long ago worked out by scores of others.

The next trip in, McSparron learned from Moon that following his departure the old man had asked, "What's the young feller lookin' for?"

"Like you," Moon answered, "for gold that's already been dug out of the hills." Thereupon the old man had muttered through his mass of whiskers, and left. Moon declared that one occasion was the first time he ever laid eyes on the fellow.

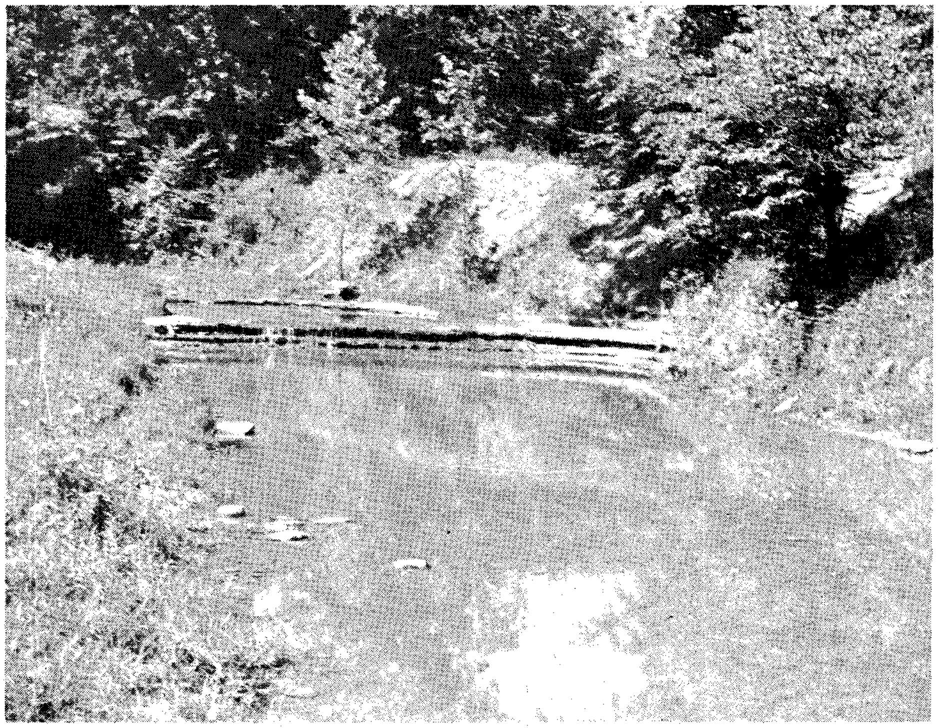
In his new searching location McSparron encountered no evidence of the mystery man for more than two weeks. It happened after he surprisingly found a small amount of overlooked gold in a gravel bed. Washing it out he obtained such a quantity that he temporarily quit hunting for the loot in order to make a small grubstake.

One afternoon while going back with his burros for a second load he found small, blunt shoe marks over his own tracks. The mystery man had observed him from behind a tree for some time before departing in a southwest direction.

A few days later McSparron went into town, selling Moon forty ounces of gold. When they came out of the saloon office the old prospector stood at the bar. He wore the same clean washed denims, obviously his "town going" clothes.

This time when McSparron bellied up the old man's pale eyes twinkled on him. "You filed a claim to your place?" he surprisingly asked.

There could be gold buried somewhere along Bayhorse Creek.



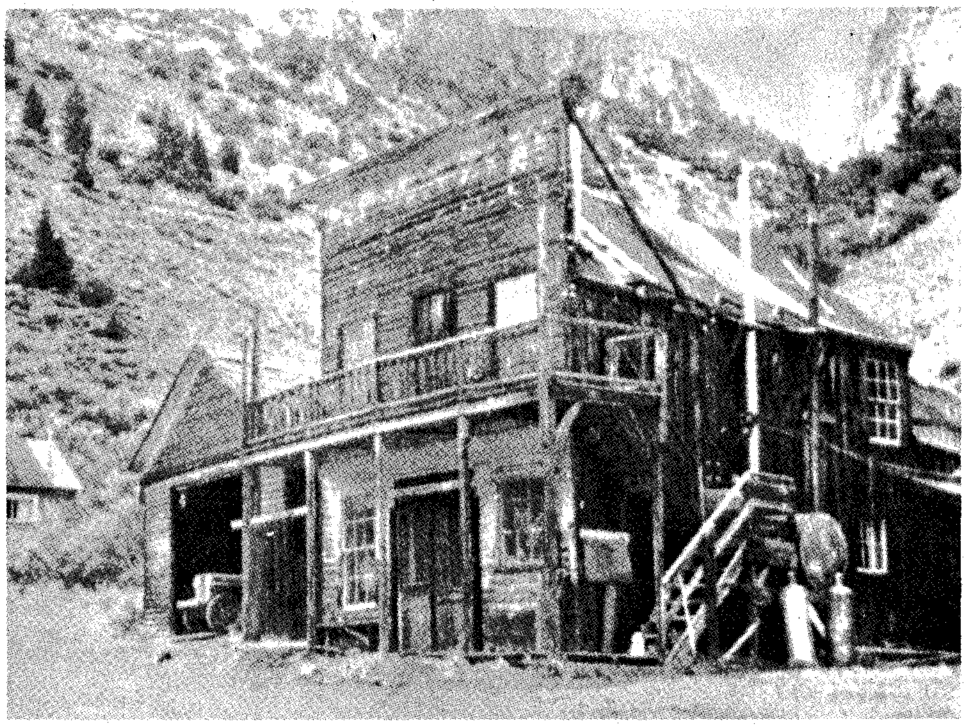
McSparron was startled. In a flash he knew the identity of the mystery man who had spied on him so long. A casual glance at the floor disclosed the unusually small feet. The prowler always left such brogan marks. Concealing his sudden interest McSparron shook his head.

"It's only a small bed nobody else stumbled onto. Almost played out right now. No more gravel. But I've taken enough to buy bacon and beans awhile longer."

"A man never knows for sure," the crusty voice replied. "Might be better than you figger. In my time I been done out of two rich claims for not filin' right off."

The old man had thawed briefly, McSparron suspected, solely because he finally found McSparron panning gold instead of seeking the buried bandit loot. A hunch warned him that before then the old man had suspected his true motive, and although that fact puzzled McSparron, at least it eased his apprehension that he dealt with a crazy man.

Fetching out a buckskin poke filled with double eagles the old man ordered a round of drinks, took his whiskey neat, and departed without another word. His momentary sociability had ended.



Courtesy U.S. Forest Service

The old Bayhorse Hotel is in ruins today.

AFTER PANNING another twenty ounces of dust from the gravel, McSparron returned to prowling for the buried loot. He moved gradually east, rounding one creek bend after another, and one day came abruptly onto the old man. He was camped on the bank and had staked a wide area up into the hills from it. His dark clothing was filthy. Somewhere he had been digging deep in the ground.

"Ain't no use of you hunting around here," he told McSparron dourly. "And I'll thanky to stay off my claim!"

"I won't bother your diggings by passing through," McSparron replied.

The old man started, very nearly protesting even that. Yet he said nothing further as McSparron sent his burros on up the creek side.

Well away from the stranger's claim, he camped in a stand of timber and went to work. At times McSparron experienced the uneasy sensation of being watched, yet he could never catch the old man at it. His ways were those of the wary wild.

With the idea that the bandits had made their cache deeper in the hills, maybe even on a mountain slope, McSparron passed between two domes and emerged into a spring-fed pocket. It had been the site of someone's camp over an extended period. The grass was grazed well off—and the old man had four burros.

The next day McSparron stumbled onto a spot where a hole had been dug and refilled. Curious, he shoveled it out, finding an old Dutch oven down three feet. Whatever it might have contained was, of course, gone. The stagecoach loot was not supposed to have been put in containers. Nor would one Dutch oven hold it. Furthermore, the bandits were unlikely to have weighted themselves down with more than gold, which had been plenty to overburden their saddle horses.

On returning to the creek he decided to go down and sell Moon the rest of his gold. Setting forth on foot, he came onto the old man's jackasses. Two, not being completely camp broken, had been hobbled out so long the skin was bare and swollen above the fetlocks. Wondering as to the cause, McSparron entered the camp.

The old man lay on a tarpaulin barely conscious and McSparron insisted on taking him into Challis. There in a boarding house room, a doctor attended him.

When they were alone the doctor said to McSparron, "Old age is fast cutting him down. Mostly, his heart is giving out. How old is he and what is his name?"

When McSparron confessed that he knew nothing about the patient the doctor advised, "Then you had better find out."

However, three days later the old man seemed to be much improved. McSparron promised to see that his claim wasn't bothered until he could return to it.

"I won't ever be going back," the old man replied quietly. "In my bones I feel the end coming."

McSparron responded with the usual cheering words and optimistic predictions, but the old man shook his head in denial and changed the subject.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Simmons who was in these parts many years ago?" he asked.

"Hmm, something about a holdup gent by that name. Is he the one that you mean?"

"He was my youngest brother. I'm J. B. Simmons."

USING SHORT, clipped sentences Simmons went on to say that in the early 1860s he had gone to the goldfields of Oro Fino and Florence Basin, Idaho, where he had discovered and sold several placer claims. Later, in Montana, his luck wasn't so good and in 1875 he returned to Idaho.

John, his brother, was twelve years his junior. For a while they were together in Idaho, then John had drifted away on his own. The brothers were seldom in touch. Then one day J. B. went to Idaho City for supplies and to his surprise found a letter waiting.

In it John confessed that he was implicated in a stagecoach robbery, and that he and his partner buried the loot. As he told this, Simmons drew the letter from a shirt pocket. The single sheet of paper was in shreds and broken at the folds from being carried so long. On the back had been drawn a map in pencil which had been inked in by Simmons as the paper wore out.

"He sent it to me because he worried that Haskell was going to do him in," Simmons explained. "When I got a chance to go looking for him in Bayhorse he was already buried. So many hardcase fellers were already hunting the gold that I didn't mix with them.

"Not until five years ago did I return to search for it. The gold had not been found, as you likely know. I figgered there was a pretty good chance of locating it with the map. Finding you nosing around bothered me and I didn't know how much you might be onto."

"The map didn't help you any?"

"No. I figger the country's been changed too much."

While McSparron examined the crude map, Simmons pointed out two important marks. One represented an "X" chiseled into a large rock. The other was also an "X" cut into the bark of a tree which had been chopped out with other timber that had been standing

(Continued on page 62)

Courtesy Mary Ballantine

Tom Buffington

By JOHN W. DeVINE

LAST CHIEF OF THE CHEROKEES

THE GIGANTIC Cherokee chief faced the President of the United States, William Henry Harrison, and demanded that his people be given the right to rule themselves with dignity and honor. The President listened patiently, then told Tom Buffington, the grandson of an English missionary and son of an Indian Territory senator, "You and your people stand before a mighty glacier. It is for you to get on as the white man dictates or stand in the way of the glacier and be crushed."

Buffington did not wait for the words to be repeated by his interpreter. He turned on his heel and stalked out of the President's office. In his hotel as he packed to leave Washington, D. C. for Indian Territory, he told the interpreter, "I will make him eat those words. If he had been anyone but the President of the United States I would have crushed him with my bare hands!"

Buffington succeeded where every other Indian had failed and Harrison himself came to the Cherokee's support several years after their initial interview. Those who knew the big chief weren't surprised—they had grown accustomed to seeing him overcome the impossible.

Buffington, born in 1855, near Tahlequah, Indian Territory, had been educated in Cherokee schools and in legislative halls in Tahlequah. Like Saul, at six feet six inches, he stood head and shoulders above his fellow tribesmen. When he was twenty-two he married Sue Woodall and built a cabin on Stud (later Mustang) Creek near the village of Okoee, and in 1878 was elected district judge. Later he sought the office of circuit judge and received all but a few of his tribesmen's votes. In 1888 he announced he would be a candidate for the Cherokee Senate, opposing L. B. (Hooley) Bell, a senator who had never been defeated.

Buffington's size, his reputation as a judge, and an affable disposition stood him in good stead. After a house-to-house campaign during which he visited over 30,000 tribal members, he was elected by the largest majority ever given a senator, and as a result was elected President of the Senate.

He quickly became involved in trying to solve the problems which confronted his nation: infiltration and take-over of land by the white man; scarcity of money; pressure in Washington to banish his people from the land given them in 1833; the necessity to provide funds for the Nation's schools; and the need for proper representation in Washington if

Tom Buffington was a politician only until election day. He might haul an ill tribesman to the polls in a wheelbarrow, but once the votes were in, he became a statesman

the Cherokees were to avoid the fate of other Indian tribes. Buffington had to fight the old-time fullbloods who wanted to return to the old days—to fight the white man until the last breath.

In 1890 he again was elected senator and was preparing to leave for Tahlequah when his wife died. Sick at heart, Buffington returned to the capital where he learned that the assistant chief had died, and within three days the chief himself succumbed. The mantle of chieftaincy thus fell on Buffington's shoulders.

Buffington threw himself into his duties with ferocious energy. A drouth destroyed the tribal crops, many Indians were starving and only $25,000 remained in the Nation's treasury. Buffington demanded, and the Senate and Council agreed, to divide the money among the needy. He then set about establishing laws to raise taxes on property held by white men, and inaugurated a program to open the Cherokee Strip to cattlemen.

In 1893, his tribe received a payment of $1,606,000. Old-timers claim it was brought in silver dollars and distributed at Vinita. (At my request, then Vice-President Lyndon Johnson asked the Treasury Department to investigate this account of the old-timers, and records revealed that the payment was made but did not show whether it was in silver dollars. A similar payment made in 1896, however, was in currency.)

My father operated a cafe in Vinita at the time. Many of the town's older residents recall hearing their parents talk of the payment. Each man, woman, and child received some fifty-odd silver dollars it is said. As late as 1930 the town still was widely known because there were so many silver dollars there.

BUFFINGTON wanted to devote all of his time to obtaining a treaty he believed suitable for the Cherokees. He refused to run for chief in 1893, stating he could seek his old post as Senate president instead and try to devote more time to his project. The office was handed him by a thankful tribe.

In the spring of 1894 Buffington's brother, Lucien, persuaded Tom to run for mayor of Vinita. Buffington had his hair cut, grew a small mustache, and visited every voter in the town. On election day he even hauled an ill voter to the polls in a wheelbarrow. He won easily, proving himself a favorite of whites as well as Indians.

"He could have had the office for life if he had so desired," one old-timer declared when I talked to him.

In 1895 Buffington married Emma Gray, a Tahlequah schoolteacher, and they built a residence in Vinita. Up until now he had successfully opposed each treaty offered by the U. S. Congress, and was determined to settle the Nation's status once and for all. Aligning himself with the Downing Party (Progressives) he wrote a proposed treaty and campaigned for election, with the treaty as his platform. Wherever he went he met opposition, principally from fullbloods who wanted all white men removed from their land.

But on election day Buffington won by 302 votes. His victory was contested hotly but upheld by the Dawes Commission.

Returning to Washington, D. C., Buffington met with United States Senate leaders and demanded: That Indians in the nation be given equal citizenship rights; that the land be equally divided among all Indians as of the date they became a part of the United States; that payment for damages suffered be accorded his people; that claims by the railways to sections of land in I.T. be reduced; that Indians be given full rights to their property, both mineral and surface.

Thinking his terms had been met, Buffington started home. But in Kansas City he learned that Congress had eliminated practically all of his demands. Immediately he condemned the treaty. Newspapers throughout the country charged him with going back on his promises. Nevertheless, almost single-handedly, Buffington worked to defeat the compromise, visiting as many of his tribesmen as he could to explain the situation. The day before the election word was sent from Washington that if the treaty were not approved the United States Government would invoke the Curtis Law and use its strictest terms to deal with the Cherokees.

The threat did not work. Buffington's influence prevailed and his people rejected the treaty by a 3,346 to 2,322 margin. Buffington immediately appointed Senators Lowery, Fletcher and Rogers (father of Will Rogers) to hammer out a treaty with the Indian Agent along lines he had laid down.

He took this version to Washington and met with committees from the House and Senate almost daily. Finally the Senate approved the bill and sent it to the House. There it got locked up in committee and the House refused to vote it out. Buffington appealed to President Theodore Roosevelt for a hearing.

BUFFINGTON and his interpreter arrived, dressed in Indian regalia, Buffington carrying a horseshoe in his hands. During his conference he explained his people's problems and requested the President's support. He had carefully studied everything he could about Roosevelt and knew he was a great admirer of physical strength. At the end of the interview Buffington stood and, seizing the horseshoe, bent it straight as he declared in English, "Mr. President, the treaty has to be approved as we have written it—or else!" He dropped the straightened horseshoe on the floor and walked out of the President's office without waiting for dismissal.

The treaty was approved by Congress on March 4, 1902 and in spite of continuing opposition from anti-white fullbloods, Buffington was able to get his people to approve it 4,342 to 2,376. The *Ft. Gibson Post* commented: "All day long, from morn to sunset, the battle of the ballots went on, each side striving for mastery, but when the sun went down that night the stars of the Cherokee government had set forever! The Progressive Party had won, the last hopes of the fullbloods had vanished. . . . "

From that date, April 7, 1902 Buffington continued his legislative work, helping to make Indian Territory a state. He gave interviews to the press and made talks in behalf of statehood. He saw all his efforts crowned when Oklahoma became part of the Union in 1907.

In 1912, he again was elected mayor of Vinita, a post he held until his retirement in 1920. Buffington was a familiar figure on Vinita streets for years. In late afternoons he would park his car, a large wooden-wheeled Cadillac, and sit at the curb and talk to all who passed. Practically everyone knew him as "Chief", "Mayor", or "Tom." He loved people and enjoyed listening to their problems. His one hobby, if such it could be called, was poker.

I spent five days interviewing Buffington the week before he became ill and died at his Vinita home, February 11, 1938. When asked to recall a specific date, Buffington laughed. "At my age (eighty-three)," he said, "very few men could remember what happened, let alone the date. You can find it somewhere. The date is really not important—it's the action that counts."

His funeral was by far the largest ever held in his hometown. Friends came from everywhere. Telegrams, phone calls, messages were received from all over the United States, from Presidents, ex-Presidents, senators and congressmen, and from former Indian officials who remembered the great fight he had waged for his people.

His tombstone might well have inscribed, "The only Indian chief to defeat the United States Government, then write, dictate, and force approval of his own treaty."

But Buffington was really a modest man. The family tombstone bears only the one word, "Buffington." In his last interview, he pointed out, "I really was not the last chief of the Cherokees—I was the

(Continued on page 69)

WHEN A MAN GOES BERSERK

Any lawman likes that comfortable "The lid's on" feeling—and he needs it once in a while because sooner or later he's not going to sleep or eat regular like other folks do

By FRED H. ROOT

THINGS had been slow for a month in the sheriff's office with everything up to date and no left over business. Since I was sheriff, that suited me fine.

I picked up a boy with a saddle, drove up to the hotel and picked up a Sioux City horse buyer, a man I was closely associated with in the horse business. We headed out of Philip (South Dakota) east to a ranch where we had bought some horses a few days before. About twenty-five miles out I saw someone running toward the road and wildly waving at us. I stopped the car. I thought the party running toward us was a boy but upon arrival "he" turned out to be a woman. The poor thing was hysterical. Her hair was cut short; her clothing merely a man's shirt tucked into a pair of short-waisted overalls; a man's shoes were on her feet. She kept shouting, "Take me to the sheriff!" At last I convinced her that I was the sheriff.

She quieted down a little, then told me her husband had gone crazy and had tried to kill her. She was afraid that he would kill her aunt, for whom they were working.

I got the impression that the woman was insane and prevailed on her to go with us to where I was to drop the boy to bring in the horses. The people at this ranch told me that their neighbor, a widow woman, had a married couple working for her.

The woman I had picked up still insisted that her husband was crazy and told me that he had once been committed to an asylum in Nebraska. (She had been an inmate of the same asylum but didn't mention that fact.)

I drove back to the farm where she worked. The lady who owned the place answered the door. I asked her if there had been any trouble that morning. She said that "Mary and the Professor" had had a fight but that she didn't meddle in their affairs and they were presently out in the field working.

I replied that, on the contrary, I had Mary out in the car and that I wanted to take the couple into Philip, so she said Mary could come in and get her clothes. I then drove out about one fourth of a mile to a corn field to get the man called Professor. He was cutting corn and tying it into bundles with twine. He had a sharp curved knife or sickle about eighteen inches long.

I walked to within twenty feet of him before saying, "Hello, Professor. I would like a word with you."

He turned and ran at me, brandishing the sickle and yelling, "You get out of here!"

He was a frail little old man and I was quick on my feet. I kept clear of him and kept talking to him. I asked him if he knew where Mary was and he said he didn't.

He soon calmed down and my friend, the horse buyer, and I talked to him, getting him closer to the car as we talked. I got behind him while my friend was making conversation and finally I was able to grab him, pinning his arms down to his sides and forcing him to drop his knife. As I pinned him down he shouted, "God bless you, boy. Glory Hallelujah! I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

I TOOK them both to Philip. During the drive I sat in the back seat with Dart. That was his real surname. We conversed all the way, and by the time we got to Philip I had quite a knowledge of the pair's life history. Louis Kronick, the horse buyer, got her side of the stormy life they had lived. They were married, and she had the Nebraska certificate to prove it.

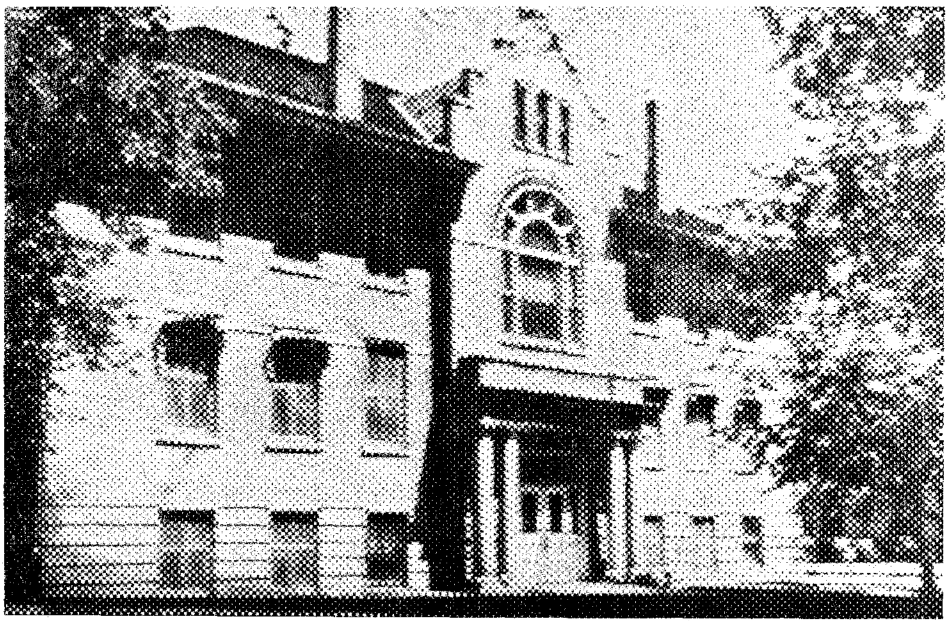
I took them before the board, who, after contacting the Nebraska asylum, committed them both to our asylum at Yankton, South Dakota. This was legal because they had been in South Dakota over one year. This was in 1918. The asylum was crowded (as I learned by phone) but the director agreed to take Mary when I told them my jail was not suitable to care for a woman.

We went first to Fort Pierre where they sometimes boarded prisoners for me. I turned the man over to their care. A lady from Philip, a high school teacher, went along with me for assistance with Mary.

Mary got really wild while we were

Roy Emerson on Tin Cup.

Courtesy Author



Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

The Stanley County Courthouse in Fort Pierre looks today much as it did in the early 1900s.

on the train traveling from Fort Pierre to Yankton. She cried and screamed; we had to hold her in her seat. It was a new experience for my teacher friend, and she turned out to be of very little help, but we finally got Mary quieted and safely committed to the Yankton hospital.

When we got back as far as Fort Pierre I stepped off the train, and a man who knew me said, "It's time you were getting back. Charley Harrington killed his wife and stepdaughter and shot Roy Emerson last night." The conductor shouted, "All aboard!"

I got aboard the train again and went on to Philip. My wife met us at the station with the car. I took her and the school teacher up to our house and then took off as fast as I could drive, forty-five miles out to where the shooting had taken place.

When I got there, 50 people were grouped 400 feet from the house. Roy Gagen, a policeman from Philip, walked up and told me no one was in the house. The bodies were in a pick-up in the yard.

One man near me had a ten-guage shotgun with the hammers drawn back. I asked him if his gun was loaded and he said, "You're damned right it is!"

Several people in the group had guns, so I made sure that they took the shells out before we had some accidental shootings. Then we checked the barn for Harrington, but he was not to be found.

We went up to examine the bodies. The mother was slumped over against the wheel and the daughter, about twenty years old, was leaning against the mother. Both had been shot in the head with a shotgun, evidently causing instant death.

There had been three other persons in the pick-up at the time of the shooting; another daughter about nine and a son about seven were in the back end. The boy had run northwest three miles and summoned help while the girl ran south about two miles and told the story. At the first blast, Roy Emerson, driver of the pick-up, jumped out to crank the car.

Harrington had stood inside the house and had shot through the screen door killing his wife, then he had to reload as he had a single shot twelve-gauge gun. He fired again, killing his daughter. He then stepped outside and shot Roy in the left shoulder as he was trying to crank the pick-up. Roy was still trying to get the car started when he caught another shot in the hip. This was too much for him. Though wounded badly, he ran into a corn field while Harrington was reloading. Roy hid out and later crawled to a culvert and had been taken to a doctor before I got there.

After talking to the two children, we decided that Harrington must have taken the horse and saddle that had been in the barn and had left right after the shooting. So the manhunt started.

THE HORSE came back the next evening. Tracks indicated he had come from the east. Three days later I got a call from the Fort Pierre sheriff. He had picked up Harrington. The wanted man had been found wandering around in a circle out on the prairie. His lips were swollen from lack of water and he couldn't talk. He had been put under a doctor's care. I asked the sheriff to hold him a few days for me, as Harrington's father was coming from Wisconsin to claim the bodies, and I would arrange to pick up the prisoner while the father was here.

Harrington's father arrived on the morning train. He was a big man past sixty and apparently a fine gentleman. He viewed the bodies, and took the surviving children to his heart. Later he carried them back to Wisconsin with him and I am sure they were given a good and loving home.

The senior Harrington went with me to Fort Pierre. His son as yet had not spoken a word.

When we got to the courthouse in Fort Pierre, I left the father with the sheriff and went down to the jail with the jailer, Mark Kennedy. Mark said, "You did us a good turn when you brought Professor Dart down here. He is our right-hand man now."

I asked, "What do you mean?"

"Let's just slip down to the jail quietly and I will show you," he said.

The Professor was standing in front of Harrington's cell with a plate of food in his hands, and I heard him say, "Come on, now, Charley, eat this food. You have done a terrible thing, but the Lord will forgive you if you will ask Him to."

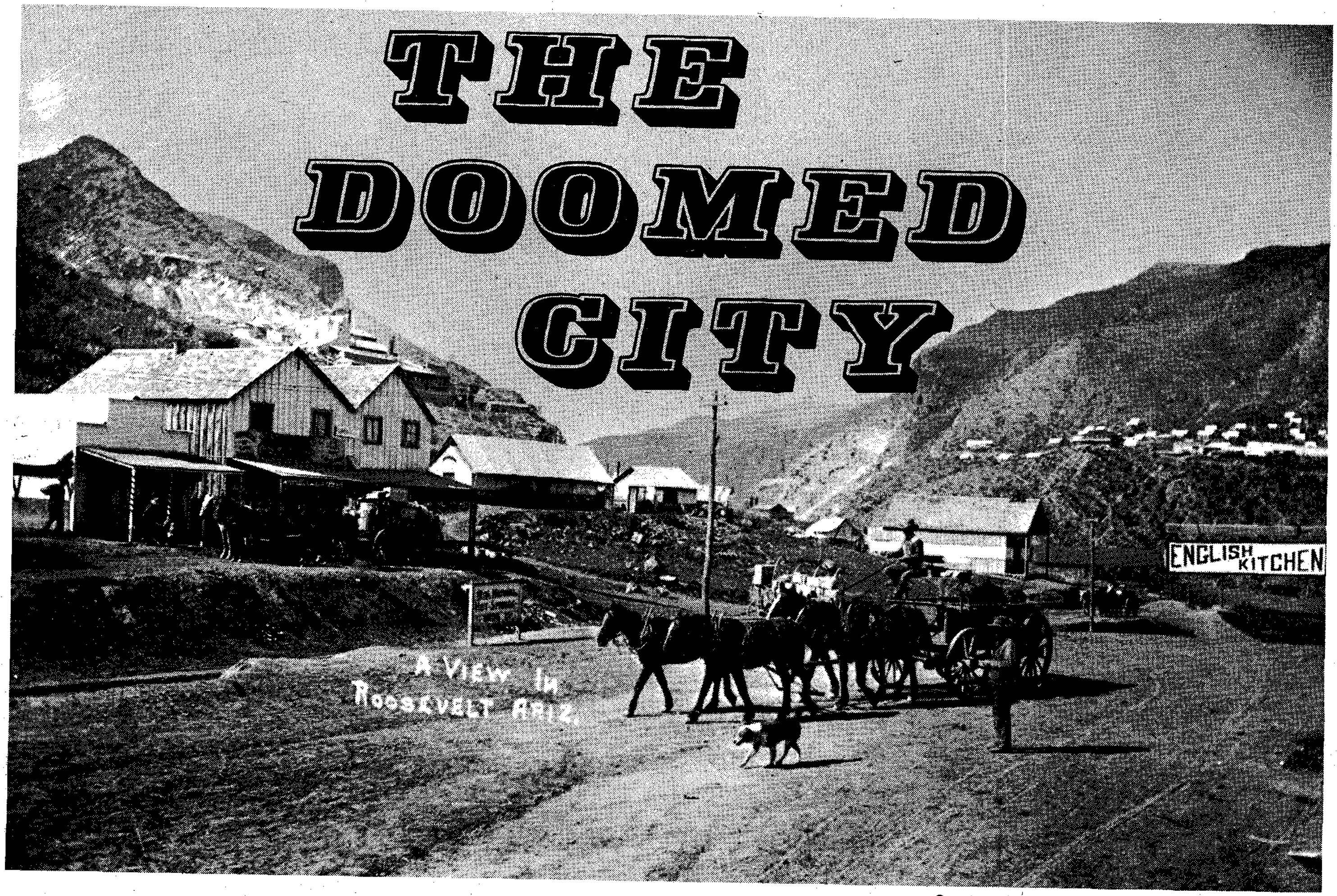
The little man was wearing a black swallow-tailed coat with a low cut front and had on a clean white shirt. He had taken over the job of cooking and feeding

(Continued on page 46)

Philip, South Dakota, 1918.

Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

THE DOOMED CITY



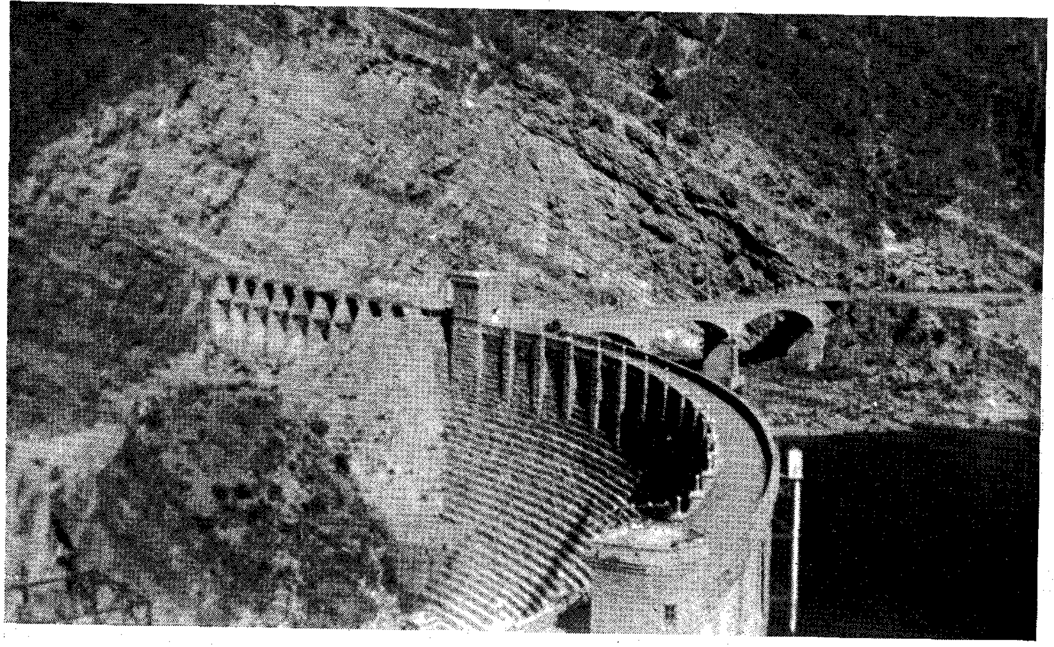
Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

Old Roosevelt was a "here today, gone tomorrow" town. The few people who stayed had lost their lives attempting the greatest engineering feat of its day

By DONALD N. BENTZ

Photos Courtesy Author

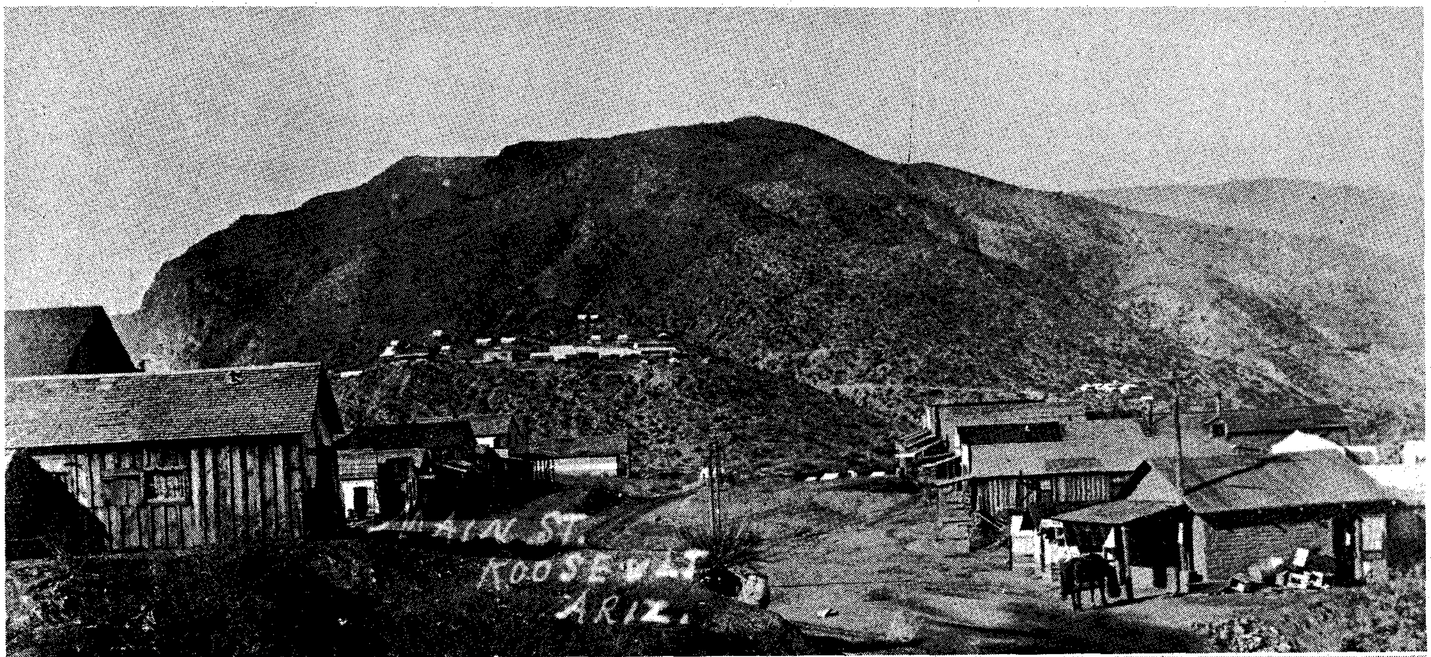
Roosevelt Dam



TRAVELING north-northwest from Globe, Arizona, along State Highway 88, one passes through the Tonto National Forest. On this old "Apache Trail" is to be found a little town which from its very inception was a doomed city.

On Saturday, March 18, 1911, Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, pressed a button to start water flowing through the turbines of Roosevelt Dam. The structure, constructed over a six-year period, transformed a section of semi-arid Arizona desert into a productive gardenland but the town which had been built with it withered and has almost disappeared.

Even before the cornerstone of the mighty structure had been set, the unincorporated town of Roosevelt had taken root on the banks of the Salt River at the entrance to the canyon in which the dam was being built. The site, known as early as 1882 as "The Crossing", had marked a ford across the Salt River at



Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library

The lonely cemetery of submerged Roosevelt City.

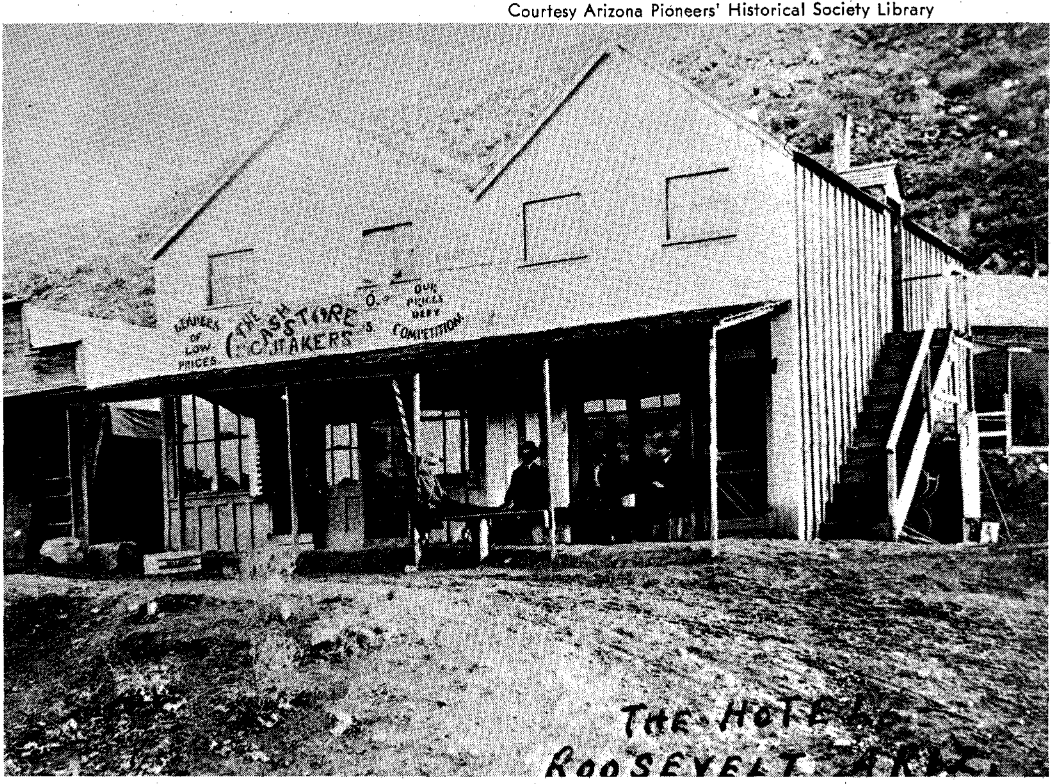
the entrance to Tonto Creek and was a natural location for restaurants, hotels, markets and houses. The waters of the dam beside them eventually would rise above their height, so lumber was used exclusively in the buildings' construction.

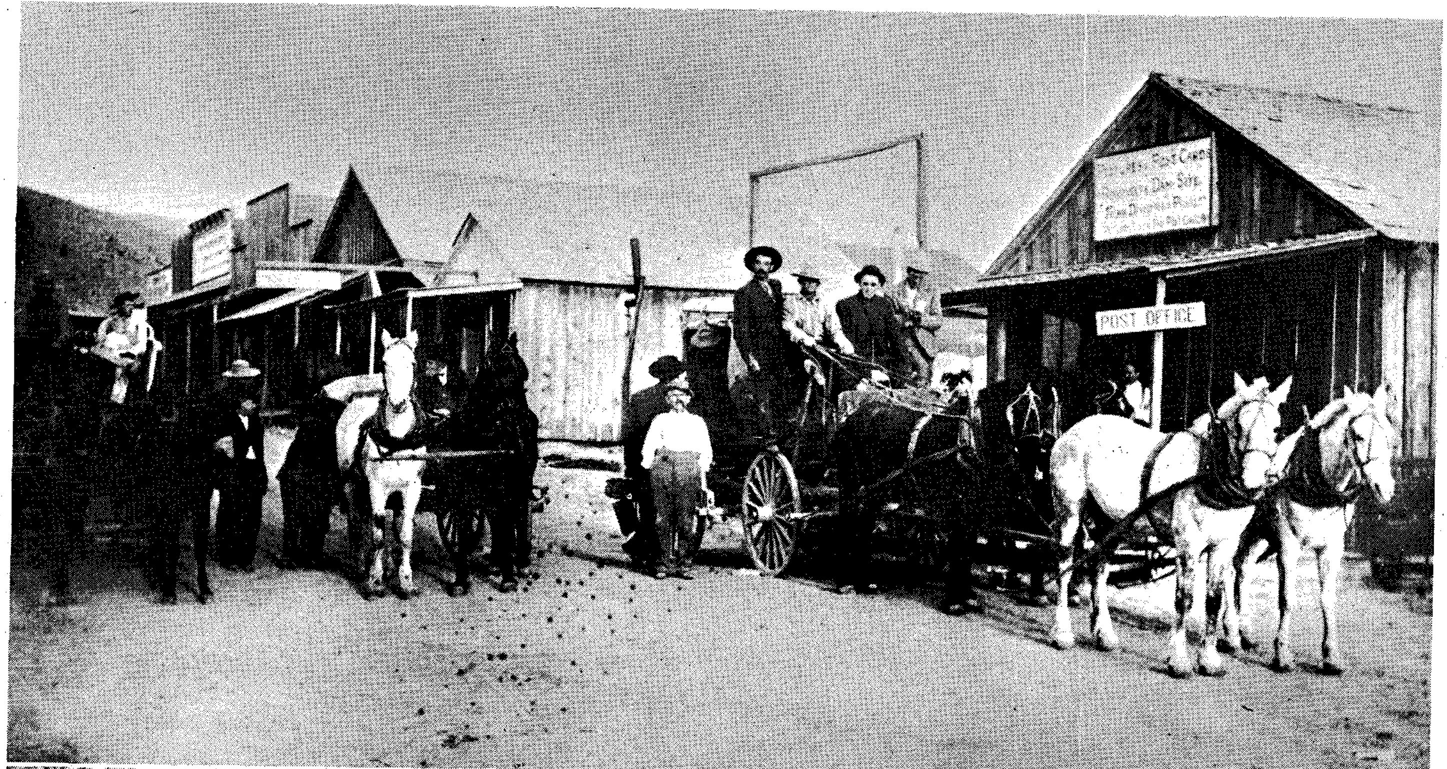
The new town was given a post office on January 22, 1904 (William A. Thompson, postmaster) and the houses of workers spread over several acres. The census of 1910 listed 707 residents in Roosevelt precinct, with 287 in the town itself, but one of the annual reports of the Bureau of Reclamation stated that Roosevelt had a population of 2,000 in 1906.

M. C. Webb and Sons operated a restaurant, mercantile store, and a small hotel. In 1910, one of their customers was George Daniel Burtis, formerly of Illinois, but then postmaster of Roosevelt. That same year the rapidly growing dam began to hold back the waters of Salt River and Tonto Creek until most residents were forced to move to a new townsite on the flat around the hill above the dam. A sudden rise in the river submerged the remaining houses, almost before the inhabitants could remove their belongings, and the original town of Roosevelt disappeared. When water began to gurgle under his foundations, the postmaster, having tarried through lack of official instruction to move, decided to move anyway, taking the post office with him.

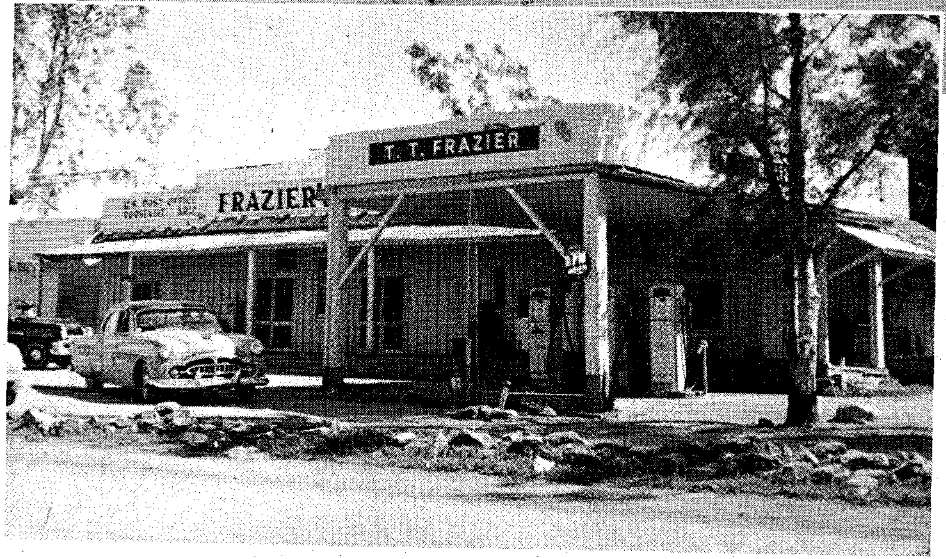
WHAT IS now Roosevelt was called "Newtown" in 1910. For many years after, the tops of structures in the old

Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library



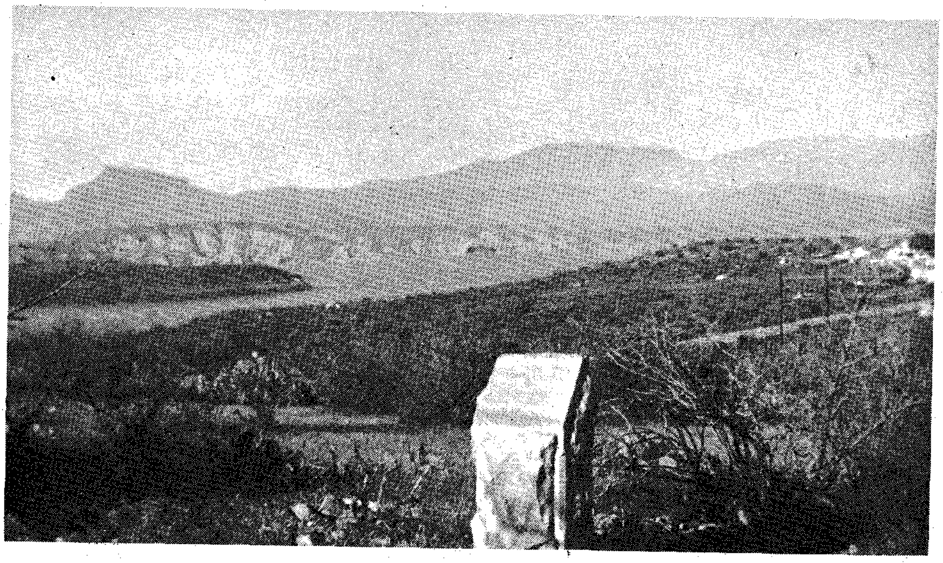


Courtesy Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society Library



T. T. Frazier established his store and post office in 1908 on the Roosevelt dam site. Three years later Frazier moved his store to the new town of Roosevelt.

Lonely tombstone overlooks Roosevelt Lake.



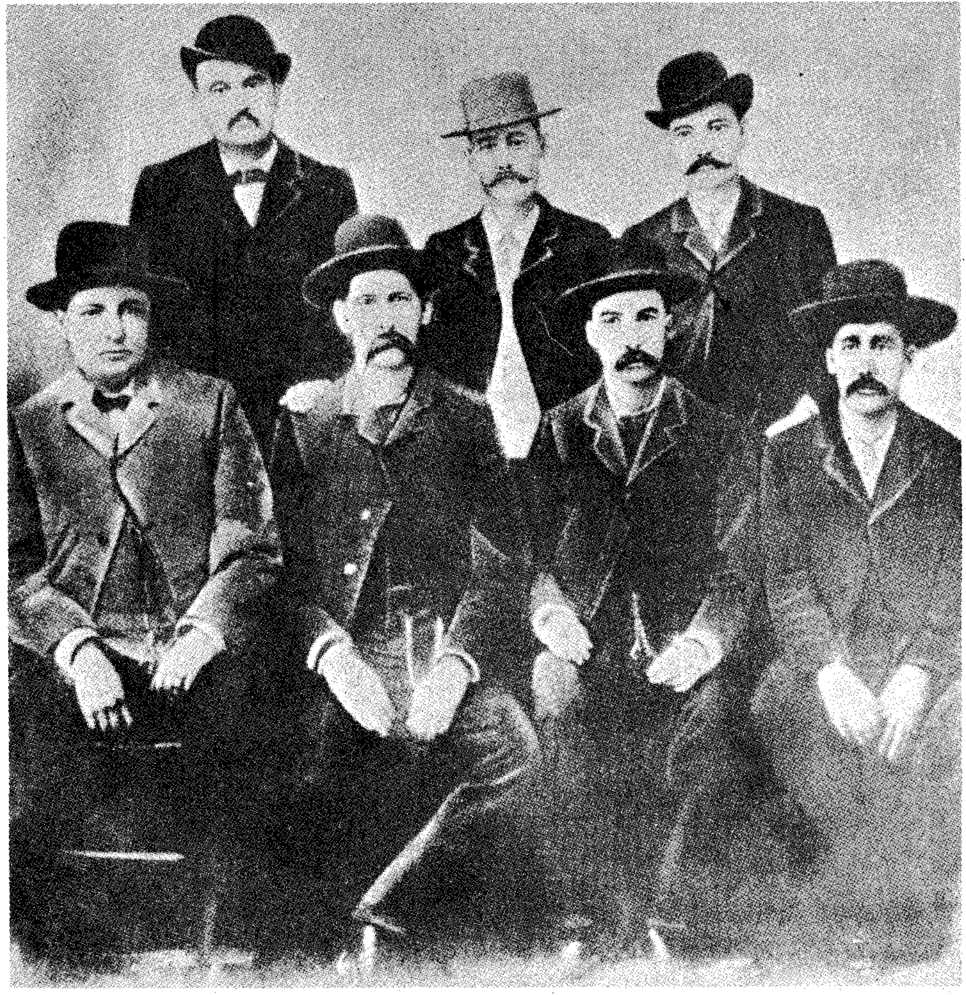
town were exposed by the lowering waters of Roosevelt Lake. Pottery and other artifacts of a bygone people also were uncovered at various times. Tonto National Monument and some famous Indian cliff dwellings are located just a mile or so from the lake.

Recently, while on a fishing trip, I stumbled across the old Roosevelt cemetery. It is located about three-fourths of a mile behind Fraziers' General Store, but cannot be seen from the main highway. In it I found traces of about twenty-one graves and a few legible gravestones and markers. "In memory of John Loser, a native of Germany, killed April 25th, 1908, one of the unforeseen costs of the Roosevelt Dam. Erected by fellow workers," one of them reads. Another: "William Dillon, died March 15, 1910, age 35 years, Cleator, Cumberland, England." Al Sieber, the famous Indian scout, was another casualty, but he is buried several miles away in Globe. The forgotten cemetery, high on a hill, overlooks part of Roosevelt Lake, but not the dam itself, for which the men buried there gave their lives.

The little post office George Burtis moved over fifty years ago is still in operation today as part of the Fraziers' store. Stella Frazier was postmistress of Roosevelt from 1916 until 1958, when illness forced her to give up this position. Her husband was employed in various capacities during the construction of the dam. One of his positions was to supervise some of the hundreds of Indian laborers from the Apache and other tribes who played an important role in the building of the structure.

Pink Simms thought Wyatt Earp never really earned the right to be called the

TEXAN TAMER



Courtesy Western History Collection, University of Oklahoma Library

Group of law enforcement officers of the 1870s and 1880s. Left to right, standing: W. H. Harris, Luke Short, and Bat Masterson. Sitting: Charlie Bassett, Wyatt Earp, L. McLean, and Neal Brown.

By JAY J. KALEZ

Author's note: In 1934 I wrote an article on Wyatt Earp entitled "The Texan Tamer" which included a description of Earp's alleged disarming of Ben Thompson in Ellsworth, Kansas, and of Thompson's being arrested and fined $25.00. It was published in *Triple-X Western* magazine.

Shortly afterward I received some interesting mail from an old-timer who had read my story. His letters are presented here, not to "settle the dust" about Wyatt Earp, but rather to bring back the days of almost forty years ago when I was crow-hopping across the West and seeking out men who had known personally the immortals of justified—and unjustified—homicide.

Lewistown, Mont.
9——30——34.

DEAR SIR:

I have just finished your article, "Wyatt Earp Texan Tamer," in the last copy of *Triple-X* and would like to make some comments upon it. I am much in favor of these little historical sketches being made a part of all western fiction magazines, but I like to see them as authentic as possible.

I am an old ex-range rider and came to this state with cattle, originally from Lincoln County, New Mexico. I worked on the Texas Trail during its closing days and followed the cattle trails or the roundups in every state between Canada and Mexico. I am not quite old enough to have seen Kansas towns at their worst, during the '70s and early '80s but as a small boy I attended school in Dodge when it was wild. I have met some of the famous western characters who were still in the West in the late '80s and '90s; among them was Wyatt Earp. I was also in old Tombstone when a child and later worked there when John Slaughter was sheriff there. Wyatt Earp was in Alaska while I was there and later I saw him in Goldfield, Nevada.

On the trail the Dodge marshals were much discussed and Earp's name was

(Continued on page 64)

SOMEWHERE out there lay a granite stone, ten inches by eight inches by three—the rock footprint of a long dead surveyor. My fifteen-year-old, Tati, and I stood at the upper end of an old clearing, pasture land once studded with clumps of wild buckwheat and mountain sumac.

In front of us a ragged fence clung to the rim of a deep cross-slope draw. Beyond it was another—wider, deeper and filled with white oaks. Its slope climbed gently at first, then became steeper as it neared the low peaks of Barona Mesa.

The 'dozer fill across the first high-banked draw had been gutted by the rains of a decade. It would take a hard day's work with pick and shovel, or an hour or two with a bulldozer to refill a crossing substantial enough for our four-wheel drive Fire Tanker to roll over.

That meant that Tati would have to stay behind, listening for emergency calls and watching for signs of forest fire. That's my primary job, after all—landline research is just one of the extras which forest firemen "contribute" in their spare time. It's fun but it's hard work, and the rewards are more personally satisfying than remunerative.

The granite stone we sought was the common corner to four mile-square sections of land, more important because it lay on the township line, which was sparse in "found" corners. It had been surveyed first by Deputy Groom in 1857, then rerun in 1881 by Deputy Brunt who found Groom's original corner again and described it. I felt somehow that I knew Brunt best. I knew his fondness for massive egg-shaped stones, more often white quartz, and I felt he might have added something to Groom's work. Finding their lines could save the taxpayers a bit of money.

THE GRANT LINE we were working was the southerly boundary of the "Rancho Cañada de San Vincente y La Mesa del Padre Barrona." The United States Government had agreed to respect Spanish Grant boundaries in our treaties regarding California, and government surveys had always stopped outside these Grant lines. I had copies of Groom's, Brunt's and Sickler's field notes to follow, the latter two deputy surveyors having run both the nearby portions of the Grant line and rerun the adjacent *township grids.*

I'd told Tati about finding stakes, redwood lath, and evidence of two private surveys dating back only fifteen to twenty years. These two, along private land boundaries, appeared to *conflict* with each other and did not fit my idea of where the Groom-Brunt grid must lie.

"What if you find the old land corner and it doesn't tie to either of the private surveys?" Tati asked.

I explained that—providing a General Land Office representative declared it authentic—all adjacent surveys then would have to tie to it, since the original government survey was the one on which subsequent treaties and land sales had been based.

Tati shrugged. "There must be about *three million* rocks up there, with maybe one or two extra, and all of them the same size as the one you're hoping to find."

"Thanks," I laughed and reminded him to keep his eyes peeled while I was gone.

The pacing upslope, including crawling through the heavy brush at the rim of the second draw, didn't take too long. But I had to remind myself to watch my feet instead of gazing ahead toward the distant bearing point or eyeing rock outcrops for signs of human hand.

Guess I've been lucky, in respect to walking into open wells, stepping off cliffs and upsetting rattlesnakes—at least, to date.

My search area lay in light regrowth, with some medium to large brush clumps in the better soil pockets. It would be hard to guess how many rocks I handled and measured as I searched back-and-forth across-slope, but the sun was disappearing fast. There were a lot

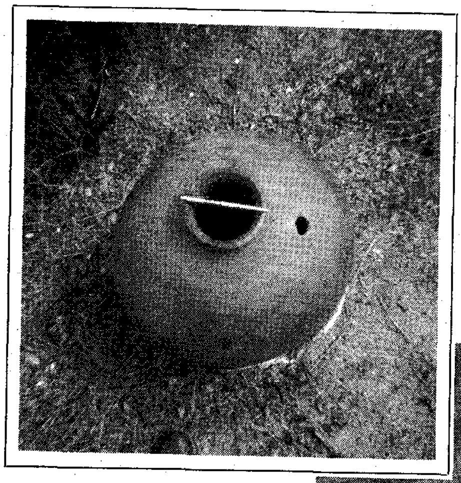
If the old prospectors had known what this man knows, such a thing as a "lost mine" probably wouldn't exist!

By JOHN XAVIER

Photos Courtesy Author

LANDLINE

Indian olla—hard-baked clay water jar.



Author's son runs a compass line with an old model transit.

of rocks close to the right size, and here and there groups of two or three which could possibly have been set upon each other by men.

I extended the east-west sweep of my search pattern into the area I'd searched before—to the east, closer to the deep arroyo, and then, having reached the downslope limits of probability, turned back uphill. Still finding nothing, I had to admit that 109 years were a long time—that apparently Brunt in 1881 hadn't added anything to deputy Groom's 1857 stone.

The sun had dropped out of sight below the western hills. I had turned away from my line to walk upslope and examine another shallow washout when three grey stones caught my eye. I knew immediately that this was no accident of nature, and I could almost see Deputy Groom bending to his task.

I measured the largest of the three rocks. After more than a century it was still a perfect ten by eight by three inches. I laid it back in its bed and turned to examine an eighteen-inch deep gouge in the sand clay.

Just another erosion scar, made by winter rains? Certainly water had been the cutting agent for its open mouth, but it lay at a near perfect forty-five degree angle to lines running west and north from my rock—the prescribed position for the required 24"x18"x12" pits I'd read about in the field notes.

I looked for more supporting evidence. No engineer, I qualify only as a searcher. To bear critical examination, and be certified and remonumented by an authorized examiner, my find must clearly jibe with other corners found before or later, as well as the field notes written when it was set.

A claim based on the dimensions of one stone set in a mound of earth before the Civil War needed some strong support before I could recommend it, however certain I was that this was Groom's marker.

They were comparatively small stones—and grey. Why grey? And where had he gotten them? My eyes darted upslope to a handy outcrop of snowy white quartz —a handy choice for cornerstone or rock mound. Why hadn't it been used? Probably because Deputy Groom had wanted something uncommon.

I FOUND Deputy Groom's source of grey stone nearly a chain (66 feet) west of my corner. As I circled back to examine the quartz outcrop, a cross-slope depression became evident, with a sizeable erosion cut angling downslope from its west end. A freak of nature or the silt-filled remains of the trench which had supplied part of the earth for Groom's original mound?

Now I felt sure of the whole picture. I stood up and waved my orange hardhat over my head to signal success to Tati. He waved back with his own helmet and I went back to work.

I wondered a bit about Groom's decision to add that measured stone to the markings, knowing—as he probably did—that corners were set to endure twenty years and then be remonumented with something more permanent. Had he worked late that January day? Maybe lead-grey rain clouds menaced his fresh mound of earth? Or, being a thinking man, maybe he had seen war clouds above the horizon and had sensed that survey work might have to be laid aside for years while the government he worked for fought to survive.

The 1857 corner after perpetuation with a witness mound (background).

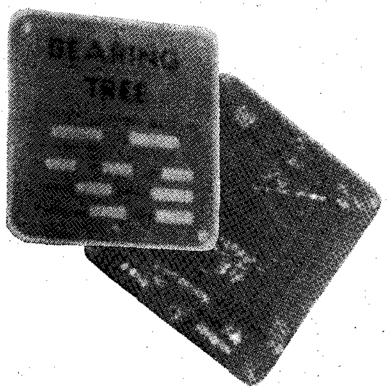
I raised a mound of white quartz stone, three feet in diameter at the base, ten links east of Deputy Groom's corner (to avoid disturbing the original evidence) and capped it with three large grey stones from his source to assure that the position of the believed corner would not be lost again if war or fire should delay our monumentation plans another decade.

In this mound I placed a metal "K" Tag, or "Location Poster" to indicate that my mound was not the corner and the corner lay ten links west.

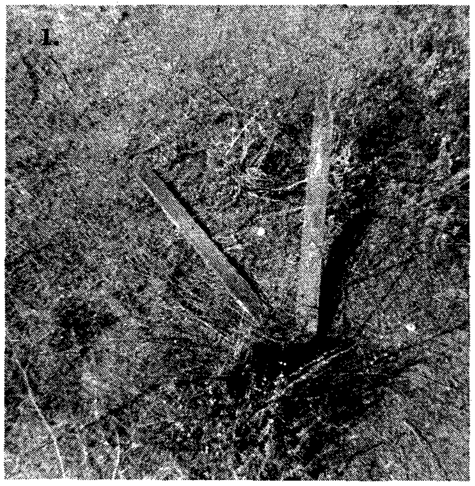
OUR SEARCHES lead us to many strange finds, particularly when we're forced to cover an area on hands and knees—or on stomach and elbows—under what the Fire Control Handbook describes as "Type 11, Heavy Mixed Brush" or "Type 13, Mixed

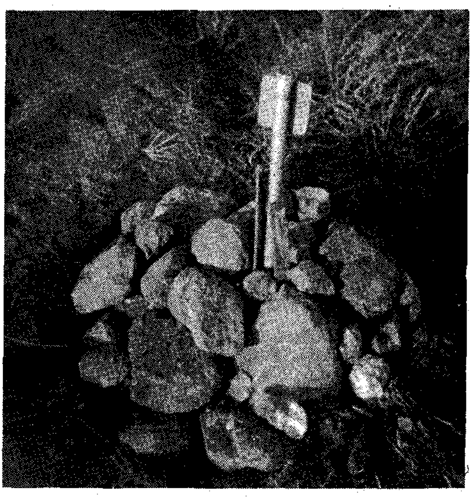
(Continued on page 56)

BLOODHOUNDS



1. Evidence of a private survey was found at the true point of closing corner with Spanish grant line.
2. The first step in preserving the redwood stake was to drive a one-inch pipe in the ground and wire the pipe to the old stake.
3. A witness mound was built with rocks found nearby.





Chauncey Thomas was a very small boy the first time a gun was placed in his hands; he was an old man when he pulled a trigger for the last time—an ill and lonely suicide

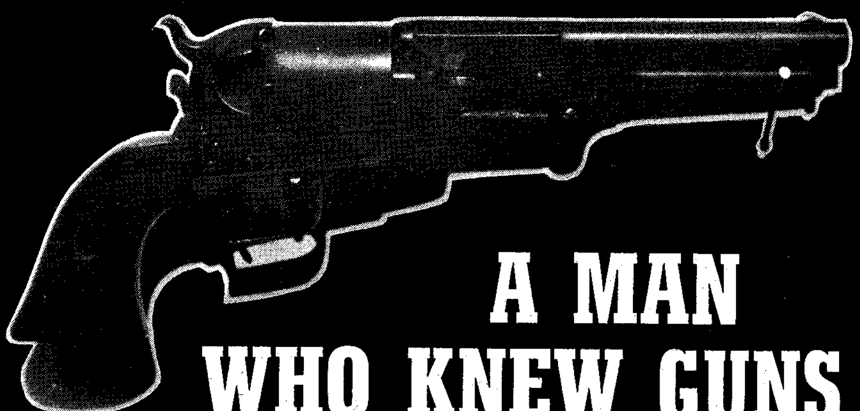
By ALICE WRIGHT WALLACE

Photos Courtesy Author

Chauncey Thomas

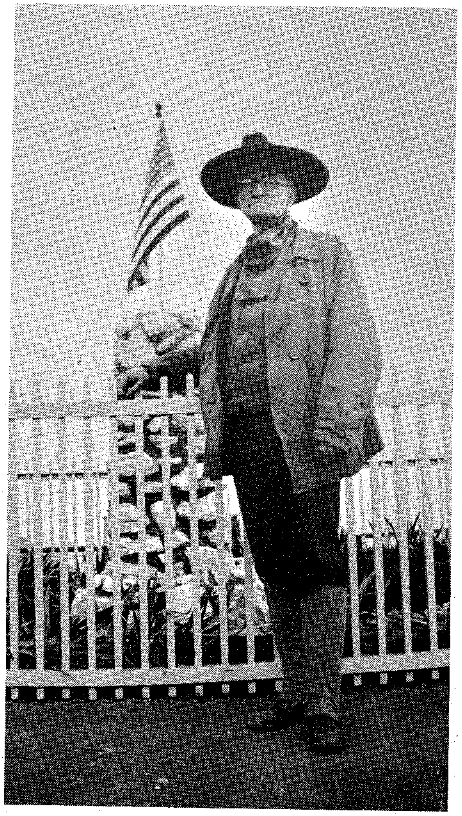
Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

Dragoon Colt



A MAN WHO KNEW GUNS

Chancey Thomas at Cody's grave, 1931.



TO COUNTLESS Colorado readers a few decades ago Chauncey Thomas was the "Sage of the Rockies." The man himself preferred to be called "Mountain Man." Actually, "Gun Man" is more appropriate, for there have been few greater experts, or marksmen with revolver and rifle in the nation than Chauncey Thomas, who literally *lived* guns and tragically died by one.

Chauncey Thomas, known also as "C. T.", was born in Denver on July 15, 1872, the eldest son of William Russell Thomas and Flora Sumner Thomas. The latter was a sister of Mrs. William N. Byers, wife of the pioneer publisher (*Rocky Mountain News*). William Thomas was also a newspaperman for many years. He was appointed Adjutant General of Colorado Territory in 1873. After the turn of the century, he was associated with Colorado State University at Fort Collins. The Thomas family was directly descended from William Penn.

Flora Thomas, for whom Mt. Flora, situated on the backbone of the Continental Divide in Colorado, was named, was an unusual woman. She gave Chauncey a .22 revolver when he was not yet ten years old. When he promptly shot himself accidentally, his mother patched him up, strapped a larger six-shooter on him, boosted him back onto his cow-pony and sent him on the trail again.

A shocked neighbor admonished the mother, saying the boy would surely kill himself. Flora Thomas answered: "I have three boys and am willing to kill one of them to make men out of the other two!" She was a dominating influence in C.T.'s life, and outlived him.

By the time he was fourteen, C.T. was known as the "best man with a six-gun" in the Colorado Middle Park area, where he rode herd on cattle and hunted to his heart's content. This was in 1886, and about that time ink began to stir in his frontier blood. He started to write. By 1889, he had chosen writing as a career, had moved to New York and was associated with such publications in the east as *McClure's*, and *Munsey Magazine*.

While living in New York he married. The union lasted but a fortnight. In later years known as a "woman hater," his own definition of such was, "A woman hater is a man who does not care to become a silent partner in a twin-factory."

In 1900, visiting Washington D. C., Thomas one day sought relief from the August heat. He stretched out on the grass beneath a tree, and began recalling the delightful coolness of his native Colorado—Berthoud Pass, in particular, where he had hunted and camped as a youth. Then he remembered a trip he'd once made over the pass during a February blizzard in the 1880s. His reminiscing led to a short story titled "Why the Hot Sulphur Mail was Late."

It was first published by *McClure's* in November, 1901. In subsequent years, it was reprinted numerous times and in many languages, and retitled "The Snow Story." Critics of the day called it a masterpiece of pure creative art. Rudyard Kipling considered it the finest short story written in America. The theme of the mountain tale is a quotation from Shakespeare, "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

IN HONOR of the popular author, the United States Government named a Colorado peak "Mount Chauncey Thomas." It is located some 100 miles west of Denver at the junction of the Frazer and Grand Rivers, about six miles east of Hot Sulphur Springs.

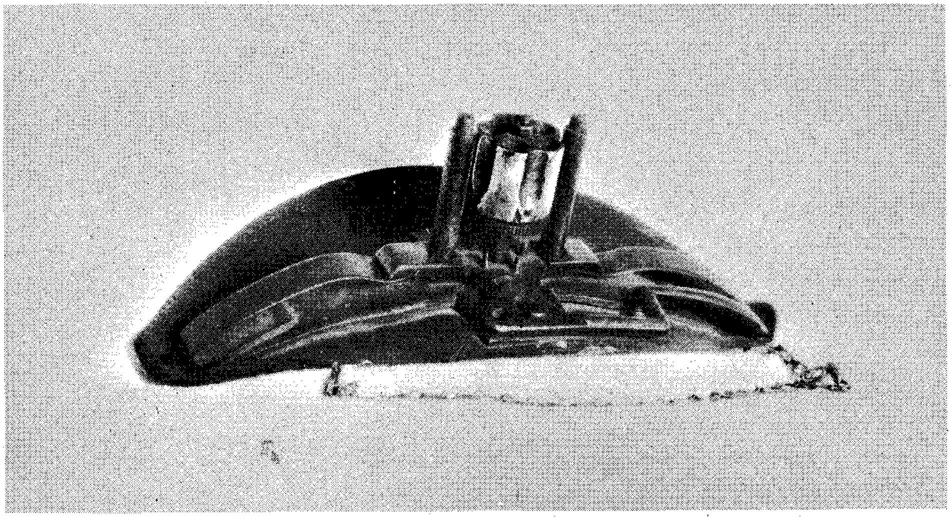
For years C.T. wrote steadily and prolifically. Many of his articles had to do with firearms. He had a large collection of rare guns, and was an authority on their history. He was a recognized expert in all types of weapons, his personal favorite being a Colt .45, single action.

C.T. maintained that the revolver wrote the history of the frontier West, beginning with the old cap and ball muzzle-loader and ending with the .45 single action Colt and others.

Thomas put the record straight on many fallacies, such as how the .36 caliber Colt-Navy revolver, weighing about two pounds, was named. Many authorities claimed it was because it was used by the Navy, but C.T.'s reason was that a naval scene was engraved around the cylinder.

He also debunked stories of so-called expert two-gun men with .45 caliber Dragoon Colts. The Dragoon weighed nearly four pounds and with carrying gear added, plus a loaded gun belt, the combination could scarcely be conducive to accurate marksmanship, he declared. He proved how utterly impossible expert shooting could be attained on a running horse, such as putting six shots into a post knot-hole at a fair gait.

C.T. examined and wrote about unusual fire-arms such as the "man trap gun," a fiendish invention worn under a coat or vest in such a manner as to send a bullet into a lawman when the outlaw was forced to "reach for the sky." Raising the hands caused a chain device on the gun to release the trigger.



Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

Man-trap gun

Western history and the characters who made it were favorite subjects of the versatile Thomas. He was the last person (besides family and physician) to talk to Buffalo Bill Cody. The interview occurred on the day of the famous scout and showman's death in 1917, in the home of Mrs. Julia Cody Goodman, Cody's sister.

Published in *Outdoor Life Magazine* in May 1917, the interview proved to be another classic. It was read extensively and considered a "monumental" piece of "human-interest" reporting.

"The greatest thing Buffalo Bill ever did," wrote C.T., "a thing few men throughout the ages have even equaled, was to bring a new game to the children of the world."

After talking of many things in that interview, including his favorite Springfield rifle endearingly named "Lucretia Borgia," the bone-weary Cody showed increasing weakness; the doctor advised C.T. to end the talk. Of the final farewell between the two friends, Thomas wrote: "*I* knew it; *he* knew it, we all knew it! but not a sign—just goodbye."

It was C.T. who said of Cody, "He was a friend of Kings, and the King of friends."

A hunting trip on Berthoud Pass, 1880.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

FROM TIME TO TIME, positions in the east were offered Chauncey Thomas. One from an arms company which involved considerable travel and demonstration of firing techniques. C.T. declined, stating he wished to remain at home in Colorado, to pursue its history and write of it for posterity.

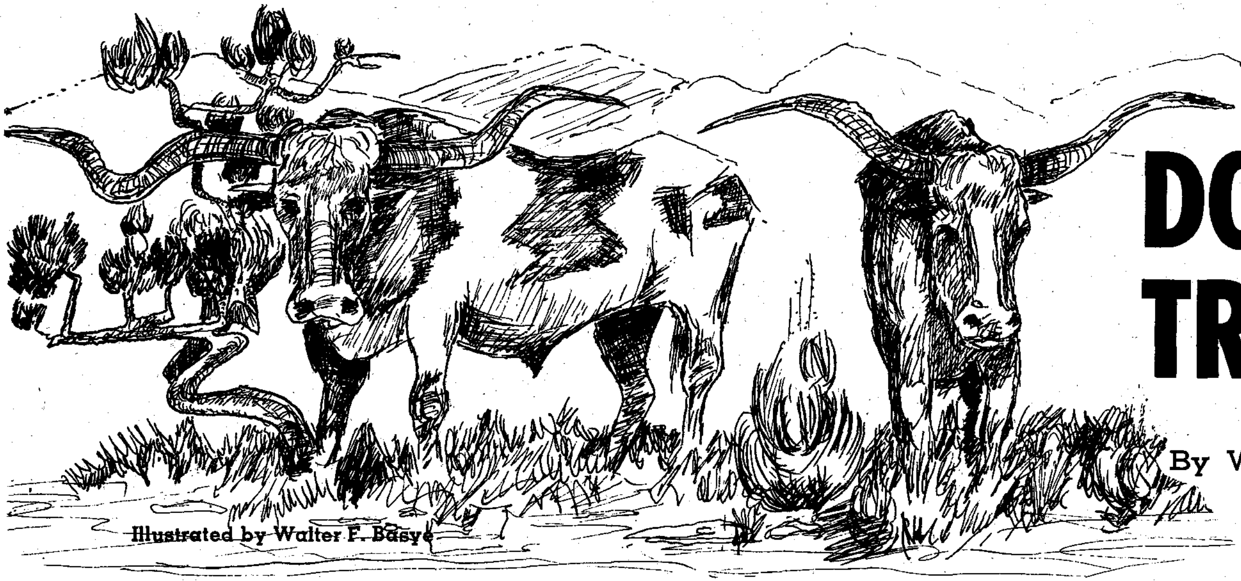
In 1920 he took a job as a day laborer in Denver, inspecting steel drills for solid rock boring. When asked why he'd gone so far afield, C.T. replied, "Have I stopped writing? No! I could not stop if I would. My typewriter is only sleeping; it hasn't lockjaw. Some day I hope to write a History of the Rockies, and this is the first move; I am working now with my hands to give my mind a rest and change."

He labored for many years on an historical novel of Colorado. It was never published. His quips and verses, book reviews and opinions on a multitude of subjects, appeared in print frequently, but he never achieved another success equal to "The Snow Story." As with so many, the depression years of the 1930s dealt harshly with the aging Sage of the Rockies. He wrote some radio scripts with western backgrounds. His "Tales of Old Wagon Tongue," heard over a local station, were popular. C. T. called them "pot boilers."

When he was forced to seek public aid, some $18.00 a month, he became very bitter. He lived in cheap rooming houses, his gun collection, books and a few souvenirs around him.

During his lifetime, C.T. had made many friends among notables. Ida Tarbell, Richard Le Gallienne, Rex Beach, Jack London and Frederic Remington were a few on the long list. Thomas, himself, is said to have been the first native-born Coloradoan to appear in "Who's Who." Shortly before his death, the publishers informed C.T. that he must bring his biography up to date, or it would be omitted. In character he replied, "If you can afford to leave me out, I cannot afford to be in." His biography was left out of the publication, but his name was retained.

(Continued on page 57)


Illustrated by Walter F. Basye

DOUBLE TROUBLE

By WALLACE F. BASYE

Photos Courtesy Author

Droophorn and Beehive liked to have a man every day for breakfast—in true outlaw style!

TWO OLD FELLOWS I got to know pretty well lived in a long, deep canyon in southern Arizona. Big, strong animals of the Hereford strain, they were as alert as any coyote and as able to protect themselves as any lordly elk. They were seldom seen by any of the riders of the Bear Valley ranch in which their canyon home was located.

Beehive and Droophorn, as these two old steers were known, piled up quite a record over the years. Two cowboys were killed while chasing them. Droophorn knocked down the horse of one cowboy and then tromped and horned the rider to death. The second was killed when, chasing old Beehive, a rock fell from an overhanging cliff and crushed his skull. Other cowboys were injured, one so badly he never rode again, and several horses were hurt so seriously they had to be shot.

One might suppose that these two, living as they did, were bosom buddies, but they were bitter enemies. Once I rode from the ranch headquarters with four mules loaded with block salt to distribute over the range. I crossed the head of Red Rock Canyon and rode up the long winding trail to the ridge dividing Red Rock from Beehive Canyon, the home of the outlaw steers.

I was giving the mules and my pony a rest when I heard a deep hoarse bellow coming from somewhere on my side of the canyon. Then I saw a red and white steer emerge from a clump of manzanita. He was a big husky animal—nothing on those bones but hard flesh roped together with muscle. One horn curled down and out from the side of his head and ended in an upward twist; the other horn also curved down but was longer, reminding me of a boxer with one hand more advanced than the other. I knew immediately that I was looking at Droophorn.

Now entered another big red and white steer, larger than Droophorn and armed with a much more impressive set of weapons. His horns came up from his head, then turned back at the top. This was old Beehive—named for the canyon he'd made his home. Once, in the dim and distant past, the tips had been cut from his horns but this had in no way hampered their growth.

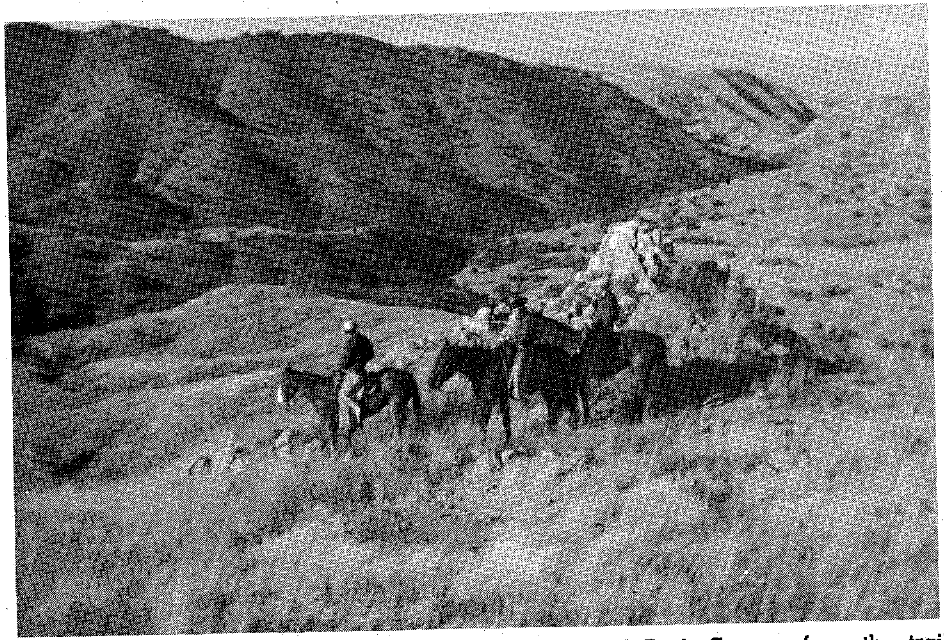
The two steers came together without any further preliminaries. But unlike bulls, they didn't confine their fighting to butting heads. They danced and darted in the same way wolves battle. Droophorn wheeled and lashed out with his hind feet like a stallion; Beehive had the advantage of size and weight. The contest reminded me of a duel between a boxer and a slugger.

Droophorn, staggering from a vicious jolt in the shoulder, barely got his head around in time to catch Beehive's next charge. There was a flurry of motion, dust rose from the area, and Droophorn pulled back, his shortest horn hanging limp at the side of his head. As Beehive continued his charge, Droophorn turned and ran.

THE TWO old mossyhorns had all the instincts of herd bulls, if not the equipment. They ranged on opposite sides of the canyon, each with his little bands of steers. There was an abundance of feed in Beehive Canyon and many scattered clumps of oak trees and manzanita bushes for shelter from storm and sun. The brush and the rugged terrain, plus their goat-footed ability to traverse it, were the main reasons the two steers had remained free for so many years.

In an effort to catch them, we once packed barbed wire and steel fenceposts into Beehive Canyon and built a trap above the dam. We put good strong oak tree triggers on the gate, set them, and left. When we returned three days later, we found those wise old fellows had been caught but had jumped to the top of the dam, a good six feet high at the place they had made their leap, had walked across it and descended on the other side. We added more barbed wire but a rock slide knocked out one side of the fence. Finally we took the triggers off the gate. Having to ride up each day

The high rimrocks guard the upper end of Beehive Canyon. It was in this area that two men were killed while chasing the two wild steers.


Left to right: Jim, Pink and Sonny look down into Red Rock Canyon from the trail leading to Beehive Canyon.

to release cattle which had gotten trapped was a tiresome chore. And the ones we were after never were there.

Pink Bonner and I went to work for the same outfit that year. We'd been on jobs together in our home country in Wyoming but each fall we had worked for different ranches in the Southwest. The foreman had hired two other men for the roundup crew. An old crippled cowboy named Shorty did the chores and helped the cook; Dave was a real hand when it came to food but he sure had a grudge against cowboys and ranch life in general.

We made the first days of roundup without too much trouble. Actually we should have finished the works in three weeks but the foreman and his pet, a Texan named Sonny weren't willing to take part in the rough country so we missed a lot of steers and had to rework the range. Beehive and Droophorn had made for the high country, but most of their bands had been too fat to run for long. We missed the two leaders and about six others but drove out eighteen tired steers. A few days later we went back and Beehive seemed to have moved out of the canyon, but Droophorn had eight steers with him. He took to the rocky slopes under the high cliffs where it would have been foolish to have followed with a horse. We gathered the eight steers which had been with him and started home.

Pink and I happened to be in that area later in the week. We rode out on the same little point from which I'd watched Droophorn and Beehive do battle. Below us we saw Beehive and two steers licking on a salt block. Pink spurred downhill, intending to cross below the tank and stop them from going downcanyon. I was mounted on a good horse and managed to beat Beehive to the trail leading up to the cliffs. I was swinging my rope and yelling like a banshee as he came storming up the hill.

My yells didn't seem to spook him, though. There wasn't much room on the slope and I wasn't about to stick a rope on that mad steer and have him jerk my horse down, so I hopped to the ground and started throwing rocks. A couple of good shots on the forehead changed that steer's mind pronto, and back down the hill he went.

Pink, meantime, had seen what was taking place and had maneuvered into position to make a throw. As Beehive went storming by, Pink's rope went over his head. Old Beehive's front end went right on through but Pink jerked the slack up and the loop caught around both hind legs. Let me tell you we were mighty proud cowboys that night! For two Wyoming hands to catch a big wild steer that some mighty good Arizona cowboys hadn't come close to in many years aroused some envy.

WE'D PLANNED to go catch Droophorn too, but the foreman wouldn't listen. "Hell," he grunted, "I've run wild cows for years and here you are trying to tell me how."

"Sure funny you don't perform better now," I answered.

"Now look here," he flared, "I'm running this outfit and I'll give the orders."

I shrugged, "Suit yourself."

We worked together for many months but a feeling was born that night that didn't improve. It got worse as Pink and I continued to show him up and the boss kept us on when roundup was over and other extra hands were let go.

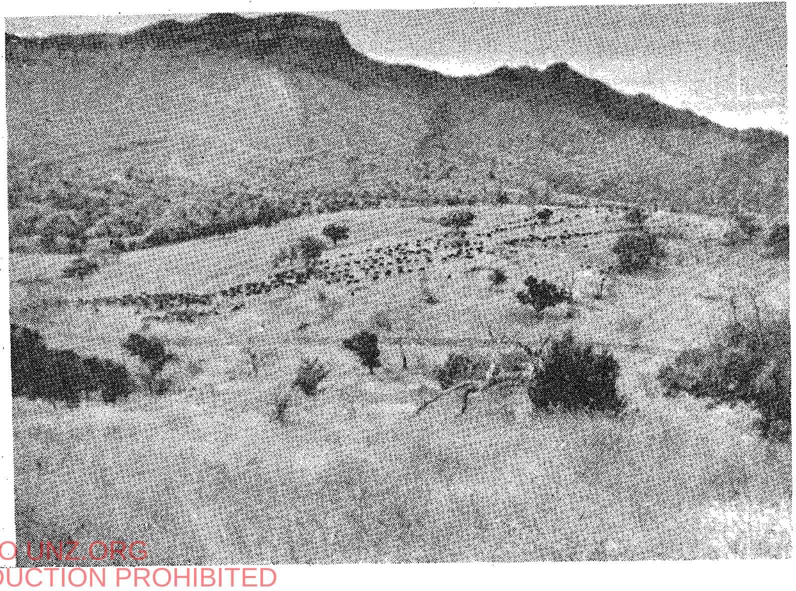
The day we shipped was quite a day. The trucker who had contracted to haul the steers to a feed yard in Casa Grande only had seven trucks in running shape. Once they were loaded out all hands were allowed to have a cup of coffee and a smoke in the cook shack. We sat around relaxing and listening to the boss and the brand inspector swap yarns about the old days. When everyone was full to the gills with coffee and the good cookies Dave had set out, the boss suggested we run the steers into the different pens in truck lots to speed up the shipping when the trucks returned. Since Jim was foreman, he rode his horse in among the steers to haze them into the long runway while the rest of us manned the gates.

Old Beehive, who'd found a hide-out way in the back of the corral, got to feeling a little unhappy. As Jim cut out forty head and started them for the runway, Beehive decided the hell with this.

(Continued on page 48)

Wild steer necked to a tree. Before releasing him with a band of gentle steers, tobacco was rubbed in his eyes, which sure slowed him down!

The moving of steers from the holding pasture to the shipping pens. Atascosa Mountains in the background.



A Rumanian QUEEN in the WEST

By HENRY L. GRAY

Photos Courtesy Author

Left to right: Samuel Hill, Queen Marie, Prince Nicholas, Princess Ileana, and Mayor George Baker of Portland.

FAMOUS rides have their place in history and song—Paul Revere, General Sheridan, Tam O'Shanter et al, were heroes of such rides—and to that illustrious group should be added Queen Marie of Rumania, who forty years ago came to America and made a sensational train ride across the continent. Why she came—why she took the long train trip—why it was sensational—how it turned out—well, that is what this story is about.

Queen Marie was born in England in 1875. She was the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, (a son of Queen Victoria), and his wife the Grand Duchess Marie, daughter of Czar Alexander II of Russia. Marie married King Ferdinand of Rumania, and thus became Queen. They had six children—three sons and three daughters. Two of her daughters became reigning queens.

Queen Marie was good looking, had a delightful personality and a good speaking voice. She had written several magazine articles and had several published books. She also had written scenarios—none of which had been produced. She had served as an Army nurse in World War I.

When Queen Marie first announced her intention of making a trip to America, she stated that her general purpose was a sort of educational good will tour; but that her specific purpose was to dedicate a museum at Maryhill, Washington—away across the continent. The governing body of Rumania was reluctant to sanction the trip because of the expense, but later these objections were withdrawn. So she sailed from Cherbourg on October 12, 1926, on the *Leviathan*, accompanied by her son, Nicholas, and her daughter, Ileana; her special aide, Major Stanley Washburn; her close friend, Loie Fuller, the ballet dancer; six personal attendants; several European dignitaries; about one hundred pieces of baggage—and her dog.

When she arrived in New York she was greeted by a large and imposing reception committee headed by Grover Whalen. While she had not received a formal invitation from our Government, the State Department took official notice and provided the usual twenty-one gun salute. She disembarked October 18.

For publicity, the timing was perfect. Front page news was scarce, and the Queen's visit was "manna from heaven" for the newspapers, and a field day for the reporters—who played up the trip in great style.

Queen Marie had contracted with the North American Newspaper Alliance to write a series of articles ranging from "Why I Came to America" to "My Impressions of America." About six of such articles were published; and as they ran 2,000 words each, one suspects she must have had a ghost writer—and there was one such in her party.

In her syndicated articles she gave a variety of reasons why she came to America—which might have been condensed into a desire to see the country first-hand, and find out how its people lived. She wanted to see almost every object of interest—Pikes Peak, the Everglades, farmers, Indians, washing machines and rodeos; and wanted to ride a horse. She spoke of steel mills, skyscrapers, big trees and tombs of famous men. Particularly she wanted to see American kitchens, and find out if the occupants were as good looking as they appeared to be in linoleum advertisements—and she was to dedicate a museum.

At the dedication, when clearly she was tired and possibly a bit petulant, she said that she came to dedicate the museum because Sam Hill had wanted her to do so—and that she would give no other explanation. That seemed enough.

However, the reasons advanced by some who clearly were not in sympathy with the Queen's visit, were not so altruistic. One newspaper was of the opinion that the real purpose of the trip was to find a rich American husband for Ileana—and went so far as to suggest several eligibles. One Labor group declared that the real purpose of the visit was to get United States financial aid by the transfer to us of certain South Russian oil fields which Rumania had tied up—thus blocking British control. The New York *World* said that Rumania would soon put out a large bond issue to be offered in this country—notwithstanding the fact that Rumania had defaulted its English and French loans. A member of the Minneapolis City Council said that the Queen was nothing but an international gold digger, bumming her way across the country, hoping to get a loan which would enable her to continue her aristocratic tyrannical reign. Other papers branded the Queen's trip as a gigantic publicity stunt suggested by her friend, Loie Fuller, with the hope of selling the Queen's movies to Hollywood, and ran the headline: "Is Sam Hill Press Agent For Movies?"

Another paper had an editorial stating: "The brutal truth is that the United States recently turned down a Rumanian touch, and the Queen wanted to see if anything could be done about it—and thus raise the mortgage on her throne. Somehow it would have been a little more clubby if the Queen had not said so much about wanting to study "American happiness." There was more in a similar vein, and the papers clearly regarded the proposed museum dedication as a subterfuge.

THE PROPOSED trip across the continent was to be somewhat roundabout, touching much of the northern United States and prominent cities in Canada. Someone who had influence with the railroads had sold the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. on the advertising value of sponsoring the Queen's transportation; and the B&O obligingly provided a free train of ten cars (promptly dubbed the "Royal Rumanian") with the necessary motive power and train crews over its own lines. The train was to run over several different railroads, each of which was expected to furnish free motive power—which they did—with the exception of Southern Pacific and Santa Fe, who wanted pay; so the Queen's train did not go to California.

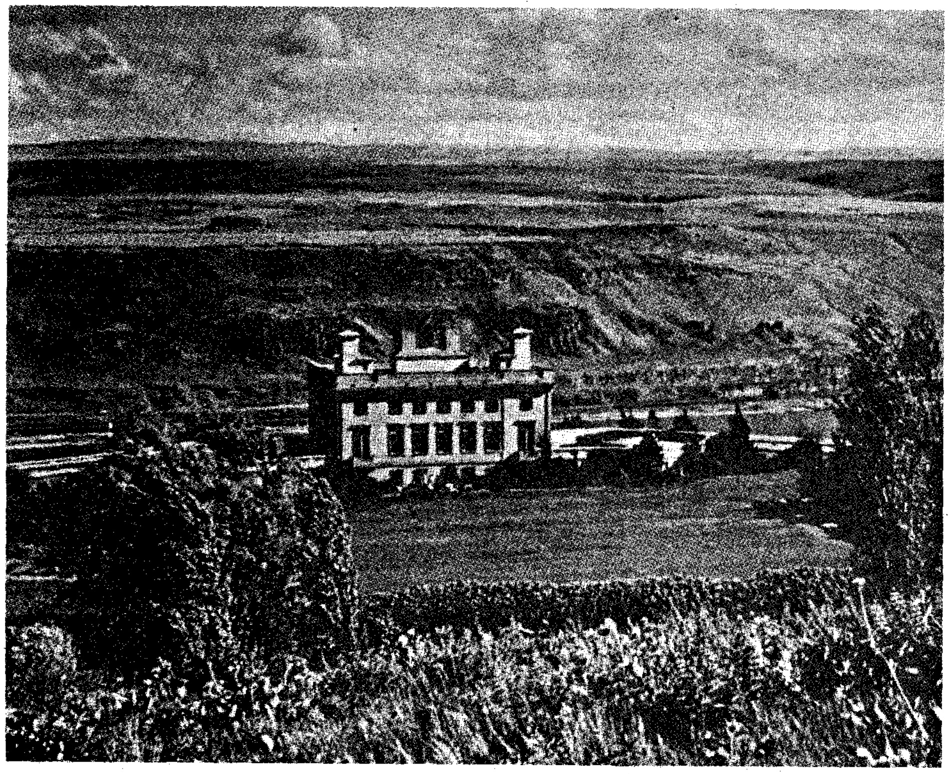
As a condition to furnishing the train, the B&O specified that a member of its legal staff, (Honorary) Colonel John H. Carroll, was to accompany the Queen as official host, and have charge of the itinerary and generally "boss" the trip. At that time Carroll was seventy-three years old—and seemingly a bit finicky. This arrangement did not suit the Queen's party, nor Sam Hill, who had planned the trip and who had expected to go along and run things. It was his show.

As one critical newspaper said: "For some mysterious reason, details of the Queen's visit seem to have been left to Sam Hill. How did he get in, anyway? How did he horn in on her trip? Why should she go to his curio museum at Maryhill?"

I knew Sam Hill quite well; and although he was twenty-three years my senior, he seemed to like me. I had, and still have, a high regard for him. No disrespect is intended in referring to him as "Sam." That was a sort of colloquial name. He had great presence and dignity. Physically, he was a large man, about six feet, weighing 200 pounds. He was always well groomed, and was a fine figure in formal attire—but on the street he liked to wear a slouch hat. While he was somewhat austere, he could unbend—and frequently did.

We don't know what Her Highness must have thought of America—one sure thing, our manners weren't showing!

The museum at Maryhill, high above the Columbia River.



His several biographers agree that he was born in North Carolina in 1857, and that his father was a well-to-do physician, of such strong Union principles that at the beginning of the Civil War he moved to Minneapolis, where he died when Sam was about ten years old. Presumably Sam worked at odd jobs, and saved his money—and later took a law degree at Harvard. At some point he came to the favorable notice of James J. ("Jim") Hill, the railroad magnate, who was no relation but may have contributed to Sam's education. Later he gave Sam a job; and in 1888, Sam married Jim's daughter.

Sam had a lot of money, and there was some speculation as to where he got it—but no one was able to trace it back to Jim. Sam was a good businessman and engaged in numerous enterprises which paid off. Some biographers say that before his marriage he had gone to Europe and had taken some courses at the University of Munich where he became acquainted with a student who later became King Albert of Belgium. While there is some uncertainty about Munich, he did know King Albert.

IN 1907, the James J. Hill interests built a railroad from Spokane to Portland, which in part ran at a water grade along the north bank of the Columbia River; and Sam was in on that. He was much impressed with the marvelous scenic views of the Columbia to be had from the high barren plateau above the river, and bought one such tract of about 7,000 acres and arranged for a railroad station below, which he named "Maryhill" after his daughter. His friend, King Albert, had planned to visit America and in 1914 Sam started to build a French chateau on the tract in which to entertain him. But World War I blocked the trip, so work was stopped and the unfinished building was boarded up. For twelve years it principally was a roosting place for swallows.

In 1916, Russia was at war, and depended largely upon the Trans-Siberian railroad for supplies. Something was not exactly right, and the Russian Government asked the American Railroad Association to send over an expert to advise what might be done. Sam was selected and went over. In Russia he met Queen Marie of Rumania, who was there visiting her mother's people.

Sam was considered eccentric, but his idiosyncrasies actually were entertaining and delighted his friends. When he built his mansion in Seattle he installed a residence elevator—almost an unheard of thing in those days—and it was accepted as definite proof that Sam was queer. He did have a lively imagination

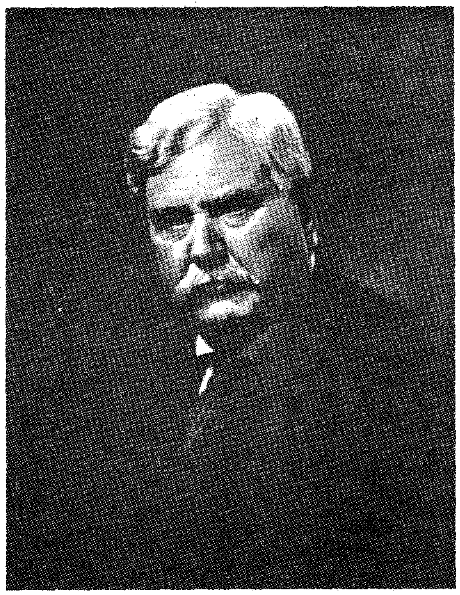
Queen Marie of Rumania made a sensational trip across the United States to dedicate an unfinished museum.

and enjoyed it. As one instance, he told me that when he was a young man in Germany, he somehow offended the Crown Prince, who later became William II and who tried to have Sam killed; so during World War I he constantly was on the alert for assassins. Some of his recitals were so interesting and extraordinary that I would sometimes wonder if he was "twigging" us. He may have been.

On one of his trips to England, he visited Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, and was so impressed that he called in local photographers and masons and had accurate pictures and measurements taken, which he sent to Maryhill and had full sized replicas made of concrete and erected there as a memorial for World War I casualties. He planned, built and paid for the Peace Portal (or Arch) at Blaine, Washington, on the Canadian border—and brought over General Joffre to dedicate it. He would bring over delegations of Japanese businessmen on trade missions—and he paid the bills.

He was almost a fanatic on the subject of good roads. He founded the Washington State Good Roads Association and was the first president. He would gather up groups of transportation enthusiasts and take them en masse to Good Roads meetings and conventions. He spent much time and money advocating the Alaska Highway. He went all over the State of Washington trying to sell the idea of a north to south central highway, arguing that some time we would be unexpectedly attacked by Japan, and might need such a road. The Good Roads people wanted to run him for the United States Senate but he refused. He believed that as Senator his name would be forgotten, but as a good roads builder, posterity might remember him.

SAM had an elaborate mansion in Seattle, and had abandoned the idea of entertaining royalty at Maryhill but wanted to find some use for his unfinished chateau there. Just how he came up with the idea of using it as a museum is beyond my comprehension—but he did, and with characteristic vigor set about to find some important personage to dedicate it with eclat, and embellish the occasion with the proper prestige and glamour. He set off to Europe to look around a bit. He encountered Queen Marie, whom he knew. They had a mutual friend in Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels, of San Francisco, to whom Queen Marie had confided that she would like to visit America. Thus there was a community of ideas, and the Queen consented to come across and dedicate Sam's museum.



Samuel Hill, who planned the Queen's trip.

We may assume that Sam did not tell her about the empty, unfinished building. No doubt he agreed to finance the trip. He had a way of doing such things.

Loie Fuller was an American dancer, born in 1862. After a mediocre start with Wild West and Medicine Shows, she perfected a serpentine dance, using silk streamers and colored lights—which immediately caught on with the public, and she became famous. She built up an elaborate ballet which was well received in Europe; and she had her own theatre at the Paris Exposition of 1900. She became a close friend of Queen Marie, and accompanied Queen Marie on her American tour. Loie Fuller had positive ideas as to the Queen's entertainment—which didn't add to the harmony of the trip. At that time Loie Fuller was sixty-four years old. She died in 1928.

Adolph B. Spreckels (then deceased) had been a close friend of Sam Hill. No doubt Mrs. Spreckles had something to do with the arrangement between Sam and Queen Marie regarding the American trip and the museum dedication. Sam had planned that she should meet Queen Marie in New York, and accompany her party and act as hostess at the formal dinner Sam was to give in Seattle. Mrs. Spreckels soon found herself an unwitting member of one of two discordant groups—so left the party at Portland and went home to San Francisco. However, she didn't forget Sam and his museum—and many interesting curios and art objects therein are loans from her own collection.

AFTER a brief visit to Washington, D. C., presumably to pay her respects to President Coolidge, Queen Marie started her western trip. So far as she personally was concerned, the trip west was a success. She was not disturbed by rumors of ulterior motives or by caustic comments of disappointed prestige seekers who had failed to get on reception committees. While she was obliged to take some notice of the dissension in her party, she remained charming and radiant. She tried to see and do everything she had wanted. She chatted with cattlemen, farmers and their wives, and her train made stops long enough for her to see a rodeo and to be "adopted" as a member of the Sioux Indian tribe. She had a keen sense of humor, and was much amused by the rumor that her honor guard of Seattle policemen had been ordered to wear spats.

Naturally she had many offers of gifts, and opportunities of paid endorsements, but she refused them all. She never lost her composure, notwithstanding the discord among members of her party.

It was unfortunate that the western trip was disturbed by internal disagreements with which Queen Marie had nothing to do, and which disrupted the harmony of what was intended to be a gesture of international courtesy made possible by Sam Hill. He planned the expedition and expected to have considerable to say—but he was completely thwarted by Carroll, whom the B&O had placed in charge of the train, and who refused to yield any portion of his importance.

The trouble began in New York, right at the start. To honor the occasion, a Maryhill Museum Committee had been formed (possibly selected by Sam) and had sent its Chairman, Mr. Frederick Moore, to New York to formally escort the Queen to Maryhill—but Carroll would not permit him to ride on the royal train, so he went home. The Rumanian Consulate had worked hard on the New York entertainment program—which Loie Fuller tried to change—so the Rumanian Charge d'Affaires left in a huff. Sam Hill did not accompany the party when it left New York, and withdrew, possibly to plan his future strategy.

En route, there was discord whenever anyone interfered with Carroll's plans. It developed that the Rumanian Consul General at Chicago had been selected by the Rumanian Legation to have charge of entertainment there and beyond, and he joined the party—but didn't last long. He went back to Chicago, got in touch with the Washington Legation and was instructed to wire the mayors of cities along the route that Rumania recognized Sam Hill as being in complete charge of the trip, and that all arrangements should be made with him. Thus Sam's strategy was working—but Carroll was going strong. At Great Falls, Montana, an elaborate parade had been planned—but Carroll changed things so much that

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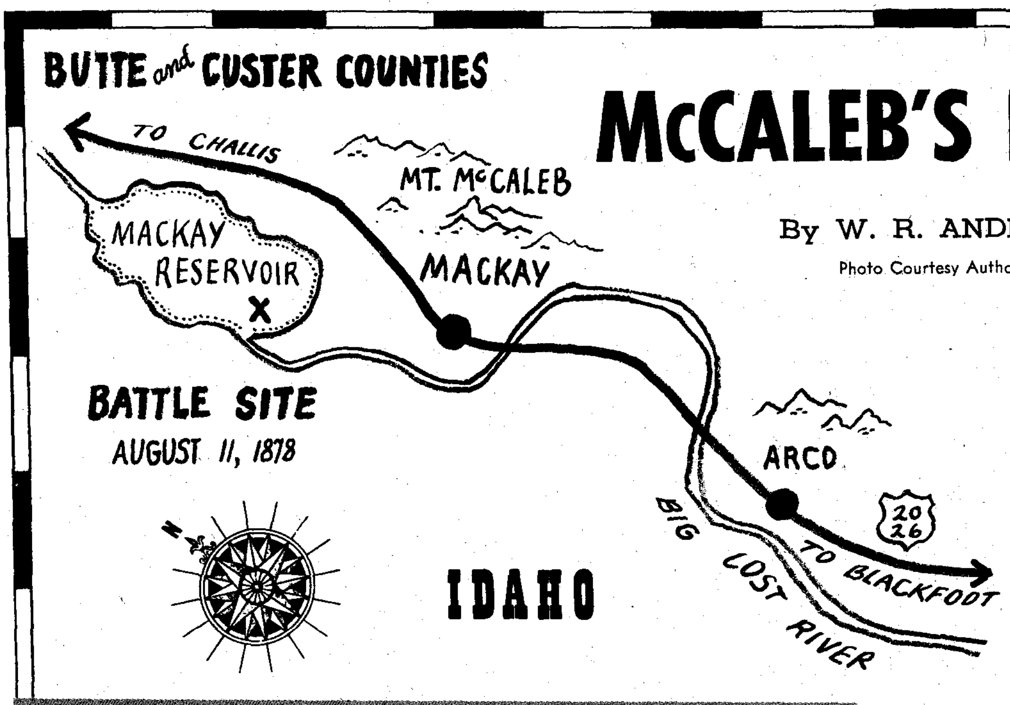

McCALEB'S LAST FIGHT

By W. R. ANDERSEN

Photo Courtesy Author

He had survived thirty-six battles during the Civil War only to give up his life in the Lost Rivers Narrows . . .

This large freight wagon is typical of ones used in the central Idaho area up until 1901.

THE MACKAY RESERVOIR in Idaho marks the site of a battle fought in 1878 between a group of Joe Skelton's freighters and the fierce Bannock Indians. Nearby McCaleb Peak is named for a distinguished but little-known American who lost his life in that fray.

Skelton and Jesse McCaleb operated in the mountainous, scarcely inhabited areas of Montana and Idaho. Each freightline "string" such as Joe Skelton's usually had five wagons, each drawn by fourteen to twenty mules or horses. The huge wagons (carrying capacity 250 cubic feet or approximately 18,000 pounds) were built entirely of hardwood and were supported on wheels as large as seven feet in diameter.

The jerkline driver was an artist. The line itself was a single rein about 100 feet long which was fastened to the near side bit of the lead horse and mule. It ran through rings or the near side harness of all the teams (except the "pointers") back to the driver. The lead mules were trained to respond to jerked commands from the man in the wagonbox—to turn right when given one steady pull and to turn left when given several short jerks.

The team which worked next to the wagon, with the wagon tongue between was called the "wheelers." These animals were trained to feel that the responsibility of keeping the wagon moving was theirs; often they worked on their own to pull the big vehicle out of ruts or bogs or up steep inclines. They were usually the strongest and gentlest of all the animals on the line.

In front of the wheelers, the pointers were hitched to a stretchbar about eighteen inches from the end of the wagon tongue. The pointers were trained to step back and forth over the chain when going around sharp turns and they had no fear of going off the road in bad places. Horses trained as pointers were often advanced to the swing position, just behind the leaders. The swing team worked on its own a great deal of the time, knowing without signals when to cross over their haul chain for turns, and in which direction to pull.

The other teams between the pointers and the swing team were known as "sixes", "eights", "tens", and so forth, depending upon the number of animals used for a certain wagon. The skinner knew all his animals by name and shouted commands of "haw!" (step over the haul chain to the left) and "gee!" (step over to the right) as he drove.

Idaho and Montana jerkline teams usually had a pinto mare (the "bell mare") and her colt ambling along behind. She kept the teams from straying at night.

JOE SKELTON'S jerkline outfit had loaded supplies at Malad, Idaho Territory, the later part of July, 1878, and had started out for Birch Creek. On August 11 they camped at the Narrows of Lost River, where the Mackay Reservoir can be found today, unaware that a band of renegade Bannocks was trailing them. A few days before, a party from Challis, Idaho, led by Jesse McCaleb, part owner of the wagons, had joined the freighters to escort them through the desolate Indian-filled area.

McCaleb, a native of Tennessee, had fought in the Civil War, participating in thirty-six battles and winning the rank of captain before the Confederacy surrendered. At the conclusion of hostilities he set out for the West, arriving in Virginia City, Montana Territory, in 1866. That autumn he followed the rush to Leesburg Basin in Idaho Territory and filed a placer claim on Alder Gulch.

After removing some rich gravel he moved to Salmon, Idaho Territory, and was elected county clerk and recorder there in 1869. He was re-elected, served two terms, and also assumed the duties of sheriff of Alturas County (now Lemhi County). In 1876 he was elected to the Territoral Legislature, meanwhile forming business connections with Colonel George L. Shoup, who owned Skelton's wagons. They established a store and trading post on Challis Creek. It was to protect the shipping of supplies to this trading post that McCaleb led a small escort to Birch Creek to meet Joe Skelton.

The Bannocks attacked at dusk, August 12. The outnumbered freighters drew their wagons into a circle and built hurried breastworks from barrels of flour and sugar and other commodities. McCaleb directed the resistance fearlessly despite Joe Skelton's warnings not to expose himself. Late in the afternoon a bullet ripped into his skull and the veteran of many a more historic battle collapsed.

His death inspired the remainder of the small band to greater courage. For three days they resisted the Bannocks'

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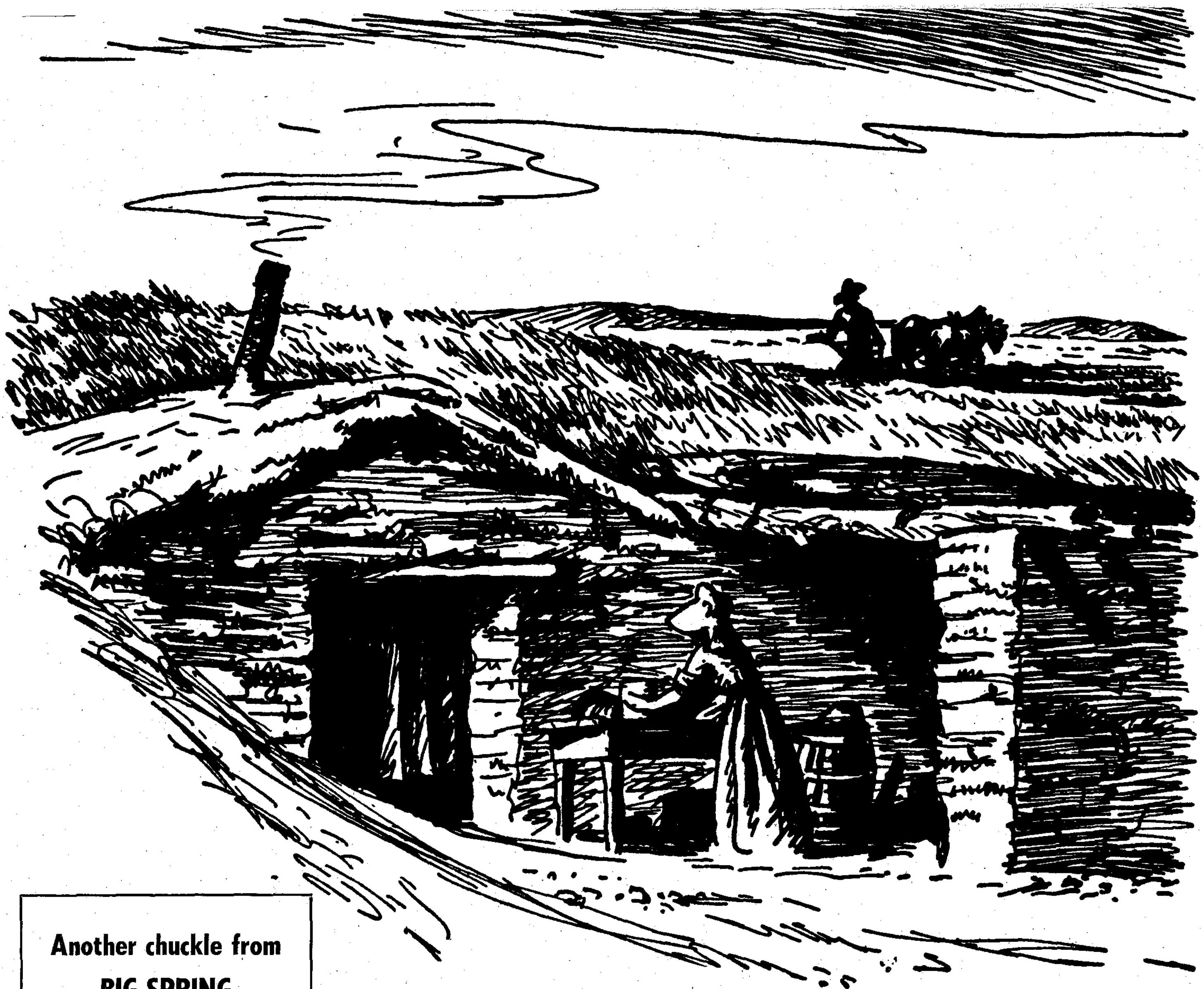


Another chuckle from
BIG SPRING
published by
Prentice Hall 1942

"Shoe and Stocking Men"

The SQUATTERS

By SHINE PHILIPS

"YOU MEAN people lived in caves out here?" my greenhorn customer asked, his eyes bugged out at the idea. "Cave dwellers?"

"Course not," I told him. "They were squatters, and while they wouldn't have been averse to a cave if they could have found one, they didn't have any caves to live in, so they dug holes in the ground and put a roof on 'em. They were dugouts."

"Didn't it get muddy in there?"

"Yep," I said. "It wasn't very fancy, but those boys were fighting to make a home and they just had to use the materials at hand." I could tell he didn't know a frazzling thing about Big Spring, Texas.

In settling up this country the settlers squatted on four sections of land and it was theirs by right of conquest (that's the way the ranchers got theirs too) and it was up to the ranchers to oust Mr. Settler out of his pasture. This was done by various and sundry means, some of which brought blood, and all of which established an era that will long be remembered in West Texas.

Some smart boy from out here had gone to the Legislature and passed a bill which allowed the country to be broken up into four-section plots, and then set certain dates for the "squatters" or anyone else interested to appear at a certain window in the courthouse. The first ones there got the land, so all you had to do to get four sections of land was to be a damn good scrapper and have a well-organized gang to scrap. The ranchers naturally did, and they got most of their land back by letting some of their cowhands line up and whip the eternal hell out of the settlers.

For several days before the lawful scrap, you would see some mighty big men drop into town, and the night before the drawing (which was usually on

Monday) the plan of attack was decided upon. These conferences always took place in the drugstore, and kid-like and all ears, I listened in. In many instances I had an idea of what would be the next move and would arrange my appearance with my bundle of newspapers so that I could watch the flank attack.

A section of land is 640 acres and four of these sections were well worth fighting for. The sheriff and his deputies removed all guns and other weapons from the boys and always charged them not to throw rocks, but many times in those land rushes I've seen a couple of the brethren rolling down the hill in front of the courthouse mauling hell out of each other with rocks.

The hall in the courthouse was usually a mess after the smoke of battle had cleared away, and many a cowhand or settler left the hall holding his pants up with one hand and nursing a black eye with the other. Then the rush started at our store. We sold lots of arnica, which is all but unheard of now. The battlers fairly bathed in witch hazel to reduce the bulging places where some boy on the opposing side had placed a well directed brick.

It took this country several years to get used to the fact that a few men just could not own it all. Many ranchmen claimed pastures that covered as much as 200 square miles. Later on those from farther east who wanted to try their hands where there was no malaria and where they could get a new start, came in and squatted on these acres.

Of course, the land never did belong to the ranchers. It wasn't fenced and was open range. It had never been really paid for by anybody except the boys who fought at the Alamo.

THESE "shoe and stocking" men, as they were called by the rancher who wore boots, began to seep into the country and build barbed wire fences, and these danged spindly wire things with murderous barbs on them seemed to be all over the place. Men who for years had taken the shortest distance between two points without anything to stop them now had to ride around some nester's fenced enclosure to get where they were going and they didn't like it. It smothered them and cut off the view. They had been raised in the open with nary a thing to obstruct their vision or their path. A fence was just foreign to their nature and if a herd got tangled up in one, they were a bunch of gone cows.

However, like most things that you come by purely by right of conquest, the ranchmen had a hard time keeping all the territory they claimed. They got this land away from the Indians and killed off the Indians to keep it, and they still had a lot of fight left in them. For years they had won every battle they had fought, except maybe one with another cow outfit who stepped over a natural boundary to run cows in another man's valley. But these fights usually ended in an amicable settlement over a bottle of whiskey in the saloon, when the offending ranchman who had been running his cattle in a "swiped valley" took his herd out and put it in another valley. The second valley, of course, was the undisputed possession of still another ranchman, who had swiped it from the state. The land didn't really belong to anybody and at that time it looked like we might declare war on Mexico again to make them take the durn stuff back. After a few drinks, the ranchman usually decided that if the whole damn United States didn't belong to them, they at least had a long lease on it, and plagued if any no-'count East Texas croppers were going to do them out of it.

So the barbed-wire, shoe-and-stocking men were powerful unpopular. Whoever heard of a fellow having to take a whole herd of cattle around some other gent's outfit to get them where they were going, and another thing, how could you get water when the waterholes had a blamed fence around them? It was an insult!

Some of the larger outfits had the foresight to realize that the barbed-wire invasion of the nesters was not only going to become fashionable but permanent, so they went to town and bought themselves some cedar posts and started stringing wire of their own. Sometimes they would fence in a little pasture that would turn out to be fifteen miles square. Possession of this land was eventually settled by the rushes, but the ranchman who had had the initiative to fence it usually managed to keep it because he had enough horsepower in his manhandlers at the courthouse when the rush season opened to enforce his possession.

However, some of the boys just naturally resented the barbed wire especially when it didn't belong to them. They hadn't put it there in the first place, but it gave them a good idea. They loathed it and they had always done something about what they hated. Their war wasn't anything that was exactly planned. It was just kind of like General Forrest in the Civil War. Every fellow had a little something to do during the next week or ten days and he did a nice job of it.

The whole atmosphere was pervaded with the odor of smoke of prairie coal (cow dung to you) mingled with the smell of blazing cedar. Everybody was burning cedar posts except the nester who had lost the posts. Cowlots a hundred miles away began to be fenced in with second-hand barbed wire.

It was an era of great prosperity. Everybody except the suffering few who were squatting on the land had a good pair of wire cutters.

AS SOON as these modern refinements in ranching, copied from the nesters, showed up, men who had always been very prompt about branding their cattle now had bathrooms in their houses and had developed that lazy feeling. The have-nots of the time decided to have, so whenever they were riding along a fence and noticed a calf without a brand, they cut the wire and started a herd of their own which gathered momentum like a snowball. Some of these people have emerged as among the best-known and best-loved Christian families in this country.

Well there was a lot of hell-raising in this time, but the settlers didn't take "No" for an answer. They kept coming and they managed to stay no matter what went on, and by and by cotton got to be a crop. When the cotton came, the cattle drifted on, and the wire-cutters settled down though none of them ever admitted it. Right now some of their sons can be found riding a plough right down through the very pastures that were fought over by their fathers when the land belonged to anybody who could take it and keep it. In those days, nobody really wanted it, except for the use of the little stubble of grass which adorned it like the first beard of a sixteen-year-old boy. A little grass now and then won't come to much, but when you have a little grass over a range that is five or six hundred miles square, without any limitations, you can readily see why the cattle and the men behind them were drifters. It was a long time between food and drink for both of them.

The line between the actions of an animal and a man isn't too broad. A cow usually tries to live clean, but a man, if he lets his greed and lust run away with him, crawls back toward the primeval slime. But he can't win, any more than a wire-cutter could. Wire-cutting is going on now but it's world-wide in scope and every barb has a mass of human flesh hanging from it.

The ranchmen who were on the level and were not up to trying to build an empire, learned things from the settlers and in time became settlers themselves. The rest of them passed out of the picture. The empires crumbled and were divided up, and homes began to populate the prairies. When a man has established a home on his land, then he will sure enough fight and die for it. In the last analysis, that's about all there is that's worth dying for. A lot of folks died in the Old West for less important reasons.

The first farmers out here didn't try to raise cotton but confined their agricultural experiments to planting patches of feed which brought little or no money. They had to live by odd jobs, such as freighting and gathering up and selling buffalo bones which covered the prairies, and working around on the big ranches when the ranchmen would let them.

But then some settler had the nerve to plant cotton and when he got a bale together, there wasn't any place closer than Colorado to gin it. But he had raised a bale and that gave everybody hope and impetus. Inside of ten years, cotton had pushed the cattle clear back over the Caprock.

The squatters never were as dramatic and colorful as the ranching men. They were just kind of dogged, determined folks that hung on like grim death to what they had set up. Farming wasn't easy in this country in those times. Not even a homemaker can change the weather out here, and we had drouths and burning sun and dry blizzards and swarms of grasshoppers and about everything else known to man which would discourage a farmer, but they made this desert country into an agricultural region.

(Continued on page 55)

NUGGETS

TRAGEDY IN THE NIGHT

By Leslie W. Boulden

I CLEARLY remember the night of November 4, 1914. Early the next morning while I was feeding my mother's flock of chickens before going to school, two neighbors walked into the yard. Roy Graves and Odom Ratcliff looked tired, old and drawn, and they had good reason. They had kept an all-night vigil at a fire which had destroyed the home of our neighbor, Charlie McConnell.

We all lived in a country neighborhood about seven miles northeast of Siloam Springs, Arkansas. By today's standards neighbors were far apart. There was a house to about each quarter section.

They told us that Charlie's uncle, Aul Hathaway, and James, an eleven-year-old boy had been trapped in the burning house. They also said that Estella, the eldest girl, was burned badly while rescuing five-year-old Frank. The burning house was just a quarter mile from our place, but a low hill and heavy timber had kept us from seeing or hearing anything. The house burned quickly, being an old frame two-story. Surviving members of the family were being taken care of at the John Graves home.

Jim, less than two years older than I was, had been my best playmate. I was nine and my contact with death had been very little, but Mother gave me permission to go and see him. As I walked along I thought of Jim and his speech impediment and the old black jenny he rode and some of the words he just couldn't pronounce. I couldn't quite realize that he wouldn't help me drive the cattle that day or ever again.

Memories of the past together came flooding into my brain. I remembered his good-natured obedience to his parents and his complete honesty. He had the usual bit of boyish mischief, however, and one day four of us raided the watermelon patch. When confronted by his mother he would say nothing. His downfall came when his sister Mabel smelled of his clothes. The odor of watermelon juice was strong on the front of his bib overalls. Torn shirt, sometimes just one suspender, and crusher hat, Jim looked like the mythical Huckleberry Finn. Now he lay dead.

WHEN we arrived at what was once the McConnell house twenty or thirty men were still there. We knew nearly all of them and spoke to a few. Off to the side of that tragic pile of ashes lay the remains of two horribly burned bodies. They were burned far beyond recognition except for body size. What a shock for a boy of nine to see. A couple of the men noticed more youngsters coming and found a canvas and covered the corpses.

Father and I and my brother started home. A neighbor, Bill Ward, walked part of the way with us. As we walked we passed a plum thicket about 100 yards from the ruins of the burned house. In the thicket I saw what I was sure was Hiram Hathaway's kerosene can. It was glass, enclosed with tin and a hand pump. Cracked glass and paint worn off where the tin was bright made it easy to recognize. I was sure it was his. I had seen the can many times. I pointed it out to my father and Mr. Ward. They looked at it awhile and told me there were lots of oil cans like that, but I was not convinced. I'd also heard someone say the McConnells had tried to extinguish the fire with water, but it only seemed to spread.

Hiram Hathaway was an uncle of Charlie McConnell. Hiram was a mental case, having once been a patient in the state hospital. His sister, mother of Charlie McConnell, had passed away a few weeks before in the nearby town of Siloam Springs. She left a legacy of some money and good furniture. In Hiram's clouded mind he might have felt he was being cheated by his brother and his nephew. A few days before, Hiram and Aul had met in the woods and quarreled. Their sister's estate and the fact that Aul had ceased giving Hiram a few dollars from his Civil War pension was the cause of Hiram's anger at the whole world.

Estella died the day after the fire. My conviction about old Hiram stuck in my mind. The low-toned conversations between my mother and father in which Hiram was mentioned several times served to add to it. Father had been miles away building a barn when he got word of the fire. He had hurried home to help if he could. He had to return to his job, as the farmer wanted the building rushed. It was decided that we should stay at the Guthrie place a mile away till he could return to us. I knew then that my parents shared my opinion—Hiram was our nearest neighbor and he might be dangerous.

THE SECOND DAY after the fire a funeral was held. Frankie, the youngest boy, died the same day in the Siloam Springs hospital. There were only two caskets. Neither was opened. There was not a dry eye in little Lone Elm Church that day, especially when the minister reminded us that Estella had given her life to rescue her baby brother. She had run from an upper room down a flaming stairway to do it.

The funeral was large and the procession long. The McConnells were not that widely acquainted—it was the nature of the tragedy.

Someone in authority must have shared our suspicion. We were told to watch for Hiram as he had disappeared into the thick woods. A few nights later we saw a light in his cabin near our house. My father sent my two oldest brothers to a neighbor's phone. The next day the constable from the town of Felker came and took Hiram away. That was the last I ever saw of him. No hearing was held; they just committed him.

Forty years later my brother Howard and I visited the site of the fire. He was but five years old at the time it happened but remembered it well. The land was overgrown and out-buildings were gone completely. We could find only the dry well where the ashes of the house had been dumped. An oak forest had reclaimed the land. The catalpa tree where Jim and I played still stood.

As my brother and I talked, memory seemed to transform the place to what it was once. We spoke of the flock of guinea fowls which roamed the barnyard. We used to hear them scolding in the night when an animal molested them. After the fire they lived wild in the woods for several years. We recalled where the house stood and the orchard had been. I looked down the old road, but the plum thicket had disappeared. Blackberry brambles covered the place now. I thought, too, of that kerosene can and my first horrified realization that the fire might not have been an accident.

THE GACHUPIN WAR

By Lucia Stubblefield-Slaughter

HIDALGO, called the "George Washington of Mexico," had given his famous cry and the Mexican populace, in arms, was trying to throw off the shackles of foreign rule. The United States, already free, had been yanked back into conflict with England, still the "Mother Country" to many. There was turmoil from Tehuantepec to Montreal on the North American Continent. Texas, then a part of Spanish-ruled Mexico, had not remained immune from the times. In fact, a little-known revolution came close to creating a Texas Republic some thirty years before Sam Houston and his companions engineered theirs.

One of the central figures in this abortive revolt was young Augustus McGee, an American Army lieutenant who had been dispatched to Louisiana to protect American traders crossing the neutral strip between Arroyo Honda and the Sabine River. Here he met Bernardo Gutierres, a Mexican (Republican) insurgent who had escaped the Spanish and exiled himself in Natchitoches.

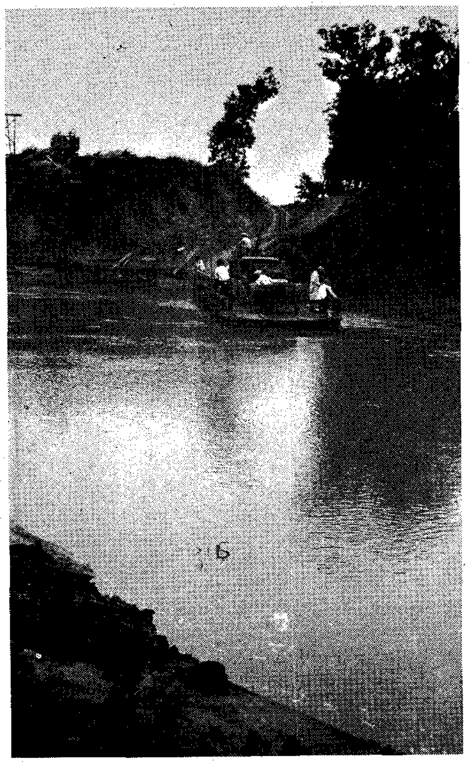
McGee, infatuated with the idea of freeing Texas from Spanish rule, began to organize an army of Mexicans, freebooters from the Neutral Strip, Indians, and American adventurers. A large element of the native population, dissatisfied with rule from distant Mexico City, came to his support. With Gutierres as one of his commanders, McGee crossed the Sabine River and defeated the Spanish in a brief skirmish at Nacogdoches. Then the eager but untrained army continued on to Spanish Bluff (Trinidad). The Spanish holding the fort there fled.

McGee's forces continued to increase. In October, 1812, they began a successful march to La Bahia, sweeping all before them. The Spanish garrison at Goliad willingly came over to their side. General Elisondo was sent with a strong Spanish force against McGee's Republicans but was soundly defeated. A short while later, the Spanish Commander-in-Chief, General Arredondo, having heard of the defeat of Elisondo's army, vowed *to completely destroy the insurgents*. He dispatched General Salcedo with new troops and instructions to collect the remnants of Elisondo's defeated force.

Under flag of truce, Salcedo and McGee met and conferred. Exactly what transpired between the two men can only be guessed at. Apparently McGee, for reasons understood only by himself, agreed to surrender the fort; but his subordinates refused to obey him and he was deposed from, or quit, his command. That night at twelve he was found in his tent, dead, apparently a suicide.

SALCEDO made a furious attack on the garrison but the Republicans, angered by McGee's deception, rallied and drove the Spanish back. Salcedo abandoned the seige and retreated to San Antonio. The insurgents followed and forced Salcedo to surrender on March 29, 1813. Here I quote from the *Pennybacker History:* "He (Gutierres) announced to his force, that he deemed it wise to send the Spanish officers to New Orleans, to remain until the war closed. All agreed to this —the Americans never dreaming of the infamous plot that Gutierres was secretly cherishing. Salcedo and his officers started under the charge of a party of Mexicans, for the seacoast. After going a short distance, they were stopped and told to prepare for death. With fiendish delight the Mexicans then tied all securely and cut their throats."

The Americans, realizing they could not trust Gutierres, installed Toledo in his place. Gutierres and a few of his men returned to Natchitoches and lived in peace and safety while the rest of his men paid dearly for his bloodthirstiness.



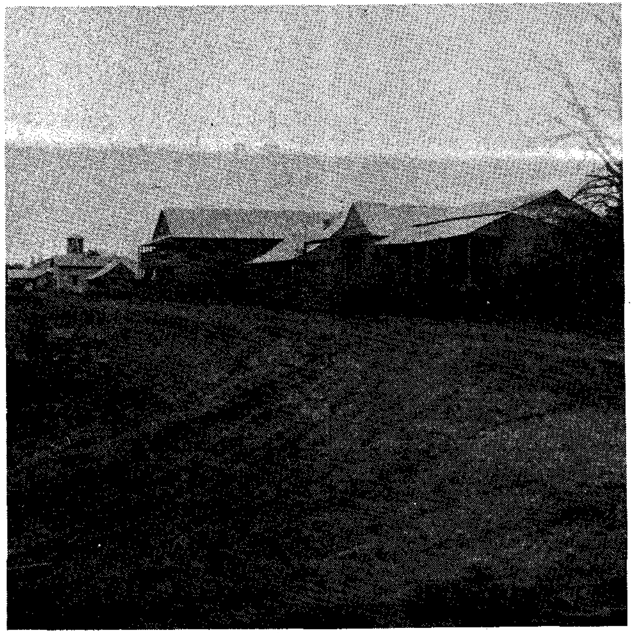
Clapp's Ferry and the old San Antonio Road, 1929.

At Medina, south of San Antonio, the decisive battle of the "Gachupin War" was fought. There Arredondo set up breastworks in the shape of a funnel and concealed it with bushes, then stationed a token force of about 600 men in front of the breastworks to act as decoys. (His total force numbered about 4,000 men.)

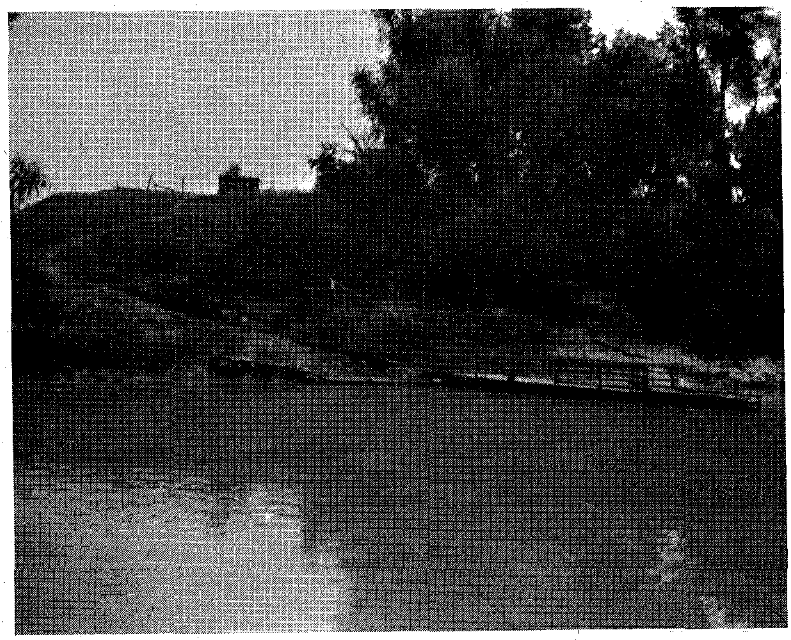
Toledo's Republican army, composed of

(Continued on page 60)

The Murry farm, 1929, situated on Bull's Hill, where the population of Trinidad was massacred.



Hyde's Ferry, west bank of the La Bahia crossing, near the site of ancient Trinidad.

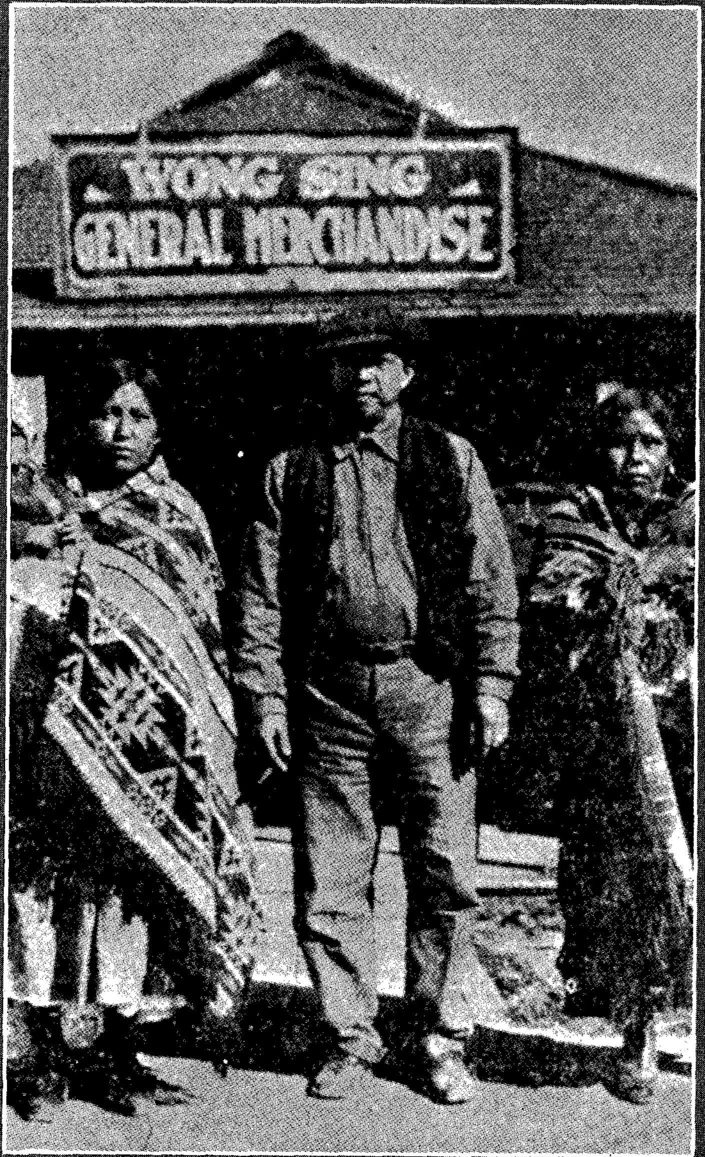


Out West the welcome mat was seldom trod by the moccasined feet of the Indian or the slippered feet of the Oriental. Perhaps that is why this young Cantonese became known as the

CHINESE Friend

By HELEN SEELEY PHILLIPS

Photos Courtesy Author



Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Wong Sing and two Ute squaws.

IN 1889 the distance between China and the remote frontier outpost of Fort Duchesne, Utah, spanned more than miles. It also spanned a world of conflicting culture, ideology and opportunity. Perhaps that year it was the siren call of the latter which led Wong Sing, a nineteen-year-old Cantonese to settle near a small military fort in Uintah Basin country. No one ever knew very much about the past he had left behind him.

Utah was still a territory in the mid-1880s. Much of the area in the eastern half was Indian land, the legal, treaty-granted home of the Utes. The White River faction of the tribe had been evacuated from neighboring Colorado following their participation in the infamous Meeker Massacre. But even prior to the White River Utes' arrival, the Ouray and Uintah Utes were harboring a smouldering resentment against the white man. Now all of the tribes were openly hostile, and settlers of the area became alarmed. They appealed to the government for protection.

As a result, the United States in 1887 established Fort Duchesne to hedge against future uprisings. The fort's location on the banks of the Uintah River not only made it close to the reservation but also accessible to nearby white settlements. It was also twelve miles south of the place where, in 1832, the French fur trader. Antoine Robidoux had established a trading post which bore his name.

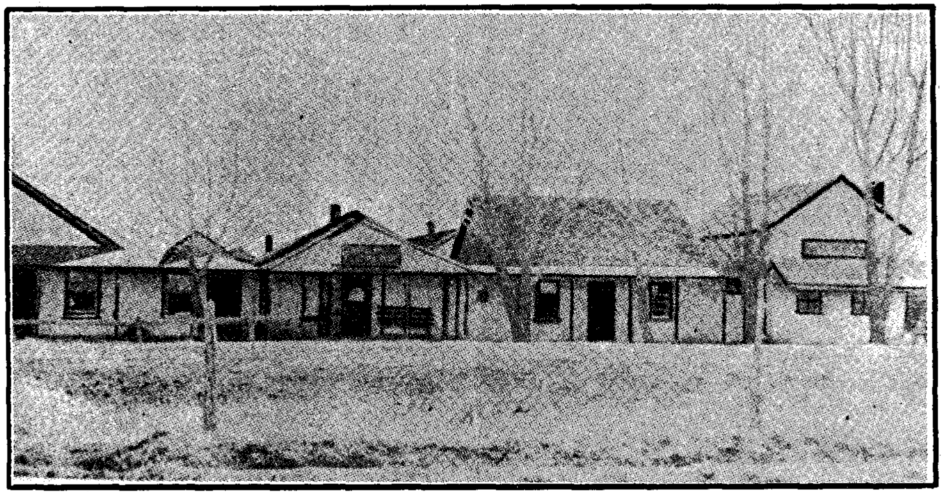
Just two years after Fort Duchesne was built, Wong Sing arrived on the scene. He had made his way earlier to San Francisco, where he soon decided that Chinatown was not the America he sought. It is not known why he chose to travel overland to Fort Duchesne, then only a speck on Utah's territorial map. The fort was almost 100 miles from the nearest railroad, and could be reached only by stagecoach or freighter wagon.

Perhaps Wong was intrigued by the prospects of establishing a laundry to serve the two troops of cavalry and one of infantry then stationed there, because immediately upon his arrival he set up a primitive laundry on the banks of the Uintah River and began soliciting business. The soldiers were delighted with the arrangement, and Wong soon had more than enough work for one man.

As his laundry prospered, he dreamed of one day becoming a merchant and owning a store. His first step was ordering a supply of inexpensive chinaware. These dishes were freighted over mountain passes from Price, Utah, and subsequently sold to wives of army officers and homesteaders. The profit from this transaction enabled Wong to open up a restaurant which catered to the military trade. Not long afterward, a small store was added on the original building, and Wong's dream began to have substance.

The next step taken was a significant one: Wong set out to secure the Indians' trade by a policy of strict honesty and fair dealings with the red man. Among tribes so accustomed to coming out the loser, suspicion was hard to overcome but Wong managed it.

# of the Red Man



Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

When his business demanded more space, Wong Sing casually added another building to the original (center).

WHEN WONG SING arrived at Fort Duchesne his knowledge of English was extremely limited, and many of the difficulties he encountered with this language he never did really master. The Ute tongue, however, was a different story. He not only became proficient in speaking this dialect but those of other tribes as well. It was an accomplishment which forever endeared him to his Indian friends.

The white settlers, on the other hand, viewed the Chinese immigrant with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion. During this period of America's history, Chinese were not being accepted as equals in any part of the West. They were "heathens" who had been brought to this country to perform coolie labor at starvation wages, and it was not in the least uncommon for most western mining districts to include in their articles of incorporation such a succinct clause as, "No Chinaman shall be tolerated." The early records of Uintah County, where Fort Duchesne was located, contained such a clause. Certainly the finger of prejudice must have touched Wong Sing's life many times, but it was never revealed by him in any word or action.

But then, Wong was known for his poker face—one which successfully masked his love for a good poker game. One time, when he was getting his first laundry established, two enterprising soldiers from the nearby garrison rented a room at the Fort Duchesne Hotel and opened a poker game. They invited Wong to participate.

"Wong was a dead game sport," a friend later recalled. "When that game started, he had his first real chance to get ahead. The soldiers used to try to read his face, but he could hold four aces and never bat an eye. A lot of the boys became obsessed with the idea of beating Wong, and a few of them did, but no one ever saw him bat an eye, win or lose."

As Wong Sing's business continued to flourish, several avaricious white men began eyeing his success. They plotted to have his store expelled from government property, after which they would build a larger and finer one of their own. No sooner had they freighted in a fine supply of goods and set up shop than their new store caught fire and burned to the ground. Even the gods of chance seemed to favor Wong.

In the meantime, he had purchased a few acres across the river a short distance from the fort and had built a small store. His range of acquaintances widened as his reputation for integrity grew, and in a short while Wong was shipping goods far beyond eastern Utah and the confines of the Indian reservation. During the zenith of his merchandising career he employed eight clerks in his combination furniture store, general merchandise store and meat market. That was a pretty good-sized work crew, considering the population of the area. He also served as agent for a machinery firm and other types of manufacturers.

Everything received his individual attention. Old-timers still remember that each child who entered his store was given an all-day sucker, personally presented by Wong.

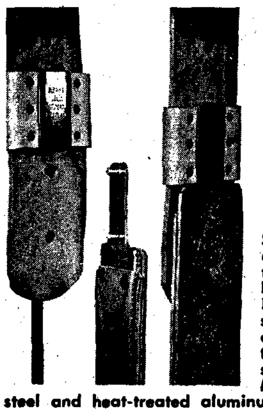
Loyal customers of the enterprising Oriental took pride in the story of the traveling salesman who called on Wong Sing and tried to sell him an adding machine. Wong could see no advantage in the machine over his well-worn abacus, an ancient counting frame common among the Chinese. As part of his sales pitch the salesman proposed a contest between the abacus and the adding machine. The contest began with two men totaling up a huge column of figures. Not only did Wong finish first, but his answer differed from that of the machine. A check proved that Wong was correct; the salesman had punched a wrong key. Typically, Wong and the salesman became good friends.

FOR A NUMBER of years the government spent a great deal of money maintaining Fort Duchesne. Fantastic prices were paid for hay, grain, wood and for hauling supplies from the railroad. Although here was a chance to reap high profits, Wong Sing never sought out such government contracts. He preferred to engage in direct merchandising with his red and white clientele.

In 1910 Fort Duchesne was abandoned as a military post and transformed into headquarters for the Uintah and Ouray Indian Agency. The new superintendent soon learned that Wong Sing enjoyed a wider acquaintance among his Indian charges than any other individual. Wong was also the only person whose personal check was accepted as cash by the post office department and honored in the Salt Lake accounting office, a practice almost unheard of at the time.

In March, 1934 when news came that Wong Sing had been killed in an automobile wreck, sixty Ute braves met in solemn tribal council. Wong's virtues were extolled and his passing deeply mourned. He had been a one-man Chamber of Commerce for eastern Utah. He had quietly conducted welfare work among the Indians, and had assisted them in their business transactions. He had taken pictures of many colorful tribal customs, then lent his films to Indian Service officials as a bridge of understanding. Numbered among the mourners were many high government officials as well as ranking army officers who had done business with him while in Fort Duchesne.

Wong Sing never achieved acclaim outside his own environs but who can measure the greatness of a man's soul, or his influence on others by his dedication to absolute honesty? Wong Sing was an institution. His rags to riches story was built on integrity and fair play, and in the annals of the West the red man never had a better friend.



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When a Man Goes Berserk

(Continued from page 25)

the other prisoners, to whom he preached or read the Bible.

Mark had removed Charley's coat and shoes, otherwise he was dressed as he had been when he was picked up. I spoke to him but he showed no signs of hearing me.

I said to Mark, "Perhaps I had better get my straps, and strap his hands down."

Mark agreed. "You had better if he fights like he did when I removed his shoes and coat."

I got my straps and we opened the cell. Mark grabbed one foot and I put a shoe on him; then we grabbed his other foot and put that shoe on; then Mark pulled himself half off the bunk and told him to sit up, but he just kicked and held his hands out towards us with fingers spread far apart in a protesting manner. Mark got his left arm and I the right and we put his coat on and then we strapped his hands down. He walked out to the car but he had to be pushed and partially supported.

After we got Harrington in the car the sheriff brought out his father who had told us it had been twenty years since he had seen his son. He tried to talk to Charley but the prisoner showed no interest or recognition.

I had a driver for the car so I sat in the back seat with Charley. On the way to Philip we passed within an eighth of a mile of the Harrington ranch. I asked the elder Harrington if he would care to see his son's place. He said he would, so we turned in. I had hoped that this would snap Charley out of his coma.

There were still spots of blood on the ground, and the holes in the screen were evident, but Charley just sat and stared straight ahead.

At Philip we took him before the Justice, where he was informed of his rights. Charley was sitting upright in his chair, apparently oblivious, when suddenly he threw himself to one side and fell on the floor. It was a hard fall considering it was such a short distance. We got him on his feet and finally out to the car. I took him to Kadoka. This time I was alone, but I had him strapped down. When I got to Kadoka, I lodged him in the jail and with the jailer's help we unstrapped him and removed his shoes and coat.

I HADN'T EATEN since an early breakfast and it was past six p.m. so I told the jailer I would go to a cafe and come back later. I washed up and had given my order to the waitress, when I was called to the phone. It was the jailer.

"Charley says he is sick and wants me to get him a doctor."

I asked if he actually talked to the prisoner and the jailer said yes. I told the jailer to get a doctor for him and that I would come up as soon as I had eaten.

When I got back to the jail the doctor was there but he was afraid to go in as Charley was a big man. However, he went in with the jailer and me. When we entered the cell Charley looked up and said, "Hello, Fred!" I had been acquainted with the man before the shooting. I asked him how he felt. He said he had a terrible pain in his stomach.

"You are starved."

"Yes," he said, "I think that is my trouble."

I told the doctor that he had not eaten for several days so a meal was prescribed for him. I went to the hotel, read awhile and then retired.

The next morning when I went to the jail, Charley talked rationally. I asked him how he felt and he said as good as could be expected under the circumstances. I asked him if he knew his father was in Philip with the children and he said he did. I asked him what he wanted to do, or what he wanted me to do. He answered by saying, "I am going to plead guilty. Take me to Philip and let's get it over with."

I suggested that he get a lawyer; there were two in Kadoka. He chose Magness Easthouse, whom he knew. Easthouse advised him that he could plead not guilty because of temporary insanity.

"No," Charley said, "I prefer the penitentiary. My plea is guilty."

The arraignment was held and I was to deliver him to the judge in Fort Pierre. After the hearing I took Charley, his father and the two children to a prepared table in a cafe and fed them. Then I took them to the hotel. I let them talk. The children soon went to bed but Charley and his father talked until about 10:30. I sat out of earshot but where I could see the prisoner at all times.

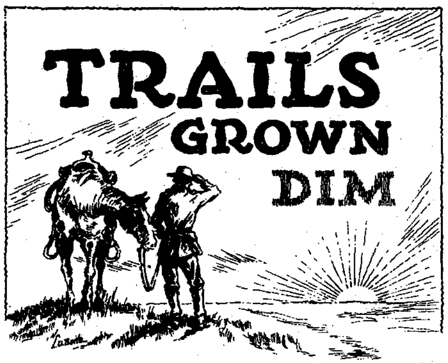
Charley and I caught the 11 o'clock train to Fort Pierre, where he was locked up until the next morning. Then I took him to the judge's chambers and he was sentenced to two life terms. I don't remember the train time but Charley and I left that afternoon for Sioux Falls and arrived about midnight. I took him down alone. I didn't even handcuff him. He seemed to be in a hurry to get there and chafed at every stop.

On the way to the prison, I asked why he had shot Roy Emerson. "I had nothing against Roy or my stepdaughter," he said. "I just meant to shoot my wife—but I just kept on shooting, I guess."

When we got into Sioux Falls I took Charley to the State Prison and I heard the doors clang shut behind him. Thus ended the episode—except that during the two days I was at Philip and Kadoka an attendant had come to Fort Pierre and had taken little old Professor Dart to the Yankton Asylum.

Roy Emerson is now eighty-four. He got married a year or so after the shooting. He raised one boy who lives on the old ranch, is married and has a family. He is also prosperous. Roy drives his car in daylight only, and walks with a right leg limp, an aftermath of the shooting. I have lost track of the others who were involved in the deal.

This was just a case of a woman who couldn't adapt herself to the isolation and privations of a homestead life, coupled with incompatibility.



If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Captain Pat Dolan

Does anyone have any information about Captain Pat Dolan? He was captain of the Texas Rangers from 1876-78. Also he was a sheriff of Uvalde County, 1874, and sheriff of Jeff Davis County, 1888-90. He was my great-grandfather.—Darlene Burris, Box 265, Gila Bend, Arizona.

John Lewis

I would appreciate any information on this Lewis family: John Lewis was one-half Indian, believed Cherokee. His wife was said to be Flotilla Brown. Daughter Lora (or Laura) Lillian Lewis born September 12, 1876, Texarkana, Texas, married Thomas Bryan Barry in 1890s in Oklahoma (where?). John also had other known children, Cleve and Harvey. The family lived in Texas, later in Oklahoma, possibly the Cherokee Nation. John may have married more than once. Would like to purchase pictures, original or copies of John, his wife and family, and parents of either at a reasonable price—Mrs. Max Scheufler, R.R.#2, Ellinwood, Kansas 67526.

Webb

My great-grandmother had two brothers who lived in the West, Benjamin and John Webb. Benjamin was born about 1840, I believe. He went to Wisconsin where he was a logger. He later moved to North Dakota. In 1905 he lived in South Dakota. In 1922 he moved to Oregon and lived out his life in Medford. He had two children, Arthur and Edith. Edith was born in 1890 and died in 1942 in Siltcoos, Oregon. She married Mr. Perry F. Close. Edith and Perry worked in a newspaper office in North Dakota before they were married.

I would appreciate hearing from any old-timers who knew any of these people, or any descendants of the family.—Jack C. Standen, 217 Glenwood Street, Elyria, Ohio 44035.

Ennis

I would like to hear from anyone who could tell me something about my grandfather, James Madison Ennis, or his brother, Thomas Russell Ennis. James was born in 1848 and married Nancy Jane Thompson in Newton County, Arkansas in 1870. Moved to Texas and settled in Brown County on Pecan Bayou in 1872.

Thomas was born in 1846 in Arkansas and came to Texas about the same time James did and settled in Palo Pinto County near Brazos, where he lived all his life.

About 1886 James moved to Travis County, Texas. Who were their parents? Did they have brothers and sisters?—Mrs. Eugene B. Davis, 4907 Woodrow Avenue, Austin, Texas 78756.

Spear

I would like to hear from the descendants of Abner B. Spear. He was my great-grandfather. He had a land grant between Burnet, Texas and Bertram, Texas. This was given to him by Old Mexico before 1836.

My grandmother was Emma Lee Spear. She married John Elliott Russell and they moved to Cloudcroft, New Mexico, where she died. He also died in New Mexico and we lost all contact with her people.

I have a few letters to her from her sisters mailed at Elgin, Texas. I think most of the family moved there. I would greatly appreciate any information about this family, as I now live in Llano County and would like to write or visit some of them.—Mrs. Jewell Emily Spurlock, c/o Freeman's Lodge, Tow, Texas 78672.

Carson-Etheridge

I am seeking information about the Carsons and Etheridges in Barry County, Missouri, about 1840-1860.

Sarah Etheridge was my great-grandmother, born in Tennessee in 1806. She married John W. Carson (?), had two sons and a daughter born in Bond County, Illinois—1830, 1832, 1835. In 1850 census, as a widow, she was listed with her two sons, Andrew J. and John W., in the household of Andrew Carson (born in 1790, North Carolina) at Shoal Creek Town, P. O. Gadfly, Barry County, Missouri. Daughter Nancy had married Lewis Etheridge. What relation was Andrew Carson or Burrell Etheridge (born in 1797, North Carolina) who also lived in Barry County then? Was the A. J. Carson who married Polly Hart, December 29, 1850, Sarah's son?—Mrs. Edward L. Mead, Box 177, Nice, California 95464.

James G. Hocking

I am seeking information about my great-great-grandfather, James Gilbert Hocking. He was born in Yorkshire, England in 1846. He and his wife, Mary Ann Gillard, and their six children came to America while the children were still small. They came to Pueblo, Colorado to make their home. They lived about five miles east of Pueblo on the old farm road at the St. Charles Mesa. According to a newspaper article, he did a lot for the betterment of the area community. He and his family lived in the spacious home he built. His children went to school on the St. Charles Mesa. He was a member of the school board for eight years. He worked at the Colorado Fuel and Iron Corporation Plant; was also a foreman in the Steemless Tube Mill; he also farmed a seven-acre farm on the Mesa and died in June, 1910 in Pueblo.

If anyone knew of his family or him, I would appreciate all the information there is. Would also exchange what information that I have about the Hockings.—Mrs. Nora Hocking Hunter, 1401 W, 7800 South, West Jordan, Utah 84084.

Tuck-Depper-Nangle-Hefner

Lost and want to find—three brothers (one named John) and their two sisters—last name is Tuck. Were last seen around Dawson County, Georgia in 1885. Their father was Joseph Tuck. Their destination was Oklahoma.

I am interested in obtaining geneological information on the Tucks from Georgia and North Carolina. Also on the Depper family from Golden Eagle, Illinois, and the Nangle family from Franklin County, Illinois. Perhaps someone knows something of the Hefner family from North Carolina also.—Mrs. Herman Gary Tuck, Rt. #1, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701.

Joseph Blandin Freeland

Joseph Blandin Freeland was sub-Indian Agent at Cache, Oklahoma on August 27, 1903 when he was dry-gulched and killed. His background as a teacher at the Pine Ridge Indian Service Day School No. 19 at Kyle, South Dakota, and his other Indian Services work as instructor with farming and cattle made him sympathetic to their fight against exploitation. He was the youngest of ten brothers and one sister who traveled from Blandinville, Illinois where they were born to the areas of the Black Hills and "badlands" of the Dakotas, the Leoti county seat fight of Kansas, the "drawings" and the Oklahoma Land Rush and the cattle drives from Texas.

I would appreciate any information or details on my grandfather's death or life.—Bernard F. Freeland, 425 Stratford Center, Del Mar, California 92014.

Guy Benjamin Seward

Guy Benjamin Seward was born September 15, 1884. Uncle Guy went to Canada and took up a homestead. Presumably this was between 1912 and 1917. He lived about twelve to fourteen miles northeast of Preeceville in Saskatchewan. He disappeared in 1919 or 1920. I was led to believe that in 1919 when Guy was discharged from the Canadian Army he left his mother's home with a .35 caliber rifle. When Grandmother Ella Seward died in October, 1937 her obituary read that Uncle Guy was still living in Saskatchewan, Canada. Correspondence with the RCMP has produced nothing positive about his disappearance. They vaguely refer to evidence that he returned to the States and referred me to my McMahan cousins for possible further information. My letters with these cousins lead me to believe that they don't know anything about Uncle Guy so he still remains a family

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Double Trouble

(Continued from page 35)

He tried to turn back to his corner but the foreman's big roan was in his way. Down went the big head and the angry steer caught the horse in the chest, a horn on each side of the left front leg.

Jim was able to leap clear as his mount fell. But instead of horning the downed horse, Beehive went after Jim. One horn struck the foreman in the side, and the other caught under his jacket. Beehive slung his head and threw the foreman against the fence. Jim clung there helpless as Beehive lowered his head again. Just then the steers Jim had been moving into the runway came storming back through the open gate between Beehive and his victim and we had a chance to pull Jim over the fence. He wasn't hurt too bad, four cracked ribs and minor bruises.

That was the last shot old Beehive fired in his war against humans. We loaded him on a truck that afternoon and as the steers were hauled through the ranch gate, I could see his big head lifted as though he were staring off over the hills and oaks towards Beehive Canyon.

THE WEEK following the shipping, all hands went to town. Most of us didn't last the full week and returned to the ranch as soon as our party moods faded. Then we spent a week fencing—a chore any cowboy hates with all his heart. We dug holes in the hard clay and strung barbed wire ten hours a day. Jim was a better farmer than he was a cowman. This finished, the headquarters area looked like a new place.

The final tally after roundup showed that fifty-three steers were still unaccounted for, so we went to ride the range once more. We knew for sure that Droophorn was still running free in Beehive Canyon and chances were he'd gathered a new bunch of buddies. Pink and I brought up the rear as we rode down Hell Canyon toward the mouth of Beehive. Jim and Sonny were side by side telling each other lies. Frank rode in front of us, playing with his riata and telling us how he was going to lay that eighty-foot hunk of rawhide around Droophorn's neck.

The morning was cool and crisp and the ponies, full of rest and rolled barley, were inclined to prance and toss their heads. They'd sure relish a good run on a day like this, I thought as we rode around the rock slide.

"Looks like Jim's gonna keep us all together again," Pink spoke over his shoulder.

Frank nodded, "Like all the eggs in one basket?"

Sure as hell we stayed together all the way to the dam and past it to the forks of the canyon. Suddenly there seemed to be cattle all over the flat. "There he is!" Frank shouted, pointing.

Droophorn angrily shook his head, the broken horn swaying, then he took off up the canyon. Jim, for once, used his head. He took Frank and started in pursuit after posting Pink and Sonny on opposite sides of the dam and sending me to the upper trail on the east side to turn back any cattle which might try to get around that way.

From high on the mountainside I could see Jim and Frank going up the canyon. Pink and Sonny were by the dam. Frank managed to get above the steers. When Droophorn saw that the trail was blocked he literally fell off the mountainside. Through the clatter of rolling rock and breaking brush, and the dust stirred up by his descent, I caught fleeting glimpses of his red and white hide as he crossed the canyon below Jim and hit the trail leading around to me.

"Hell's bells," I thought as I shook out a loop, "a whole mountain to run on and he had to head for me!"

A short distance in front of me was a fairly level stretch of ground. As soon as Droophorn reached it, I intended to rope him, take my dally, and turn my horse downhill where some oak trees offered their trunks for snubbing posts. But the steer must have sensed my presence, for he turned once more, angling back to the trail above the canyon forks. As he crossed the little flat where we'd first spotted him I heard Sonny yell.

"Here he comes, Pink, and he's on your side!" I knew I'd never make it down fast enough to help so I rode around to watch the show. As Droophorn turned toward the dam, he crossed the canyon and bore down on Sonny.

That Texan must have been as shook up as I'd been. He moved his horse up the hill away from the steer's path, swung his rope a time or two and threw it. A clean miss and Droophorn was gone.

We gathered nine other steers and got them to the holding pasture at the windmill camp. Dave was there with chow; as we sat eating, we discussed the morning Jim was full of excuses for missing Droophorn. I had to speak up.

"Jim, why don't we post a man on a fresh horse in Hell Gate the next time? He always runs that way. We could push him fast and he'd be tired and easy to catch."

"No," Jim answered, "I've got a better idea. We can use the meat so we'll shoot him and pack him out on mules. We'll give him a couple days to get home and then go back."

I thought to myself, "Hell of a fine cowboy we got for a foreman, I'd have rather waited than take that means of catching a wild steer."

When we came back, Jim and Sonny took the mules up Beehive Canyon. Frank, Pink and I were told to ride up Red Rock and push the steer up the canyon to the trail and over to the Beehive side. We were silent as we rode. The tracks of old Droophorn showed plainly on the sandy bottom.

"I think I'll quit," Frank told us. "I don't like to work for no guy like this."

We lost the tracks on some rocky ground but didn't strain much trying to find them. "Hell," I told Frank, "Beehive's his home so maybe he's already gone back."

"I ain't too anxious to spend any time looking," Pink added. "Maybe the master mind will give it up if we say we can't find him."

Jim was pretty mad when we reported. "Can't find his tracks?" he snorted. "Me and Sonny can find him. Pink. take the mules over to Red Rock. You," he turned to me, "take Frank and ride that country around the Dead Cow tank."

Later that afternoon I was sitting on a rock on the crest of a big ridge, looking out over the countryside, when I heard a shot echoing through the mountains. It was followed by another, then silence. "Guess that about wraps up the wild bunch in these parts," I mused.

I was at the windmill waiting when they rode in. Pink's face bore a big grin, which widened as he saw me. No one else said anything. Sonny and Jim rode over to get a drink and Pink told me the reason for his good humor.

"Old Jim snuck up on Droophorn laying under a tree and shot him," he said. "Him and Sonny had already started skinning when I got there with the mules. That old steer was laying on his left side and when they rolled him over to finish the skinning, old Jim actually dropped his knife. Instead of a Bear Valley brand, why right there plain as day was Joe's brand!"

I guess Droophorn had been in that canyon so long everyone had forgotten who owned him. We never squealed on Jim but every time I had a beer with Joe, who owned a neighboring ranch, I was sure tempted to tell him that the old outlaw steer, Droophorn, really had been an animal from his ranch. But then I reckon Joe had chewed on plenty of other ranchers' steaks—and one steer should even it up a little.

Death in the Highwood Mountains

(Continued from page 9)

of fun. It was really somewhat farther than she realized perhaps, and the sun was becoming covered with a blanket of clouds. A breeze freshened the air as she drove the team down the hill. (The lonely Scot loved company, but had his fears, too, at seeing us as he later confided to Alice.)

SANDY McPHAIL, aging, but still strong and hearty, was preparing his solitary early supper. Glad for human companionship, but always fearful of the ever-present threat from drunken breeds, Sandy kept his loaded rifles over the door.

Taking his biscuits from the oven to avoid burning them, he proceeded to fry some bacon. His supply was very meager and as he settled his coffee on the back of the stove, he said he asked himself for the hundredth time, "Will Cornelius ever get here with my supplies?" Ruefully he reflected that his supply of coffee and almost everything else would be gone by tomorrow or the next day.

There was plenty of wild game, prairie chickens, and grouse, deer and elk, close at hand. He saw them every morning. He also had on hand a lot of ammunition. He had seen to it that this was always kept on hand, and he never wasted any. It was a life or death matter, this one of rifle shells, for in deep snow no one could get to his cabin.

Sandy liked bacon better than anything else, and coffee with sugar in it. The camp tender was long overdue and if the weather should grow worse, there was no telling when he would get it. He would fare badly indeed, but he would, of course, *not* starve, even in this event.

He told us he thought of these things as he watched us approaching the cabin. His keen eyes now could see that it was only a small buggy even in the darkening twilight, and he opened a small crack in the cabin door. He caught the sound of our singing and Alice's tuneful whistling. We liked to give Sandy a cheering up as we came.

The big collie barked and snarled in warning, and Sandy ordered, "Down, girl. Don't you know our friends?"

The dog, whom Sandy called Lady Jean, satisfied that her master was not to be molested, returned to her watch beside the door. Laughing in good fellowship, we entered the cabin, where after washing us up with hot water and soap, Alice declared we felt right well and were right smart hungry, too.

"And just where are ye comin' from, lassies?" questioned Sandy. He was in reality scared to death for he realized that the colored girl, Alice, had innocently endangered all of us.

"From the home ranch. Been several weeks at Boyd's. Had a lot fer me ter do over at Mattie's, but *I* like it here better."

"Come ye in, lassies. Then I'll bed down the horses later. I'll finish the supper, but I think we better do the chores about here first and if you're not too hungry, we can eat after we've finished."

We were vastly pleased to find that the old Scot took such an interest in our visit, and lost all track of time. We were famished and supper was our chief concern.

"And have ye seen anything of that man, Cornelius?" asked Sandy in an anxious voice.

We were obliged to say that we knew nothing of the supply wagon.

"He's verra late and I've nothing much to offer ye."

"Sandy, don't you worry none. He'll be a-ramblin' in here any hour now," Alice strove to cheer the elderly man.

"Them biscuits look mighty fine to me, Sandy. and I'd shore appreciate you askin' us to stay fer the night."

LADY JEAN remained outside still on guard. She awaited the moment when her master would feed her and then let her in for the night. If Alice and Sandy were at all worried, they were very skillful in keeping this feeling from us children. They laughed and talked like old friends. It was a merry supper. Outside, night had already fallen.

We ate with enormous appetites, and Sandy's low store of dried applesauce vanished like smoke, as did the rest of the meal. He fed Lady Jean the few remaining scraps, and she seemed to be watching us strangers with curiosity. Her kind, soft eyes followed our every move.

Sandy and Alice talked of this and that pertaining to the ranches, now and

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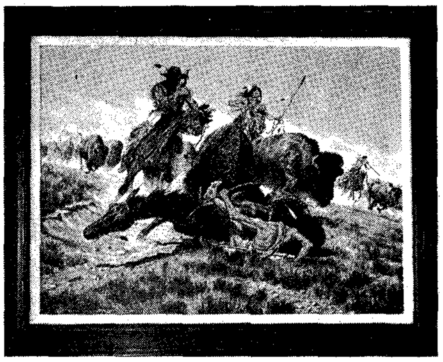

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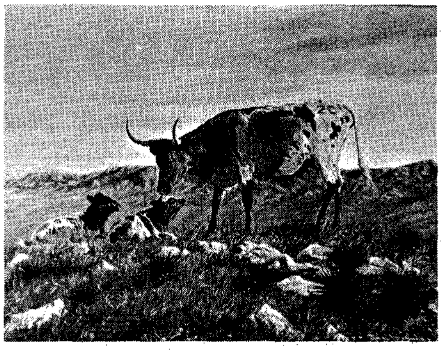

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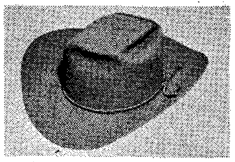

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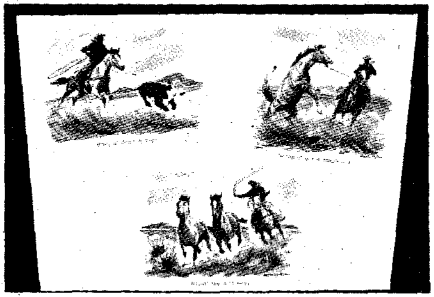

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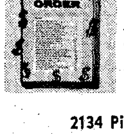

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then taking turns stoking up the stove. The hours sped by, with good conversation and news of the outside world. Sandy was so delighted to have company that he brought forth a very special knife and whittled us some fine walking sticks with round heads, resembling dolls. He outdid himself in entertaining us.

"You don't think there's any danger of Injuns comin' tonight and makin' off with the buggy and horses, do ye, Sandy?" asked Alice.

"Ye need na fear it, Ma'am. Lady Jean will be listenin'. She hears every sound. Day or night she is guardin'. If they come we will be hearin' them and ready. I've got rifles and a shotgun, too. I'm a light sleeper, myself. There is na danger; I've not seen an Injun this long time. There's na call fer alarm."

Sandy then shook out some clean straw from a big clean wool bag and made a neat bed for us. He laid a clean tarp over the blankets, then put some more short thick logs in the stove.

We children retired. Later we learned that Alice was too frightened to sleep. She worried over her poor judgment.

Lady Jean lay down near the door, as if to stand the night watch. She was a faithful sentry indeed, and soon Sandy, too, fell asleep in his chair, though he felt concerned over the supplies which were so long overdue and warned Alice of the danger of blizzards.

He had, however, promised to help us home early. He would hitch up as soon as it was light and see us safely on our way when the sun had come up to warm our journey.

"REAL WINTER'S a-headin' this a-way," exclaimed Sandy as the two guardians went out before breakfast to see if everything was well about the sheep camp. The lantern cast a sickly yellow glow over the dooryard. One's breath showed in a great fog. A change had indeed come during the night. And Alice now depended entirely upon Sandy's assistance to help us get home.

We had a rather scanty breakfast. Sandy said that it was going to be tough on herders and their dogs, for sheep would have difficulty in finding good range if the snow stayed too long. Often a fine Chinook wind blew it off into the coulee, and lay the range bare. At other times the snow melted completely and left an "open" winter. Every herder and rancher prayed for the Chinook, great miracle of the Montana climate.

Sandy knew that Mother would be frantic with worry, so he told Alice to bundle us in his heavy shawls and blankets. Then we hastily got into the buggy, with Sandy as driver. We must have been a very odd-looking group indeed, for I remember Alice put on a big fur coat and wrapped a piece of blanket around her head.

We made good time as the team was rested and eager to get home. However, the cold high wind was rising and icy particles of snow whipped at our faces and stung our cheeks in angry showers.

Sandy pushed the team along, for by then he realized that he must make the trip all the way with us. He had left Lady Jean with the band of sheep in some big sheds near his cabin. They were in good care.

Colder and colder, the high rough blistering wind increased in a screeching roar. Luckily Sandy knew of a short-cut which soon brought us to familiar landmarks. We were near home but although it was still quite early in the day, a strange and terrible darkness closed in upon us from above and below.

Alice, sobbing and praying, huddled us all together in the bottom of the vehicle, completely covering us with the robes and wraps. She left everything to faithful, good, old Sandy, who knew how to fight a blizzard wind. Sometimes we peeped out from the warmth of our position, but we became terrified by the very-darkening curtain, darker than the wall of the mountain to the side of us. There was by now no view of the horizon or the valley below. The fall of snow was thick and overwhelming.

At last we came to a halt and the glad cry of familiar voices welcomed us to the arms of Mother and Maria. Alice was heartbroken over her rash mistake but, of course, she was completely forgiven as no one in her position could have realized the danger of such a trip as we had taken.

But we were to experience a most unusual night ahead, for out of this early blizzard we were to rescue friends who, like Alice and ourselves, had believed winter to be still far off and that the Indian Summer weather was perfect for a trip up to the Highwoods.

AT BELT a Methodist preacher and two friends were preparing the covered gospel wagon for a last journey before winter set in.

Brother Van had experienced plenty of range weather and had survived all manner of hazards and misfortunes. He thought very little of starting out on a long trip up into mountain country, and as it was still early in the year, expected and looked forward to good autumn weather for many weeks yet.

While doing some errands about town, he met the supply man, Cornelius, who was at the moment loading up for the Boyd ranch. Cornelius told Brother Van that he would certainly enjoy his company, as well as that of his gospel singers, if they wished to ride with him. Someone from the ranch could certainly bring them back after they had finished their mission among the mountain folk, and before cold weather set in. This seemed an excellent plan. The two colored gospel singers, Mary Byers and Hogan, agreed to travel with the supply wagon.

Cornelius could not make haste, as the supply wagon was heavily loaded, but their progress was steady down the many hills and up the steep grades as they whiled away the hours in conversation.

Their last stop was at Cora Creek Station where Mary made up a good lunch and they prepared for a long pull. They planned to sleep under the covered top on improvised tarp beds, but the driver would keep going as long as he could figure out the route.

The second morning out found the

travelers in a worried state of mind, for the weather had changed and a storm was approaching from the north. A high, roaring wind foretold an early snowstorm, but Cornelius and the two men, Brother Van and Hogan, a favorite of ours who always assisted the preacher, did not permit Mary Byers to overhear their worried talk.

The men regretted having Mary with them, for she had always been somewhat delicate, with a tendency to contract colds easily. But she had been eager to come up to the Highwoods to see all of us, especially Maria and young Alice, and to help the preacher conduct a revival at our home. They had not been to visit us since my father's death, and hoped to cheer us all up. We had expected them to arrive sooner that year, and were not prepared for their coming at this time.

Later, Brother Van, in telling of this journey, said that it was indeed the "hand of God" who guided them. He used this story of his safe passage through the terrible storm as an example of "faith in God Who watches over all." He often retold this story, and it is in his manner of telling and with his eyes that we may now look upon the travelers as they drove along. What a long and terrifying journey that short distance was in those days.

WITH HOGAN beside him, Cornelius drove along in the heavily loaded wagon. The camp tender remarked that perhaps it was just one of those squalls over the mountains which often looked like a blizzard but in reality were just a bluff.

Brother Van and Mary sat somewhat farther back in the vehicle on the load.

"Sure hope I can make this last trip to Sandy's; I'm late as the devil this time. 'Tain't my fault, though; they didn't have their supplies hauled early enough there at the Crossin' this year. The boss said they jest couldn't get drivers to tote since the new silver strike over in the Belt Mountains."

He spat his tobacco over the wheel, and urged on the four-horse team which seemed to feel this to be too big a load.

"You sure have a lot of stuff here," remarked Brother Van. "How long will it last?"

"'Till late next June or so; Sandy ain't wasteful an' he's a good cook. Ever eat over at the ranch since Sandy come?"

"No, I haven't been down there since he came. I hear he's a wonder with the sheep, though, and that's the important thing. A good shepherd tends well his flock."

VERY SOON the travelers could not hear each other at all unless they got their heads close together. They reached the Braun ranch but pushed on in spite of the fact that the men knew it would be safer to halt there and wait to see if the storm developed. Cornelius, however, thought of Sandy who must be so short of supplies, and knew that if he could only get through to him, it would be his last trip for the winter. He'd make it or know the reason why. He'd done it many a time and felt that he could again. All of the party agreed to push

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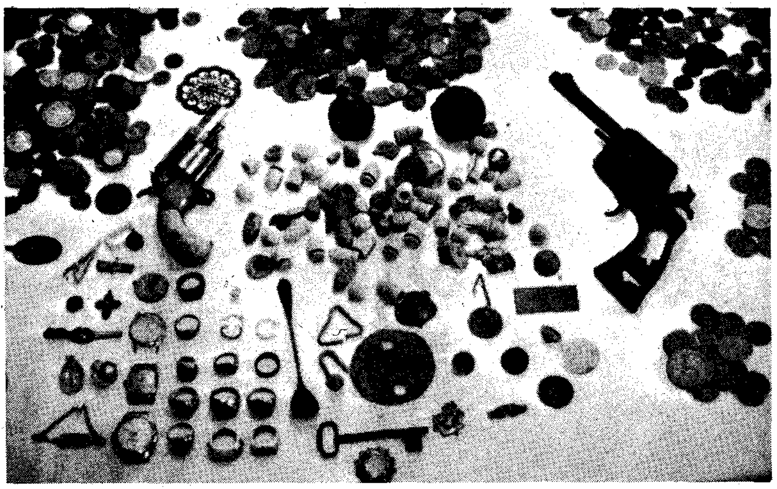

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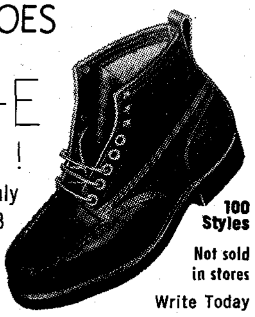

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on as rapidly as possible.

Beyond the Braun ranch was the Big Crossing; their destination was not so much farther ahead. He'd take this handy shortcut off toward Boyd's and if he thought he couldn't make it, they could turn in to the main home ranch, then go on to Sandy's camp later. Thus Cornelius figured his course while the storm grew worse by the minute.

Shortly after, the driver came to an abrupt stop and, alighting, proceeded to unhitch the horses. The men came up close together and conversed as best they could over the icy howl of the wind.

"We'll make it easy now. If we ride these two leaders, we can make it across to the home ranch. Maybe we missed the crossing, but I don't think we went through any creeks."

Mary and Hogan rode the two wheel horses, while Cornelius and the minister mounted the leaders. They made haste and followed the driver's trail, but the dragging harness kept falling down with every step, impeding their progress. Behind Brother Van, Hogan was leading Mary's horse, and he knew they must keep together. The storm was now a blinding blur of flakes and whirling winds. They called out to each other, hoping to stay close together, but the wind was deafening.

Cornelius' figure was becoming a nightmare shadow, now to the side, now close ahead. It was so bitterly cold that to open one's mouth was to freeze one's lungs. Suddenly Brother Van could no longer see Cornelius and his mount, and realized they had become separated. He decided to give the animal its head as a last resort. Animal instinct is a wonderful thing, and the minister had trusted to it often in the past. From behind he could hear no sound of Hogan and Mary. He felt blinded.

He hunched low over the animal's back and held to the lines, and often they seemed to be standing still. He was numb all over. Could he be freezing? All his life he had heard stories of how men had frozen in these blizzards. He did not know the moment when he fell from the horse's back into a soft bank of snow, where sleeping he dreamed.

IT WAS not too long after our arrival home that we were aroused from our fireside reunion. The dogs had set up a great barking, and Sandy, who had gone to the bunkhouse for the night, reappeared in the kitchen, shouting for Mother and Maria to light some extra lanterns. There was a great commotion.

By some miracle, Hogan and Mary had arrived, and though numb and weary, they were able to tell their story. The storm had somewhat abated and the light revealed how deep the snow really was. The fierce wind had died down but the cold was penetrating.

A rescue party was formed to search for Cornelius and Brother Van. Preparing a sled with blankets and other supplies these experienced men set out. They sank to their knees with every step, and made poor time.

They did not proceed far before the scouts ahead called a sharp halt. They had found the body of a man. Not far from it a horse with harness on had sunk into a drift. Quickly they lifted the man upon the sled. At first he was unrecognized; then, pulling some of the many scarves which he had tied across his face, they saw it was Brother Van. They all knew him well. They wrapped him in the blankets and hurried back to the house, which luckily was still in sight. Though his eyelids were frozen shut, they found that he still breathed.

There was no time for conversation. They brought him into the porchway, careful not to get him near the heat. A room was selected in which to place him.

Maria, recognizing the unlucky man, gave a great cry of alarm and pity. Then she went to work like a general, though her very heart was breaking. This looked like a hopeless case.

Mother, long skilled in the art of treating frostbites from her years in this territory, had on hand as always an excellent ointment for frost and burns. Father Paul had told the settlers long ago how to make it. It had saved many a frostbitten hand or foot.

Mother soon had Brother Van awake. He was treated with ice and given food and stimulants sparingly. For days he suffered great pain, his entire body swathed in ointment.

The searching party, unable to go farther, had returned that night, awaiting daylight in their search for Cornelius. It was too late when they did find him days later, for he had become hopelessly lost that day, traveling in a circle and somehow losing his bearings entirely.

Poor Cornelius was given a burial by the ranch folks, but his body, stiffly frozen, was placed in one of the outbuildings until weather permitted the digging of his grave.

That winter passed without further trouble, though we were often sad for we had never been without a father's care. Mother sent all her colored folks back to Belt. This storm, after its sudden onslaught, left us fearful, and we did not leave the ranch except for short visits to nearby ranches.

The kind neighbors gathered as usual for a Christmas party. Mother would have been desolate indeed had it not been for the kindness of these fine neighbors. It was a good Christmas though not a merry one.

Much has been spoken and written of Montana's pioneer preacher, Brother Van, as he was called by everyone during his wonderfully full lifetime. He was a true frontiersman for he founded more than a hundred Methodist churches in Montana, as well as many educational and hospital institutions. He founded the very first hospital in Great Falls—the Deaconess Hospital—long before the one built in 1899. He made a wonderful start in these small beginnings, even though the hospital was primitive by present-day standards.

After this blizzard, the weather set in very cold, reaching 40 degrees below zero. It was to go down in the history of our ranching years as the earliest and coldest storm which any of our oldest settlers could remember.

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

FINE ANTHOLOGY

Southwest Writers Anthology (Steck-Vaughn, $2.95) was edited by Dr. Martin Shockley of the English faculty of North Texas State University and past president of the Poetry Society of Texas. This anthology doesn't miss much—there are folk songs: folktales by J. Frank Dobie, John C. Duval, Mary Austin and J. Mason Brewer; essays, history and biographical sketches by Charles Goodnight, Paul Horgan, Walter Prescott Webb, Roy Bedichek, Charles A. Siringo et al; poems by Berta Hart Nance, Haniel Long, Whitney and Vaida Montgomery, the editor et al; and fiction by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Andy Adams, John W. Thomason, Tom Lea, Conrad Richter et al—what a line-up! For the most part this reviewer approves of the selections made by Dr. Shockley—the sampling was good and if any facet of the life and literature of the Southwest is omitted it has to be minor indeed. An anthology can be disturbing—this one is—after reading the excerpt from Gene Rhodes' *Paso' Por Aqui* the magic of his words sent this reviewer to his 1927 volume, *Once in the Saddle*, for the rest of the story—to the neglect of other fine books begging to be reviewed. We think this one will get the job done—stir the memories of the older buffs and excite the curiosity of the new readers to the end of all seeking other writings by the authors represented—and it is a bargain.

APACHE WARS

The Conquest of Apacheria (University of Oklahoma Press, $6.95) by Dan L. Thrapp tells how an important and large portion of the United States was taken from the ferocious Apache. This vast land extended from beyond the Rio Grande, and from the northern canyons southward more than a thousand miles—into Mexico. The land was harsh and unrelenting; its children, the Apaches, were a product of that harshness. The unrelenting effort to drive the Apaches from their homeland, and their virtual extermination, was necessary for the miners and ranchers to appropriate this land to themselves. Some of the bloodiest encounters between Indian and whites took place. Confusion, treachery, misunderstanding, and deep tragedy were common to both sides. Through this stirring account pass the Apache leaders Cochise, Delshay, Big Rump, Chuntz, Chan-deiso, Victorio and Geronimo. White efforts were guided largely by General George Crook who had difficulties with General Nelson A. Miles. Gallant officers such as Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing, and controversial ones including Lieutenant Royal E. Whitman of the famous Camp Grant Massacre are prominent. Dan L. Thrapp is the author of *Al Seiber, Chief of Scouts* (Norman, 1964). His thorough research from primary and secondary sources is evident and much new material is used in his *The Conquest of Apacheria.*

ANY QUESTIONS?

Alaska for the Curious (Superior Publishing Co., $1.95) by Edward L. Keithahn is a delightful paperback full of answers and information about our youngest and largest state. Keithahn collected and compiled this book's contents over a period of forty years residence in Alaska. For fifteen years he lived and taught in Eskimo villages with "ample time for hunting, fishing, prospecting, botanizing, studying native culture, recording folklore, art and craft." Such information about Alaska was meagre, indeed, and the author soon found himself answering various inquiries about Alaska in such publications as *The Pathfinder* and the *Alaska Sportsman.* In 1941 Keithahn became Librarian and Curator of the Alaska Historical Library and Museum, where he was required to respond to countless inquiries. Now published as the Alaska Centennial Edition, 1867-1967, *Alaska for the Curious* answers most any question one might ask.

ALWAYS A CIVILIAN

My Life with the Army in the West (Stagecoach Press, $4.95) is the memoirs of J. E. Farmer for the years 1858-1898. Dale F. Giese of Albuquerque wrote the introduction, edited the manuscript (written when Farmer was eighty-one) and provided a number of notes about the people and places mentioned by the author. The strange thing about *My Life with the Army* is that Farmer was never in the Army. From the time (1858) he marched with the 7th Infantry from Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis to Salt Lake City as a boy of fifteen he worked for and with the Army and its officers and sutlers as a civilian. He tried to enlist (the last time when he was fifty-five, to fight in the Spanish American War) but the officers managed to keep him out of uniform—dependable civilian help was not easy to find on the Western frontier. After the "Utah War" the 7th was sent to New Mexico and Farmer was there to tell the story of the Confederate Invasion during the Civil War and that of the expedition against the Navajos. He was a clerk and buyer for the sutler at Fort Concho—worked for the Indian Agent at Fort Sill as storekeeper and finally was named Agent for the Kiowas and Comanches. Farmer saw a lot of the West *with* the Army and his comments are interesting. There is a photo of Farmer as the frontispiece; the index is a pleasure to use and Jack Rittenhouse has provided the right format for this little gem.

CALIFORNIA IN 1849-50

Bayard Taylor's *El Dorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire* (Rio Grande Press, $12.00) is a handsome reprint of a classic account of a voyage to California, via Panama; life in San Francisco and Monterey; pictures of the Gold Region and experiences of Mexican travel. A long time ago this reviewer was trapped into selecting "My Ten Most Outstanding Books on the West" for a paper to present to the Chicago Corral of the Westerners. While *El Dorado* didn't quite make my list of ten (how silly can you get? Ten—my word!) I did say in my paper, "It is a classic by a distinguished writer and artist who recorded all he saw and heard in California. He didn't miss much. . . ." Time has not changed my mind—it is a great book. The publishers have added a brief introduction and praise be!—an index by Dr. Grace Clark of Chicago. We believe that it will be of interest to our readers to learn that the publishers of Rio Grande Classics moved quite recently from Chicago to Glorieta, New Mexico. Glorieta is only eighteen miles from Santa Fe and it was in nearby Glorieta Pass that the Union forces defeated the Confederates during the War Between the States. New Mexico Territory was thus saved for the Union and the southern route to California closed to the South. Glorieta seems to be a most suitable address for the Rio Grande Press—publishers of Western classics.

TO SANTA FE TO TRADE

The Commerce of the Prairies by Josiah Gregg (University of Nebraska, $1.95) edited and with an introduction by Milo Milton Quaife is a recent addition to Bison Books paperbacks. Gregg's classical account of his travels and tradings on the Santa Fe Trail was reprinted by the University of Nebraska from No. 24 in "The Lakeside Classics," published in 1926. Arrangements with the Lakeside Press, R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co., Chicago made this possible. Gregg's original narrative was published in 1844 and covered the author's experiences of 1831-1844. The Santa Fe Trail carried less traffic than the Oregon Trail, but its history is important and colorful. Gregg's courage in dealing with Mexicans and Indians carried him to successful objectives through many dangerous situations. His detailed and accurate writings have become the authority of the times, places, and events he wrote about. *Commerce of the Prairies* by Josiah Gregg is a worthy addition to Bison Books. It is also a most worthy addition to the books of any Western buff.

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McCaleb's Last Fight

(Continued from page 39)

attacks (fortunately for the whites, the Indians believed that the spirit of any man killed in darkness would not find its body, hence ceased their onslaughts after sunset).

During the darkness on the 13th, a half-breed named Rainey and a freighter named Trealor slipped out of camp and rode to Challis for assistance.

At last and too late, a detachment of U.S. regulars and citizens reached the scene of the siege and forced the Bannocks to retreat.

A Rumanian Queen in the West

(Continued from page 38)

Mayor Mitchell became disgusted and denounced Carroll—and openly declared for Sam!

At Spokane the party was joined by Sam Hill, Mrs. Spreckles and Loie Fuller. Sam assumed command and tension continued to mount.

SAM HILL'S Maryhill chateau is near Goldendale, Washington, the county seat of Klickitat County. Among his friends there was Mayor Brooks, who acted for him when necessary. Sam apparently had conceived the idea of a museum some time before and had some things stored in a local warehouse—but no one had taken him seriously. In October, when Mayor Brooks received a New York wire from Sam telling him that Queen Marie would dedicate the museum on November 3, and instructing him to get the place ready, he was a bit flustered!

The news naturally caused considerable excitement in Goldendale—and some amusement. Construction of the building had been started about twelve years before but work had been stopped and the unfinished building was boarded up and had gradually deteriorated. I had seen it a short time before the dedication and it was a picture of dilapidation. There were holes in the concrete walls; many doors and widows were not in place; and the spring which supplied water was overgrown with weeds and partly filled with debris. That was the place Mayor Brooks was to "get ready"!

He did what he could. He put a crew to work cleaning up, and repairing doors and casements. He went to Portland and obtained a large supply of bunting showing the Rumanian colors—which he draped around. But actually, the place was bare and unfinished, with a desolate appearance.

I had been in the Maryhill station area a number of times. The railroad was down along the river, much below the museum building. There was a small, primitive ferry which ran back and forth across the river. The Washington shore was merely sand and boulders covered with sagebrush, inhabited by lizards (with an occasional rattlesnake).

The Queen's train arrived at the Maryhill siding about 7:30 a.m. on November 3—a frosty morning. Reporters were on hand, looking for something to write about, and they clearly regarded the whole proceeding as something of a joke.

An attendant appeared, walking the dog. According to the reporters Sam was next, and greeted them with great solemnity and a little speech. He said Maryhill had been selected because it was a meeting place of fertile land, rain and sunshine, and that he had determined these desirable characteristics scientifically and the spot would some day be the center of the world's population! Upon noticing the frosty railroad ties, he then delivered an impromptu lecture on moisture. Well, that is what the reporters wrote! They also said that about this time, Queen Marie disembarked—gave one look around—and started to climb back on board.

Eventually the party got up to the museum building, and the Queen was escorted inside. According to Mr. Brooks, she gulped a couple of times—but she was game. She made a somewhat emotional speech in which she extolled both Loie Fuller and Sam. Then she presented certain gifts she had brought, and the party went on its way to Portland.

Sam had invited a number of local dignitaries to attend the dedication, among whom was the Governor of Oregon, and had planned that after the ceremony the entire party would travel to Portland by automobile, and that the Governor should ride in the Queen's car. But Carroll, backed up by Major Washburn, found a way to prevent that. Sam was so angered that he openly censored both of them, with the result that Washburn told the Queen that Sam must go, or else he and Carroll would quit.

At Portand the party was entertained at a horse show—but when Sam entered the Royal Box, Carroll and Washburn moved out. Thus there was open hostility until the party left for Seattle.

There, Sam put on his select dinner for the Queen. The party then went to Blaine, on the Canadian border, where Sam had erected his Peace Arch (which didn't seem to be working, as there was almost open war).

Sam drove the Queen back to Seattle over Chuckanut Drive, and the Royal train was waiting to leave for the East. Queen Marie had requested Loie Fuller to invite Sam to go along, but Carroll would have none of it, saying that the Queen's tributes had "gone to his (Sam's) head," and intimating that he was a trouble maker and unmanageable, and would not be allowed on board.

To keep the peace, the Queen persuaded Sam not to go, and the party left without him. The Queen's group was openly divided between the belligerents. Loie Fuller and her newspaper friend, May Birkhead, started east with the party, but they were friendly to Sam, and Carroll got rid of them at Denver. Sam was persistent and wired the Queen that he would join the party at Chicago, but Carroll was defiant and again announced that if Sam showed up he would not be permitted on board.

Apparently Sam solved the problem by not showing up, and the long and bitter dispute was over. Sam had lost. His expected "Grand Tour" had been one of contention and discord. The much advertised trip had come to a rather inglorious end.

SAM went ahead with his museum building, and arranged for exhibits. He formed a non-profit organization to run it and provided an endowment. Unfortunately, he died in 1931, before the museum was completed. It was formally opened to the public in 1940, and since then more than a million people have visited it—and it is well worth the trip.

It houses a remarkable collection, and can be reached by hard-surfaced roads—but it is miles from the nearest town. One who didn't know the story would wonder why such an interesting display is so remotely located.

And Queen Marie? She cut short her journey and went home to her ailing husband, who died in 1927. Following his death, she withdrew from public life and devoted much of her time to writing. She died in 1938.

Sam Hill sleeps in a concrete crypt overlooking the scenic Columbia and the museum. Those of us who knew him hope that the present and future generations will learn of his good works and that his name will come to mean something more than a synonym for flamboyancy and lack of purpose.

"Shoe and Stocking Men"— The Squatters

(Continued from page 41)

MOST of the nesters were poor to start with; and they swarmed in from all parts of Texas at the prospect of securing a home under favorable conditions. One man could get four sections of land with the provision that he certify that he intended to make it his home and to improve the land. One fortieth of the price was paid down and the rest had to be paid within forty years at a low rate of interest. This was like giving it away and the land-hungry farmers piled their families in wagons, tied their household goods on, hitched up their poor horses and drove west with their old hound dogs trotting underneath the wagon. When they got the land they didn't have the capital to build houses, so for years many of them lived in dugouts in the clay hills. Over the opening the dugouts usually had a drop curtain made of bran sacks or anything else that they could find, to serve as a door.

The inside was a mess of pots and pans, one or two chairs, a box for a table, and a dirt floor. The lighting system consisted of a tallow candle, placed in an old bucket lid, or in the more prosperous dugouts they had a kerosene lamp which, of course, had to be burned anytime they wanted to see because the flap door was the only exit to the outer world and they had no windows.

When it did rain, the place usually got wet, the rain blowing down the doorway to form a little pool of water on the floor. The beds were rolls of bedding that were thrown on the floor and used until they got to smelling so bad they had to go out for air; then they were thrown

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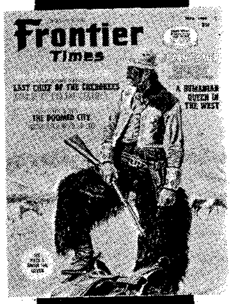

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on the top of the dugout and were weighted down with rocks to keep them from blowing away.

I've often been asked by those in other parts if these squatters had children. Of course they did. They came at the regular intervals and if they survived they were good enough to found what we now call our great civilization. Squatters had visions and lived on prospects, a few beans, corn meal, and on Sunday may have had a little sowbelly to flavor their beans.

When they did get started they built shacks that were at least on top of the ground, and in the better circles they had a "one-holer" about 400 yards from the back door, which wasn't patronized too much as it was too far away and the bushes were closer.

Then they got a cow and some chickens and the cow country began to fade out like an old maid at a mother's convention. It was through.

Their children grew up half-wild and the privations these families suffered would hardly be survived today, but they didn't squeal much. With hard-faced stoicism, they put up with the opposition of the cattlemen, slept with their guns, and toughed it out along whatever lines there were.

I guess this sort of accounts for the fact that a lot of folks out here have still got plenty of iron in their spinal columns and don't take anything lying down. This country, and every other country, was settled by men and women who didn't know how to give up.

"There ain't nothin' wrong with living in a hole for awhile if you have to, long as the sky above you is free," I told him. "Plenty of Americans got used to it in foxholes on the battle fronts. Some of their ancestors came out of dugouts, and it's nothing to be ashamed of. Americans have always been willing to be put to a lot of inconvenience to make and keep their homes."

Landline Bloodhounds

(Continued from page 31)

Brush, mature brush fields."

Sometimes field notes are impossible to follow. Occasionally one gets stuck with the work of one of the poorer men, who had bid the job too low and had tried to run lines and set corners in heavy undergrowth for three or four dollars per mile. He may have set only those corners lying within a mile or mile-and-a-half of the township perimeter and his notes past that may be a fine work of fiction, composed with the help of frontier whiskey in a warm bar. Fortunately, dedicated surveyors seem to far outnumber the crooks.

Last winter, searching south of an oak-filled canyon, I bumped heads with a medium-sized Indian olla (hard-baked clay water jar). It had been left nearly upright and part of the bottom was cracked out, possibly by frozen rain water.

I continued crawling back and forth under the brush following coyote and small-game trails. Beneath the rich red limbs of a manzanita bush, my stone-hungry eyes spotted a very unusually shaped rock rising out of fifty years' accumulation of fallen berries and leaves. I reached out and tried to shake the "stone" loose. It stayed solid and, remembering the olla, I wriggled over to it and began digging carefully. Buried upside-down, with the darker line of color clearly marking the depth of its long wait, I found the largest olla I'd ever seen. It was in perfect condition and had the familiar small "spirit hole" at the base of its neck. It was over three-quarters full of earth, rotten vegetable material and small root fibers.

I'm told that any jar used for living material such as grain or plants always had a small hole near the neck to allow the spirits to escape. On a search half a mile south a few days later, my partner found a badly broken olla with a design on the neck which might have been sheaves of grain or a figure with its arms extended. I later furnished photos of my find, with descriptive notes and a map, to the Museum of Man. The olla was judged to be pre-Mission.

If you are a searcher for old camps, old forts, or old roads—or any work of man which might have existed after 1853—surveyors' field notes may be a rich source of information. Most surveyors, as they moved across country, "called" creeks, trails, roads, ridge-tops, and often cabins and private homes. Evidence of a heavily used horse trail, or an old road grade, will endure in unfrequented spots for over a century. We have often traveled a road grade which none of us knew had existed until we read the field notes for a section line that crossed it.

Recently I catalogued photo copies of Deputy James Freeman's November 23, 1853 pen-script of Palomar Mountain in San Diego County. He'd headed his page "Township 9 South" but had neglected to mention the range number 5 or indicate whether it was the east or west boundary of what I'd guessed to be Range One East.

Then the word "pala" caught my eye and I read: "Top of spur. Course West." (The spur ridge descended west where he crossed it.) He continued: "Pala Mission bears North 74½ degrees west Valley of San Luis Rey River." (From his position on the mountain, the mission lay 74½ degrees West of true North.)

I checked the bearing on my map and continued down the mountain with him for several pages of fine script. Then, at 3.86, he noted "a perpendicular gulch 80 feet deep—course Southwest a stream 10 Links wide."

I placed my pocket rule, with the "30" scale, on the map. The sharp "V" kink in the closely spaced brown contour lines fell true on 3.86 chains.

Do you want to know where the old trail from Pala Mission to Santa Ysabel lay, in 1853? I did, so I kept going south. At 40 chains: "Set ¼ Section Post, from which bears a White Oak, 14 inches in diameter, North 1 degree East, 202 Links (and) a White Oak 16 inches in diameter, South 34 West, 330 Links."

These trees should have healed over any scars bearing toward the long-gone corner post. But at 59.50 chains: "Trail from Santa Ysabel to Pala Mission. Bears Northwest."

How would you measure these distances? Lay out a one chain (66 feet) course on level ground near your home. Pace it several times, keeping as close as possible to your normal walking stride. Count your left footfall only; when you come up with the same count after several trips, that will be your own measure for one chain. On a steep descent, experience will tell you how much you gain and you will eventually learn, too, how much to add for a steep-slope climb.

Your search for the old Mission Trail will be narrowed now if you just spot the new highway to Palomar Mountain, Henshaw and Santa Ysabel on your map. How many chains south does it cross the red-dotted section line? The difference is the distance you will pace south from the present road to reach your search area at Deputy Freeman's 59.50 "call" for the trail.

WANT TO LOOK for relics in the foundation area of Great-grandfather's old cabin up in the woods, but are not too sure where it stood in 160 acres of the old homestead? Obtain copies of the field notes for all the surveyed lines around the place from your local surveyor or the BLM office.

In a high valley east of Rancho Guejito, I'd searched without success for the bearing trees of one section corner. I'd found one of two cabins mentioned in the notes but I wasn't certain this was the one "called" from the corner.

Passing along the old foot trail several weeks later, I spotted a small piece of terra cotta stovepipe in the grass. Working uphill, I found scraps of charred boards buried in the grass, then the near-flattened rusted remains of an old cookstove, with a nickel date-plate for 1853. Soon I found the front door lock and when I kicked at a rusty iron rod I uncovered an old branding iron with the first letter broken off. The last was the initial for the cabin owner mentioned in the notes.

Let's try another cabin, this time in Dyche Valley on Palomar Mountain. There are no buildings in the north end of the Valley now but on September 18, 1880, Deputy A. P. Hanson wrote: "Set a post four inches in diameter, in a mound of earth. Dug pit—8 Links North for ¼ Section Corner, from which bears a Granite Boulder 10 feet by 12 feet by 8, South 74 degrees East, 250 Links. George Dyke's house bears North 17½ West, 2500 Links distant. Log Cabin bears North 43 West, about 1200 Links distant."

Measuring back along the compass bearing from the boulder, our searchers established a point for the long-gone earth mound, then, running out the required distance on the two bearings, found the old footing evidence of both buildings.

But suppose Great-grandfather's house was not in sight of any of the section lines, or lay in heavy timber. Did he ride horseback? Was he the proud owner of a buckboard or buggy? Scan your notes for old wagon roads or trails and if the bearing the surveyor calls points toward the center of the old homestead you have another clue. The old grade should follow up draws and cross any ridge at the lowest saddle. Look for rock retaining walls along creek banks, or if your road should happen to venture onto a side-slope, perhaps rock and log cribbing.

A long-abandoned trail may show as a shallow depression in some soils. I suspect that big game animals use our old trails through heavy brush long after they've been abandoned and forgotten by the men who built them.

But let's suppose the 1853 or 1889 field notes don't seem to make sense when you try to fit them to the dotted section lines on your topographic map. There is no 9-Link-wide stream where your surveyor calls it, and where the dotted line crosses a ridge, the ridge-top actually bears true east and west instead of the northeast to southwest his notes specify.

Well, let's try a parallel line a few chains to the left or right of the dotted line. If he "called" his stream at 20 chains, set the 20-chain mark of your pocket scale where the stream flows on the compass bearing he gave. If your rule now crosses the ridge-top where it bears northeast, you're in business.

Draw a light red line on your map paralleling the red-dotted line. If he called the old military wagon road at 29.00 chains you need only measure 9 chains down from your stream crossing point. Mark a small dot for the center of your search areas. Then your old wagon road will lead you home.

A solid red cross at the junction of two section lines means that the corner has been found, and if corners are found on both ends of the mile, you'll have a solid established line to work from. If it's dotted, the mapmaker believed this was where the surveyor ran his line. The mapmaker could have goofed at the end of a long day. With more time for checking the distance from "call" to "call" you may be the better landline detective, and your red line on the map will show the surveyor's real route.

A Man Who Knew Guns

(Continued from page 33)

As his years advanced to three score and ten, a cane replaced the heft of a wooden gunstock in C.T.'s once vigorous hands. Seriously ill, in September, 1941, at age sixty-nine, the Sage of the Rockies took up a gun for the last time to end his own life.

Among his effects was found a penciled hand-sketched and carefully designed plan for a monument to be placed on Berthoud Pass, at a burial site for his ashes. Only the date of death was omitted. Friends carried out his wishes. Part of a verse he'd composed for his epitaph reads:

Traveler on this summit rest,
Behold the peaks two oceans breast,
Then on this grave lay you a stone,
A Mountain Man sleeps here alone.

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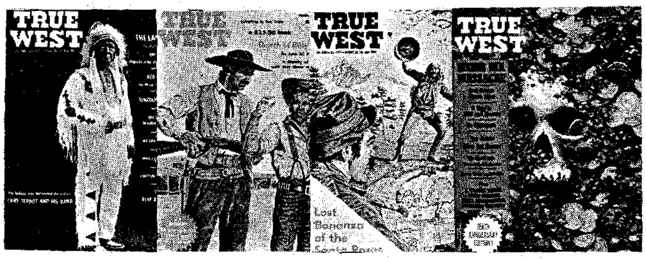

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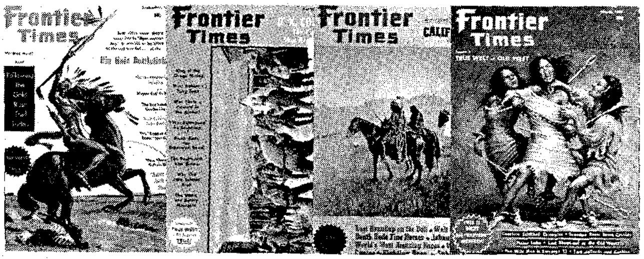

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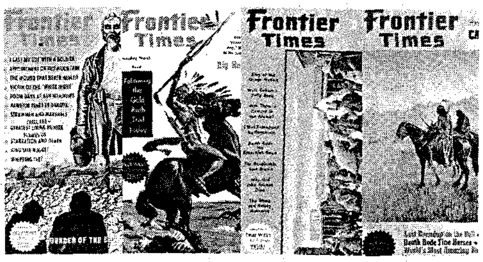

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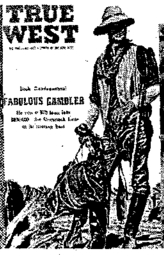
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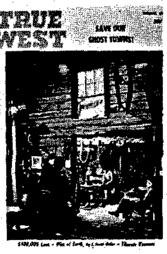
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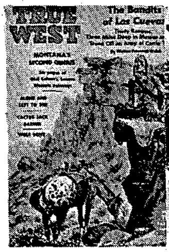
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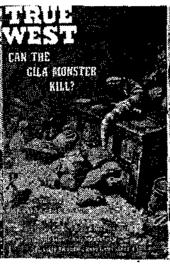
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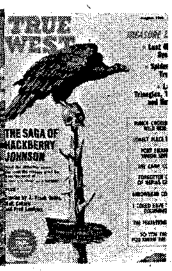
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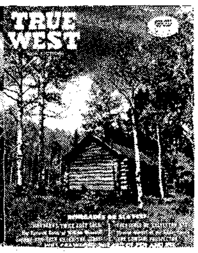
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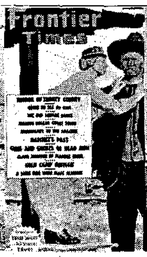
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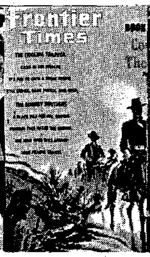
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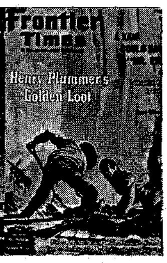
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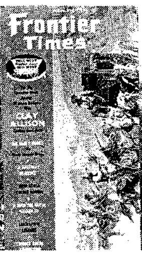
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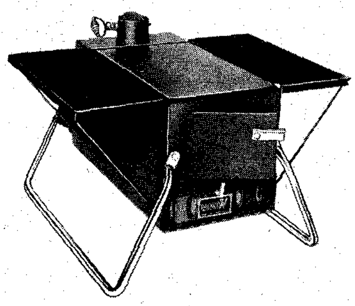

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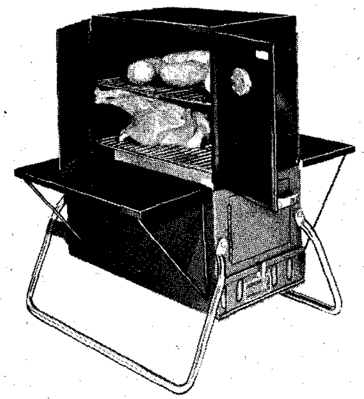

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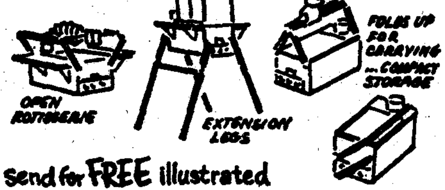
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Nuggets

(Continued from page 43)

about 850 Americans under Perry and Taylor and 1,600 Mexicans under Manchaca, marched straight into the trap. The Spanish token force, after firing a round, feigned a retreat and scurried into the narrow part of the funnel. Immediately the Republicans followed, Manchaca's Mexican force in the center, the Americans on the two wings.

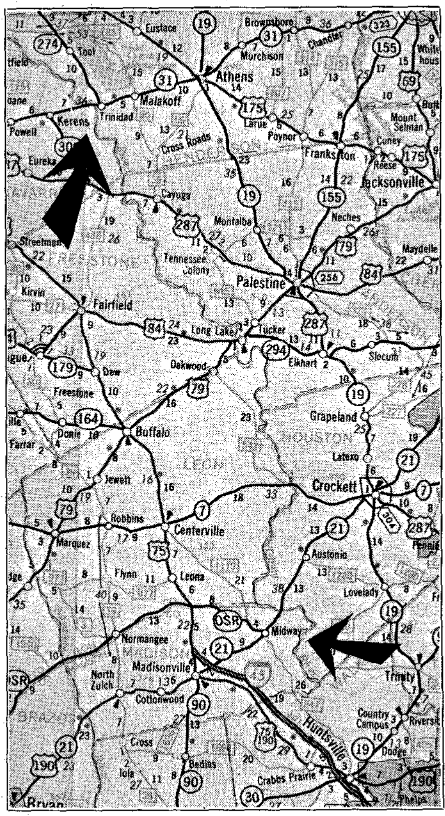
As soon as he perceived the ambush, Toledo signaled withdrawal. The left wing obeyed the order but the right wing refused, crying out, "We never retreat!" Manchaca, far in advance of the two wings, also refused to obey but instead of fighting gave himself over to the enemy. The Americans fought bravely and, despite the odds against them, attempted to storm the barricades but were repulsed and cut to pieces. Only those who had obeyed Toledo's order to withdraw escaped from the field of battle.

ARREDONDO quickly sent his cavalry to cut down the fleeing Americans, giving instructions to spare no one. At Spanish Bluff the Spaniards gathered seventy or eighty prisoners. Marching them to the La Bahia-San Antonio crossroads, they dug a long trench and laid a piece of timber across it. Then, after tying the captives, they marched them onto the timber and shot them, the corpses falling into the open pit.

Of the 850 Americans involved in the Battle of the Medina, only 93 reached Natchitoches safely. Among them were Colonel Perry, Captain Taylor and Captain Bullard, who had acted as Toledo's aide during the battle.

But Arredondo was not through with slaughtering. All of the inhabitants of Trinidad—400 men, women and children —were rounded up and marched to Bull's Hill, a few hundred yards from the Trinity River crossing. There they were butchered as Salcedo had been butchered, their throats cut because Arredondo did not want to waste any more ammunition.

W. H. Kittrell, whose father was one of the original settlers in Madison County, wrote in 1928 that "Major W. C. Young, who came to this country in the 1830s, told me that the bones of these victims of Spanish brutality were still to be seen on Bull's Hill." Mr. Kittrell was seventy-nine at the time. Other people familiar with the area have told me that the site of ancient Trinidad is easy to find and that after a hard rain pieces of ancient pottery and old Spanish coins are washed up.

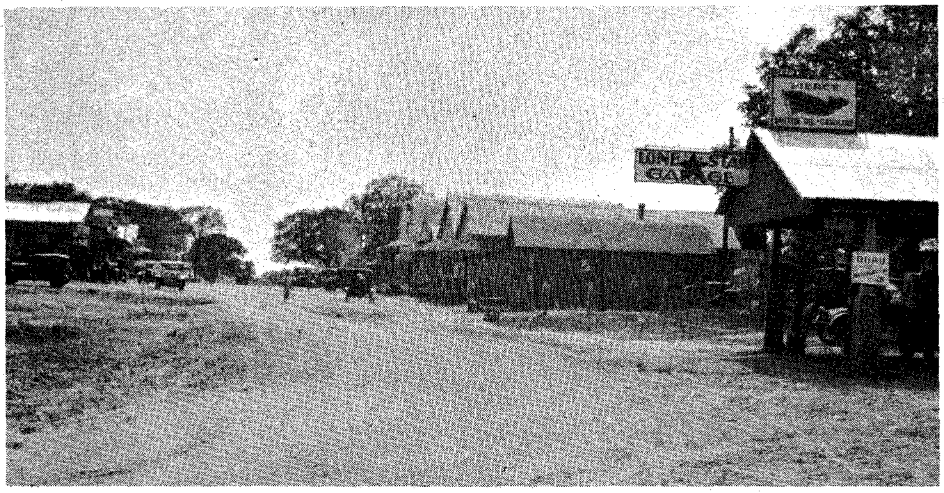


Courtesy Texas Highway Department

Map showing the towns of Trinidad and Midway, located near the Trinity River.

For over a century a flat wooden boat on a wire cable ferried carts and wagons, then automobiles and trucks, across the Trinity River four miles north of Trinidad. This boat, known as Clapp's Ferry, was the only crossing in that area. The steep approach to the boat, especially at low water, made it very hazardous. Tourists traveling between Crockett and Madisonville often took a "nose-dive" down this approach and landed into the river, some with loss of life and some with loss of vehicle and baggage. When

The La Bahia Road in the town of Midway, Texas. 1929.



the water was high the ferrymen had to battle swift currents and keep huge timbers from crashing into the boat.

The first ferry was known as Robbin's (Robin's) Ferry. Why the name was changed to Clapp's Ferry isn't known. The first boat was steered by hand into the main current, then it drifted down the river to the point the current hit the bank at the bend on the opposite side of the river.

A granite marker stands on the Madison County side of the river, confirming (according to the State Historical Association) the exact location of this ancient road and crossing.

The history of Texas' Independence would have been quite different had McGee's and Toledo's expedition succeeded. The Yoakum *Texas History* provides an interesting summation:

"It will not be deemed surprising," it says, "that we have no detailed account of the important events of the Gachupin War, when we remember that during the same period there was a war in the United States, and also one in Mexico. The public mind was thus drawn away from the military movements in Texas. It is more than probable that the war between the United States and Great Britain, by drawing into its vortex the adventurous spirits of the southwestern states, saved Texas from a successful revolution in 1813."

THE MADMAN

By Donald Cline

MOST KILLERS of the early frontier, when captured, usually ended up as dead weight at the end of the hangman's noose or decorating a low limb carefully selected by local, irate citizens. Those who were more fortunate lived to serve out their sentences quietly in prison. Eusebio Legarda, of Las Cruces, was an exception to the rule.

Legarda's real name was Manuel Ribar, but he preferred to be known by his alias. Legarda was born and reared in Dona Ana County in a settlement south of Las Cruces known as Mesquite. From early childhood he was cursed with a quick and murderous temper. Most of his acquaintances claimed that he was insane. He enjoyed a small local reputation as a tough, and in 1897 proved to one and all that he was composed of the fibre of which killers are made.

That was the year he committed his first murder by shooting to death his best friend in the presence of the victim's family. The reason for the quarrel has never been made clear. Without any display of emotion whatsoever, Legarda loaded the lifeless body aboard a wagon and took it into the nearby Organ Mountain foothills where he proceeded to burn the corpse with coal oil. Why Legarda was stupid enough to commit a murder in front of so many witnesses and then make such a shocking attempt to dispose of the evidence adds weight to the belief that he was mentally unbalanced. A shallow grave was dug and the pistol used in the crime was buried with the charred bones of his friend.

Legarda had enough presence of mind to flee town and rode southward down the Rio Grande to the border town of El Paso, where he had friends and relatives. There he remained in utter obscurity for about a year until an alert detective, George Harold (Herold), recognized him from an old wanted poster and arrested him. Pat F. Garrett, then sheriff of Dona Ana County, was notified and Garrett went to El Paso and escorted the prisoner back to the scene of the crime at Mesquite. They were accompanied by Detective Harold.

The family of the young victim quickly identified Legarda as the murderer. The suspect readily admitted his guilt to Garrett and Harold and led the two lawmen to the burial site in the foothills. The corpse was exhumed and reburied in a local cemetery while Legarda languished in a jail cell. His attorney asked for, and received, a change of venue to Albuquerque in Bernalillo County because Legarda's presence in Las Cruces courted a lynching party.

Legarda never came to trial in Albuquerque, for shortly after his arrival he broke jail and disappeared into the interior of Mexico. The Bernalillo County jail had always been regarded as easy to break out of (Billy the Kid and John B. Wilson had proven this in 1880).

FOR the next twelve years Legarda had no known contact with the law. Then in March, 1908 he was arrested in a saloon for being drunk in public and carrying a deadly weapon. It is rumored that Legarda's cousin, Dolores Legarda, had something to do with his arrest. Sheriff Jose R. Lucero of Dona Ana County was summoned to take custody of the prisoner. Sheriff Lucero had replaced Pat F. Garrett following the latter's murder the month before.

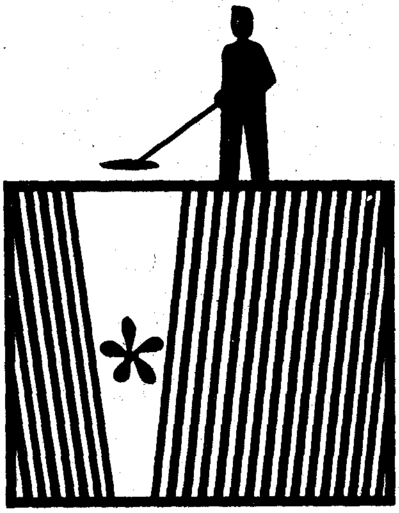
So many years had elapsed since Legarda's first arraignment that no witnesses appeared against him. Sheriff Lucero had no choice but to release the man from his custody. For the second time Legarda had beaten justice.

Unfortunately, Legarda's unstable mind was burning with the obsession that his cousin Dolores was the cause of his recent misfortunes. He returned swiftly to El Paso to take revenge.

Dolores was a prominent wood merchant in the border city, and owned a sizeable wood yard there. As Dolores returned home at 7:00 A.M. that Tuesday morning in March, 1908 he found Eusebio Legarda standing on the front porch of his home. Dolores had just finished making a delivery and had tied his wagon and horses to a post. Moments later he was engaged in a violent argument with Eusebio and loudly denying that he had anything to do with the recent arrest.

Eusebio's anger suddenly exploded. He drew his pistol and fired pointblank two times at Dolores who stood only scant feet away. The first shot missed, but the second ball struck Dolores in the left eye and lodged in his brain. He collapsed on the wooden porch as a crowd quickly gathered to see what the shooting was about.

Legarda brushed aside the onlookers and fled down Stanton Street where he



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dodged behind a cluster of wood and mud *jacals*. He headed toward the river as if to cross it, but turned down the bank and circled back into El Paso. A posse of mounted men followed Legarda's path to the river's edge where they lost him. A group of local citizens on foot searched the area of the *jacals* without success before returning to the wood yard. Meanwhile, Dolores was carried into his home and later transferred to a room at the Hotel Dieu where he died at midnight.

Legarda slept in an alley that night, and on the following morning went to the home of an old friend, Gil Berru, where he begged for sanctuary. Berru was angered at the cold-blooded murder and wanted nothing to do with the killer and covered him with his pistol. He was assisted in the capture by a man identified in the newspapers only as Montes. Legarda was then turned over to the local authorities for trial.

Detective Harold thought he had seen Legarda's face before and inquired as to whether they had met at one time or another. Legarda replied that they had, and when Harold asked if he had been arrested in El Paso twelve years before on a murder charge Legarda readily admitted that he was the man. It is a tribute to Detective Harold's keen memory that he could pick a face out of the past and remember the applicable crime.

On March 24, 1908, murder charge #4666 was filed against Eusebio Legarda by the State of Texas. According to the El Paso County Criminal Docket Book Legarda's case came up several times during the next three months but never was brought to trial. The final entry shows that he was committed to a mental institution. Whether Legarda lived out his days as a inmate, or whether he escaped again and killed again is not known for he disappears from the pages of history.

The Bayhorse Treasure

(Continued from page 21)

when the bandits buried their loot.

"The marker rock is on top of the hill on my claim," Simmons divulged. "It's the hill you spent the most time looking along. I covered up the rock three years ago to keep it from being found by anybody else. Rock's too big to break up or move away."

"Then the gold must be somewhere from it on a line toward the creek," McSparron offered. "Want me to dig it out for you while you're resting up here?"

Simmons smiled ruefully. Five years before, he had thought the same thing and had traced every possible angle along fanned out lines.

"The thing is, where did that tree stand at the time? Worse, maybe it was behind the hill, down from it, and not on the creek at all."

"Could be a problem," McSparron admitted.

"I ain't going to be hunting it no longer so you might as well dig it up. If you are lucky enough to find it, I'd much rather you'd do so than someone else."

"Shucks, I'll just hunt for you until you get on your feet."

On leaving Challis, McSparron went back on the creek. His outfit was moved to Simmons' worthless claim. Three days later, returning to town, he met the doctor on the street.

"The old man's body is laid out in back of the hardware store," the doctor said, "waiting to be buried. Who is going to pay his bills, if anyone? There wasn't a thin dime in his pockets."

This statement surprised McSparron for he had seen a poke bulging with gold coins in Simmons' possession. At the moment he merely said that he would see to the bills and burial costs and did so.

Simmons' few meager possessions back on the creek, except the saddle and packs, were not worth salvaging. They were burned. McSparron suspected that someone in town had stolen the old man's money while he lay ill. Yet the matter kept bothering him. Finally he used the point of a shovel blade to prod the ground in and around the camp.

Within a few minutes he had found a small, disguised hole and in it the poke of gold coins. Underneath, a rolled piece of canvas was exposed. Inside were four buckskin pouches of gold.

Although worth a considerable amount, there wasn't enough of it to be the stagecoach loot. But could this raw gold be part of it? Puzzled, McSparron surmised that this was what Simmons had taken from the buried Dutch oven. As a last resort he tried the spring fed pocket where Simmons had often camped, on the bare chance that the loot had been buried there.

Winter moved in late that year. With it McSparron abandoned his search. In Bayhorse he talked freely with Moon, and it was through the saloon man that the next batch of hunters obtained their information. By that time Moon had moved to Challis.

Not only did they fail, but the few quiet and unobtrusive searchers of today have been no luckier. Most of them pose as rockhounds and work out of Challis. It is a charming little river and creek town, against a backdrop of untamed wilderness and stark, sky-reaching mountains. A few miles south, a dirt road leads west to Bayhorse, on to Bayhorse Creek and Yankee Fork.

McSparron went south into the Snake River Valley. He took up land that was turned into an irrigation district when the first reclamation project formed in his section. His descendants live today in Pocatello, Rexburg and St. Anthony.

Las Vegas and the Dodge City Gang

(Continued from page 17)

peace. By March 10, 1880, Webb had been sentenced to hang and was in the jail at Las Vegas.

Early on the afternoon of April 2, 1880, Dave Rudabaugh and John Allen stormed the Las Vegas jail and killed the jailer, Antonio Lino Valdez. They unlocked Webb's cell but, for some unexplained reason, Webb chose to remain and await his pending appeal. Rudabaugh and Allen tore out of town.

A tally at this point of the Dodge City Gang's takeover of New Town tallied up disastrously for all concerned. Hoodoo Brown, Dutchy and Mrs. Joe Carson were riding the rails with Michael Kelliher's $1,900. Mather was on the dodge from a grand jury investigation. Carson's body was destined to wind up in a Texas grave. Webb was sweating out an appeal from the hangman's noose and James Allen was scheduled to face the same fate.

In Dave Rudabaugh, John Allen had picked a lousy companion to saddle up with in their flight from the killing of the jailer, Valdez. Rudabaugh was an opportunist. He could be a loner or a parasite according to prevailing conditions. It looked like the Dodge City Gang had lost its taw.

However, violence in Las Vegas had not come to an end. Nine men had been murdered under the regime of the Dodge City Gang but there were more to come.

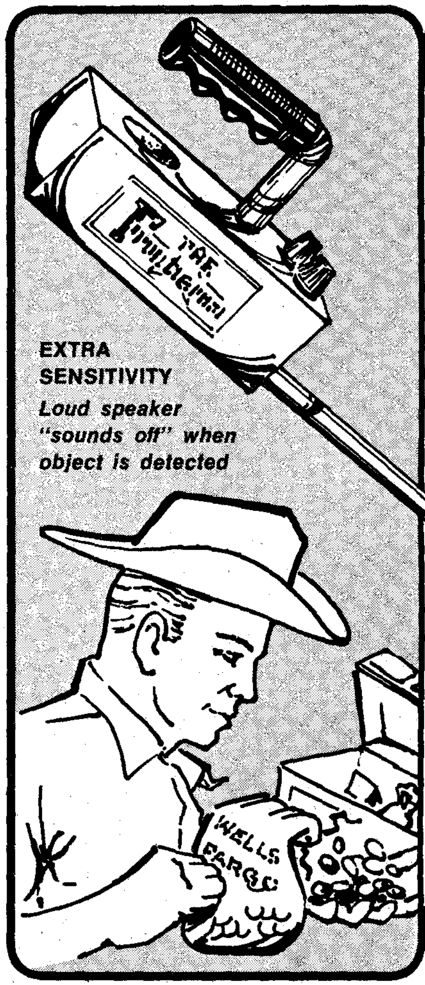
At three o'clock on the morning of April 8, 1880, Nelson W. Starbird, a popular and revered hack driver, was shot and killed while delivering his last customer of the night. This was all that was needed to tip the scales. While the killers of Marshal Joe Carson had been slain by an unorganized and wild mob of indignant citizens, the murders of jailer Valdez and the hack driver, Nelson Starbird, welded the city fathers of both sides of town into a unified group of vigilantes.

The editor of the *Optic* received a card before he put the April 8 edition to bed. Kistler published the card's message in the column adjacent to the story of the murder of Starbird.

"To Murderers, Confidence Men, Thieves: The citizens of Las Vegas have tired of robbery, murder, and the other crimes, that have made this town a byword in every civilized community. They have resolved to put a stop to crime, if in attaining that end they have to forget the law, and resort to a speedier justice, than it will afford. All such characters are therefore hereby notified, that they must either leave this town or conform themselves to the requirements of law, or they will be summarily dealt with. The flow of blood must and shall be stopped in this community, and the good citizens of both the old and the new towns have determined to stop it, if they have to HANG by the strong arm of force every violator of the law in this country.—VIGILANTES."

THE WARNING served a useful purpose in bringing the two towns closer together but it was seven months before the vigilantes carried out the threat contained in the message. On November 13, 1880, a number of papers in the West published a news wire story out of Las Vegas, New Mexico. The *Denver Republican* gave it page one coverage:

"On Sunday night six men escaped from the Las Vegas jail, three murderers, two train robbers, and a horse thief. A posse was sent after them, but did not overtake them until Thursday evening, when they discovered the party encamped near Chapeito [Chaperito, about 20 miles southeast of Las Vegas]. An attack was made, James Allen and



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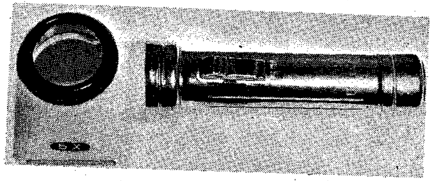

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Davidson, the murderers, were killed outright. Another man is said to have been wounded, but escaped with his comrades. The posse is still in pursuit and hopes are entertained of capturing the whole party. . . ."

The *Ford County Globe* of Dodge City, Kansas on November 16, gave considerable space to an expanded story of the jail delivery. The story was a reprint of an *Optic* article of November 10. Discrepancies between the *Republican* and *Globe* articles give credence to a version of the affair as related by Miguel Otero years later in his book.

The *Globe* listed the criminals mentioned earlier but it is to be noted that while the *Republican* dated the escape as of Sunday, November 7, 1880, the *Globe* article specifically says, "This morning . . ." under an *Optic* dateline of Wednesday, November 10. The *Globe* reprint of the *Optic* article further intimated that the jailer, Pablo Domingues, must have been dead drunk during the night of the breakout when it noted, "judging from his (Domingues) appearance in court this morning, his slumbers were undisturbed by anything unusual."

Further verification of Otero's version of the jail break is found in the news release when it points out that the sheriff didn't bother to form a posse at once but appeared before the local judge and requested an investigation to be started immediately. The story concluded by inferring that some of the Dodge City Gang sneaked into town and helped the prisoner escape. The sheriff probably knew that a posse of vigilantes was already on its way and wasn't inclined to interfere.

MIGUEL OTERO'S version is more dramatic. Otero explained that James Allen, Morehead's murderer, had been given a preliminary hearing and was granted a change of venue to Santa Fe County. But before his trial could take place the jail delivery was pulled off.

"They were closely followed by a posse, which located them sitting around a campfire eating supper near Aguilar Hill, close to the town of Chaperito in San Miguel County. The posse fired on them without warning, and they were all killed instantly.

"The bodies of the four were stacked up in a farm wagon with no more regard than if they had been sheep carcasses, and brought back to Las Vegas. They were all laid in a row on the same platform of the old windmill where but a few weeks previously Tom Henry, John Dorsey and James West [Carson's murderers] had been hanged and shot by the vigilantes. All day hundreds of citizens visited the old windmill to see the bodies of those who had played their last card. Late in the afternoon they were taken to the pauper's lot and buried in one grave."

Otero placed four of the fugitives around the campfire at Chaperito and this is borne out by a later news story which told of the capture of Webb and Davis by Pat Garrett and a posse at the house of Dan Dedrick on the Bosque Grande. The *Ford County Globe* also reported the return of Webb and Davis to the Las Vegas jail on December 18, 1880. Later events in the life of J. J. Webb brought forth the evidence that Webb and Davis hit out alone after the jail delivery and were not at Chaperito during the mass slaughter by the posse.

The fourteen deaths which in one way or another could be attributed to the Dodge City Gang takeover deserve an epilogue and Miguel Otero provided it in his reminiscences. It isn't known if Otero was among the vigilantes who cleaned out the camp at Chaperito but as a commission house man in Las Vegas and a close friend of Morehead. Otero was in on the plan which "took care" of Morehead's murderer and his compadres.

The commission house men knew that sooner or later the remnants of the Dodge City Gang would try to free Allen and Webb. The result was a cooked up job of their own. The jailers were bought off and the head jailer, Pablo Domingues, was plied with the juice of the grape until he passed out. The vigilantes had a convenient posse near the jail and it was only a matter of cautious pursuit to pick a suitable place and time for the executions of four of the six escapees. It is also possible that Webb was in on the play since he had gained widespread sympathy from many of the citizens who held a strong opinion that Hoodoo Brown had made a dupe of Webb in the killing of Michael Kelliher.

However the conjectures might fall in reporting the history of the Dodge City Gang in Las Vegas, the *absolute* verification of all the events that took place during their regime will never be recorded because of the shenanigans which corrupted the dual communities, and the suppressing of damaging evidence as well as the loss of some of the newspapers of the months involved.

One cardinal fact remains unchanged, however. Even though the communities of Las Vegas—Old Town and New Town—were incorporated as one city, its existence was short-lived. The dissension sown by the Dodge City Gang and Russ Kistler has not been lived down to this day and there is an East Las Vegas and a Town of Las Vegas on opposite banks of the Gallinas River.

Texan Tamer

(Continued from page 29)

often mentioned, mostly in an uncomplimentary manner. Bat Masterson was the most prominent of the Kansas marshals. He was a power there and was more popular with the cowboys. In my opinion he was a braver man than Wyatt. He killed very few men, only four in all, and I doubt if any of those were cowboys. He was accused of brutally pistol-whipping drunken cowboys at times, and on one occasion so beat a man in court. Neither he nor Earp were as brave or as efficient as Bill Tilghman or Tom Smith. Smith deserves to be classed as the best of all Kansas marshals in every way.

Since Stuart Lake interviewed Wyatt Earp in Hollywood and wrote his articles . . . Earp has blossomed as a eat western hero and a marvel with a volver. I want to assure you that ese stories presumed to have come from yatt himself, have not a vestige of uth. It isn't like Wyatt to have told em and I often wonder if he did. He as alive when Walter Noble Burn's ok was published but he was dead hen Lake's stuff came out. I never ard Wyatt talk like that; he was ther a quiet sort of person with many keable qualities.

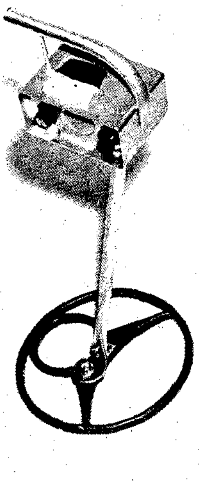
On my desk here is a little pamphlet titled, *Tragedies of a Kansas Cow-wn.* The author, Floyd B. Streeter, is e Librarian at the Fort Hays State ollege, Hays, Kansas. . . . Streeter got correspondence with me some time go knowing that I had collected conderable data about Ben Thompson, as y own cousin had killed him. The paper ives a full account in minute detail of e killing of Sheriff Whitney by Billy hompson and is compiled from court ecords, affidavits of eye witnesses, oroner's report, news accounts of the ay and Texas Ranger records.

You will find after reading it that here is no mention of Wyatt Earp at ny time. Nor was Ben Thompson ever rrested, tried, fined or run out of town y anyone. The idea of Wyatt ever arresting him is ridiculous on the face of . Whitney was with Ben when he was hot and was his friend. Billy was drunk nd following Ben and Whitney with a hotgun in his hands when without cause e fired the shotgun into Whitney's back. t was apparently an accident and three ears later was so declared when Billy vas tried. He had almost killed two rominent cattle drovers in a like maner the day before. When the shot was ired, Ben turned and shouted: "Look Billy! My God, you have shot our best riend."

I wish some one would tell me why Wyatt Earp should arrest Ben Thompson for the murder of the sheriff when t was Billy who shot him?

The trouble started between Ben Thompson and some gamblers. Ben was ot the aggressor (for once). These men were coming for the Thompsons when he fatal shot was fired. Whitney was long to stop it if possible. After the killing Mayor Miller fired the whole police force because they couldn't or wouldn't disarm the combatants. Deputy Sheriff Hogue was appointed chief of police and Ben agreed to give up his guns if they would disarm the six men who were gunning for him. The mayor himself disarmed the men and Ben surrendered to Hogue (his guns; he was only nominally under arrest and was not incarcerated).

THREE YEARS LATER Billy was arrested by Captain J. C. Sparks of Co. C Frontier Battalion Texas Rangers and was returned to Ellsworth for trial. The state was combed for witnesses and a summons was sent to Dodge to Sheriff Charlie Bassett to serve on J. A. Hogue but he could not be found. Wyatt Earp was in Dodge at that time but was not summoned. It looks to me like Wyatt wasn't even a witness to the affair. The



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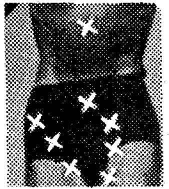

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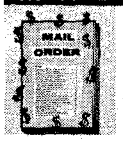

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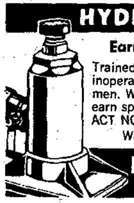

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Ellsworth people were anxious to get a conviction and Wyatt may not have been a "Texan Tamer" but he was certainly a "Texan Hater" and he should have been a prize if he had witnessed the affair. Ben Thompson was not run out of Ellsworth by anyone and he attended a performance at the local opera house to see "She Stoops to Conquer" that same night.

I have collected a lot of stuff about Ben Thompson and have known many men who knew him personally. He was a dangerous man but a man of bulldog, indomitable courage and would back down from no man; and though I am willing to give Wyatt Earp full credit for the ability he possessed, I do not consider him in the same class with Ben Thompson as a fighting man. One was a bulldog and the other a fox. I defy anyone to name a single incident where Wyatt Earp entered a conflict single-handed with a gunman of reputed ability. Wyatt was intelligent, he was no dumb gunman; he was a born leader and never was a lone wolf. Through his whole history you will find the names of half a dozen savage killers at his back; to down Wyatt meant to down them also and it was never done, though his brothers were cut down.

The story of Wyatt's trouble with Clay Allison was pretty well known and much discussed some forty-odd years ago. I have seen it in print on several occasions but never as I think it actually happened.

It is my opinion that Clay and Wyatt did not meet at all on the occasion mentioned, nor were the reasons for Clay looking for him correctly stated. One writer says that Wyatt had threatened to kill Clay. The man who would do that would be crazy, and Wyatt was no fool. Nor was he a braggart given to making threats. Both he and Allison were the real thing in their ways—both killers, and real killers don't warn you much, if at all. One thing sure Clay Allison would not have lived twenty-four hours if he had ever shown a weakness to anybody. Wyatt, with the backing he had, could afford to on occasion and we have plenty of proof that he did.

Shanghai Pierce, the old cattleman, was with Clay Allison the day he searched Dodge looking for Wyatt Earp. They were not alone. They collected every cowman and cowboy that could be found and most of them were armed. It was not exactly for the purpose of killing a marshal that Clay was on prod. Pierce was as much on the prod as Clay was and Pierce was a pretty solid citizen and did not believe in killing. (I am giving you the story as I heard it years ago in and around Dodge.)

A drunken cowboy had been shot to death while shooting a pistol in the air in the streets of Dodge. He worked for, or at least, was a friend of, Clay Allison. Others had been robbed, shot, and beaten over the head with revolvers and the cowmen were indignant about it. It was stated that the marshals were all pimps, gamblers and saloonkeepers. They had the cowboys disarmed, and with their teeth pulled they were harmless. If they got too bad or went and got a gun, they were cut down with shotguns.

Allison and Pierce were going to p test over the treatment of their men a of course the salty old Clay was willi to back his arguments with gunsmoke. was said that Bat Masterson marshal the entire law enforcement body togeth and hid them, heavily armed, in the se ond story of a vacant building. The they watched the bunch of cowboys f low Pierce and Allison from door door as they searched for the lawme Pierce and Allison would enter each pla and the cowboys waited in the street.

At one time the entire bunch were the street dierctly in front of the pla where Bat and his men were hidden. H could easily have shot down Pierce a Allison but to have done so would ha caused a bloody massacre. I think Bat d the right thing in keeping out of the pat of these men. It would have done no goo to anyone to have faced them in th mood that they were in. I have know three men who claimed to have been i Allison's crowd, one of them was the lat Chas. A. Siringo. I believe that is th true account of what happened. I als heard that later Allison alone foun Wyatt Earp seated in the lookout's chai at a faro game and he told him in n uncertain terms what he thought of th way some of the cowboys were bein treated.

WYATT EARP came to Tombston Arizona from Prescott in 1879. Hi brothers, James, Virgil, Morgan an Warren came with him. The desperad Doc Holliday and his woman, Big Nos Kate Barker, were with them. Doc wa wanted for murder in the state of Texas Wyatt was a deputy U. S. Marshal at th time. I have heard that he carried a "honorary warrant." He was never sheriff of Cochise County or even a deput that I know of. Chas. Shibell was th first sheriff and John Behan was hi deputy.

In 1881 Behan and Wyatt Earp wer aspirants for the office and it was considered a fat plum, being worth abou forty thousand dollars a year. Thei names were sent in on petitions to Governor Fremont and he appointed Joh Behan. The Earps were bitter enemies o Johnny Behan from that day on and they seemed to have passed their legacy o hatred on to the present generation fo Johnny Behan, who I think was a goo sheriff and a pretty good man, has been unjustly pictured in magazines, books and even the movies.

Virgil Earp became City Marshal and he appointed all of his brothers as well as several plug-uglies such as Doc Holiday deputies.

About the affair of the O. K. Corral, by no stretch of my imagination can I call it a fight. Ike Clanton and Tom McLaury came into town on October 25, 1881. Billy Clanton, age eighteen, came in next day with Frank McLaury a-horseback. The Earps and especially Doc Holliday claimed that they had been talking about them. I think most of the talk was about the Sandy Bob stage holdup and the murder of the guard. There isn't much doubt but what Doc Holliday was one of the holdups and the man who lled the driver. But the Earps swore to alibi for him although his mistress id that Doc was the man who lead the rty and John Slaughter and his wife et him near the holdup.

The Earps pistol-whipped old Ike and ok his gun the day before the fight; en, although they were all law officers, ey tried to get him to fight and offered m a gun which he refused in the face the odds. Tom McLaury left his gun ith a butcher by the name of Bauer the same day, and he still had it years ter Tom was dead. Wyatt and Virgil arp and Doc Holliday met him and accused him of talking about them and anted him to fight. Wyatt followed him ith one hand in his coat pocket and he oked his fingers into his eyes. Tom refused, saying he was unarmed. Wyatt ad a belt gun on but could not have rawn quickly with his right hand in his oat pocket. Virgil stood just behind im with his hand under his coat. Finally Vyatt pulled a gun from his coat pocket nd followed Tom into the street beating im over the head with it until he was overed with blood.

On the 26th the cowboys met at the O. K. Corral and were about to leave town. Billy (Kid) Claiborne (not Curly Bill) was with them but took no part in the hooting that followed. Neither Ike Clanton nor Tom McLaury were armed. Behan heard that the Earp gang was going o fight the cowboys and he hurried to hem and tried to stop it, telling them hat he would disarm them. Wyatt demurred saying that things had gone too far. Behan hurried to the corral and asked the cowboys to give up their guns. Tom and Ike showed him that they were unarmed and Billy and Frank said that they were leaving town and had not come here to fight.

Behan was still there when the shooting began and he shoved old Ike into a photograph gallery and he escaped. From where the Earp party first came into view of the corral it is quite a distance, and the cowboys had rifles on their saddles. If they had meant trouble or had known what was coming they could easily have cut the entire bunch down before they got into range.

Just before the fight Virgil Earp was seen with a shotgun but there was no evidence at the trial that he used one on the men. Whenever Doc Holliday expected tough competition he used a clever trick; he had a short barrel shotgun with a lanyard attached to its butt by a ring; he slung the loop of the lanyard over his arm and up on the shoulder and this allowed the shotgun to hang beneath the armpit and it left his hands free for six-gun work after the shotgun was empty. Over this he donned a long linen duster and the shotgun could not be seen, but he could sling it into play awful quick. Doc was also an artist with a six-gun and could shoot well with both hands.

THE EARPS walked up to the four men until they were only a few feet away and ordered them to throw up their hands, which (trial witnesses declared) they did. Tom McLaury was killed by a charge of buckshot and Frank and Billy were mortally wounded before they tried

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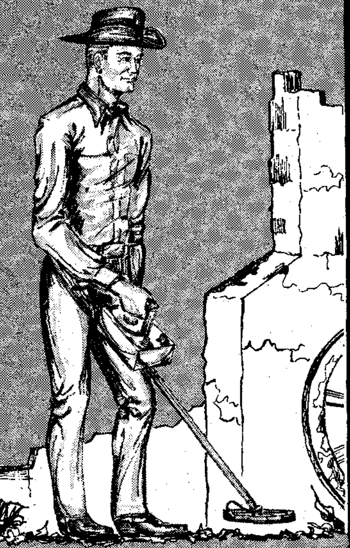

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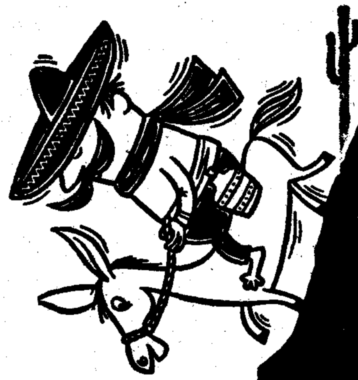

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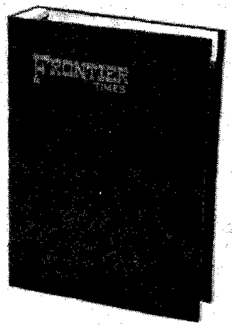

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to draw. Billy was down before he got his gun out and Frank was doubled up from being shot in the stomach by Wyatt Earp. In spite of that they managed to get in a couple of shots and inflicted slight wounds on Morgan and Wyatt Earp. It was a bunglesome slaughter. About thirty shots had been fired on both sides. When it started, old Ike ran around Wyatt Earp and behind Behan. Some say that Wyatt told him to get out of there, and Behan ran shoving Ike ahead of him into the shop.

After the men were laid out, their bodies were placed in coffins and exhibited in the window of a furniture store for all to see and there was a placard reading: "These men were foully murdered in our streets."

The men killed were known rustlers, but they had never been indicted for any crime or accused of any other. I am not in the least squeamish about men being killed, I have five bullet wounds on myself, and perhaps these men needed killing. The Earps thought so and perhaps they were right. But if so, they merely acted as self-appointed executioners and I see no reason why there should be so much ballyhoo about it. At an earlier day, if I thought it was necessary to do it I might have taken part in it, but I'll be damned if I would talk about it.

Up in Alaska I met another old Tombstone citizen, then almost in the stew bum stage, Buckskin Frank Leslie. He had the reputation of being a notorious old liar but was mighty interesting to talk to. He claimed to have killed John Ringo but I don't think so. Both he and other oldtimers in that country claimed that Ringo had the Indian sign on all the gunmen down there.

Eleven years ago I sat at the bedside of Johnny-Behind-The-Deuce while he was dying. I had known the old tinhorn for many years. He was once saved from hanging by a mob when Wyatt Earp stood them off with a shotgun.

They now say that Curly Bill Brocius, whom Wyatt Earp claimed to have killed, came to the Missouri River in this state, changed his name and married. He was presumed to have died here two years ago.

A good deal has been said of the shooting of some of these old fellows. I am a revolver shot and have shot in some fast company. I still shoot and do well though my eyes are failing me and my hair is snow white. But so is Ed McGivern's who lives in this city and whom I shoot with. Ed is no doubt the greatest revolver shot that ever lived; he is now just completing a book on that subject. But to get back to the others, I have seen both Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson shoot a revolver. Wyatt was only fair and Bat was just plain rotten—but Bat was an excellent rifle shot. What their ability was at fast close work I cannot say, but don't doubt for a minute but what it was good. It was their specialty. With a target man-size and a few feet away, accuracy was of secondary importance and fast drawing first. Wyatt Earp was not capable of shooting a gun out of a man's hand, and at fifty yards or more, a good shot would cut him and Bat both down and be in little danger. In fact, when Bat fought Al Updegraffe at about that d tance both he and Al shot until they r out of ammunition and outside of t first shot (which was fired close up a hit Al in the shoulder) no damage w done.

Billy Thompson should have had sentence for manslaughter for killi Sheriff Whitney. I have known lots men who knew Ben and most of the liked him, but very few liked Billy. have seen Billy a few times and he i pressed me as being a blustering, blu dering bully with just enough courage make him dangerous. He had neither t proficiency with fire-arms nor the brai and courage of his brother. I know t witnesses who saw him filled full birdshot by a bartender named Sa Tucker in Ogalala in 1882. It was t same promiscuous shooting that got hi into trouble in Kansas. My informa said that if the bartender's gun had bee loaded with buckshot Billy would hav been killed.

I know that writers must take what offered them from the most reliabl source and when a source turns out to b unreliable they are not to blame. I kno that the stuff that is appearing abou some of our western characters is writte in good faith and in all sincerity by th men who are doing it and I hope yo will not take offense at me taking issu with you on this one subject. I have lot of stuff about some of these old fel lows that I have collected and some tha I have memorized and whenever I ca help any scribe on any subject that I an familiar with I am always glad to do so

Sincerely yours,
Pink Simms
519 Morase St.
Lewistown, Mont.

Lewistown, Mont
10——9——34

DEAR FRIEND:

Was glad to get your friendly letter If you happen this way next summer b sure and look me up. I can make yo acquainted with some interesting characters, old retired trail hands who hav known every border character from Wil Bill down to Kid Curry. Curry wa raised in this country and all of us wh rode the range in this country knew him. I have an old friend who is in the cow business close to here who came up the trail in '82. He knew Ben and Billy Thompson, Wild Bill, and says his first trail boss was Sam Bass. Yes, this has been a wild spot in the past. It was first a game paradise for Indians known as the Judith Basin, and was warred for by Sioux, Crow and Blackfoot. The white man came and it become a beef bonanza.

The buffalo disappeared in the early '80s and many of the buffalo hunters turned horse thief. The cowmen became enraged when they got no support from the law and took the law in their own hands in June, 1884. A range war broke out and horse thieves were hung, shot or chased out of the country wherever found. It culminated in a pitched battle at James Ranch at Rocky Point on the Missouri River and about nine men were killed. During this time two horse thieves went to a celebration on the 4th of July in this town and were killed in the main street after a vicious gunfight in which both men gave the finest exhibition of courage that has ever been witnessed in the West. The entire town, composed mostly of half-breeds, were shooting at the two men who refused to run or take cover and only quit firing after they were on the ground, one with thirteen wounds and the other with nine.

What I know about Doc Holliday is mostly hearsay, but I have heard much about him from others who did know him. Bat Masterson knew him but had no use for him. Bat liked Wyatt Earp but could not stomach Holliday and some say that he tried to get Wyatt to drop him. Bat did not tell me that. Bat is the man that used his influence to prevent extradition of the Earp Gang from Colorado to Arizona to answer a charge of first degree murder.

I think that Wyatt first met Doc Holliday in Texas where Doc stabbed a man to death. Both Holliday and Wyatt Earp had a most unsavory reputation among the cowmen. Holliday was considered to be poison. Formerly a dentist, he turned pimp and gambler and is reputed to have killed about twenty-eight men. Like most of our crack western gunfighters not one of his victims were men of great gun reputation.

I do not know of a single incident in which one crack gunfighter matched himself with another of equal reputation. We have the near exception in the killing of Jim Courtright by Luke Short. Short was not considered the equal of Courtright in gun proficiency but his first wild shot hit Jim in the hand and shot his thumb off and he pumped five more into Jim's body as Jim made a "shift" and was trying to shoot with his left hand. Luke Short was small, fast and brainy. His method was good; he used a double action revolver of heavy calibre, probably a Colt army model. When in a fight he crowded in close to his opponent to get full benefit of the muzzle blast. He always won. Luke Short was one of the gambler marshals at Dodge but was not considered as bloodthirsty as some of the others and men who did not like his kind still said that he was pretty square fellow for a gambler.

In writing about gunfights at close range don't forget that muzzle blast is an important factor. The big .45 or .44 carrying full charges of around forty grains of black powder was a terrible thing to face. It struck you like the blaze of a blow torch. It would burn through a shirt and I have seen two men's clothing set on fire from gunfire.

I don't often tell of my own experiences but I will relate one to you in part to illustrate the effect of muzzle blast. I was standing about three feet from my brother when he got into an altercation with a young fellow and the fellow suddenly drew a gun and shot him in the neck. I was about four feet in front of the gun and slightly to one side when the fellow shot. He shoved his gun well in front of him and about shoulder high, which brought the muzzle about two feet from my face; and his second shot, a miss, burned a brown streak across my forehead. My brother was knocked over backwards and I also fell. This was in the bunkhouse of the old Jinglebob outfit and we were dressing in the early morning.

Both of Virgil's shots had been fired full in my face and I was helplessly blind from them. I tried to get into the fight but was held by friends, who also disarmed Virgil. My brother was not seriously wounded but I had to be taken to a doctor to have flakes of powder taken from my face and from one eyeball. I was only a boy, but I learned then that if a man fired into me at extremely close range I would have to get away from in front of the gun or I would wince too much to be effective.

Of all the lawmen around Tombstone old John Slaughter was the best. John Ringo seemed to have the Indian sign on all the gun artists of that time and both he and the saloonkeeper Milt Joice challenged any and all of the Earp crowd to fight. Doc Holliday once shot Joice in the hand and Joice disarmed him and was about to kill him with his own gun when Johnny Behan entered and disarmed him, saving Doc's life. Another time, Joice entered the Crystal Palace with a gun in each hand and wanted to fight the whole Earp crowd. Behan came in behind him and disarmed him. Small thanks he got from Earp for doing his duty. This Joice must have been an interesting person to know. I did not know him but I knew Frank Leslie who was tending bar for Joice when he nearly killed Holliday.

I think I have old-timered you enough for one time so I will close. I have a letter from Eugene Cunningham and he says his book *Triggernometry* is now off the press. It contains the history of a lot of old gunfighters, most of the frontier gun tricks and a lot of gun dope, some of which he got from me.

Sincerely Yours,
Pink Simms,
519 Morase St.
Lewistown, Mont.

For a different angle on Wyatt Earp—once more as revealed by personal correspondence—see the June issue of TRUE WEST. Wyatt lets off some steam to his friend, actor Bill Hart.

Last Chief of the Cherokees

(Continued from page 23)

last *active* chief. Make that explicit."

Much, much more could have been said. Buffington was only one-eighth Cherokee. His grandfather had been an English missionary to the Cherokees in Tennessee and Georgia, and it was there in 1823 that his parents were married. His father was English; his mother one-fourth Cherokee. Yet, while principally white, Buffington posed as an Indian throughout his entire "war" with the United States, lived and ruled his people as an Indian chief, and talked in Cherokee through an interpreter in all conferences and appearances before white rulers and newsmen, from 1890 until the treaty was approved.

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Our Boy Joe

(Continued from page 3)

zooming career. Letters from F.T. readers could bring him back on. Let's all write the Johnny Carson Show, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10020.

Joe's painting on the cover of this issue, "The Montana Wrangler," has been a favorite conversation piece for a long time. The original hangs in my office. Thank goodness I bought it before people started offering him ten to twenty thousand dollars to do a painting for them!

The basic job of the wrangler was to take care of the remuda that accompanied every large roundup or drive. Each cowboy had to have several horses. One man had to watch, drive, graze and water these reserve horses. This wrangler had to have plenty of horse savvy—be wise to the pranks horses can pull. Always they were supposed to be kept close to camp or trail and if the cowboy let them out-smart him, he was given his pay, a pocketful of sourdough biscuits and told to light a shuck!

The wrangler on the cover is wearing an outfit used just prior to the turn of the century. The angora chaps protected his legs from the cold autumn winds. The leather cuffs, trade cloth edged and beaded by Indians, were worn for their beauty as well as protection from rope burns. The buckskin vest, also elaborately beaded, was popular for about twenty-five years—until the dudes and Wild West Show characters made it unmasculine to be caught dead in one!

NOW about this issue. We've tried to come up with something that will leave everybody feeling he got his 35c worth—knowing of course that it's impossible because some people had rather have the whole 35c in outlaw stories, or in Indian fights, or riding the range and listening to the coyotes. Sort of reminds me of the first Thanksgiving dinner my wife ever cooked. She wasn't exactly an "old hand" at vittles at that time and we decided to ask only one couple instead of the standard houseful. Well, we served it up and the lady we'd asked took one look at the dish of celery and turned green. It seems she was allergic to celery. Elizabeth rushed the plate back to the kitchen, but it didn't do any good. There was celery in the stuffing, celery in the salad, and for all I know, celery in the biscuits. (In other words, Elizabeth had looked at that big white stalk and had decided to use it up.)

Although her husband would eat anything, we were facing a 50% guest failure before anybody'd had a bite. It's sort of the same way with magazine publishing. Some of you hate wagontrain trips with a passion; others wish all the lost mines could be laid end to end and filled up with napalm. So—before you ever read a page there may be one or two of you who are going to wish you had your depreciated currency back; we just hope the *rest* of you will be satisfied!

If you know anything about surveying, don't miss "Landline Bloodhounds"; if you are about half-convinced that everybody in office is a downright rascal, read about Tom Buffington—part white, part Indian and all man; if you're a ghost-towner and clue-follower, read "The Doomed City" and "The Bayhorse Treasure"; if you're interested in why lawbreakers are lawbreakers, we've got a story for both reasons: one is meanness and the other is mental breakdown. So forth and so on.

And now for a note on the next TRUE WEST, since this is the only chance I'll get. (It will be out about April 20.) We ran across a story we considered so good we bought it even though it will have to be run in two parts. June will carry Part 1, and is a whale of a tale even if you never get to see Part 2. It's about James Tevis, a man who came to the frontier early and who never knew from one day to the next if he would live till breakfast. His trouble was Indians—some friends and some enemies. He would be tied to the stake by one group, rescued by the other—but never would have been tied up in the first place if he hadn't been friends with the first group!

In my opinion, it would take a lot of good climate, a lot of free land, and a lot of other stuff to make such an existence worthwhile. I've always liked the wide open spaces myself, but not when it affected the scalp-line! Anyway, goldarn it, if you think times are precarious now, try to latch on to the June issue and read about Arizona in the '50s. It'll pearten you up about your own troubles whatever they are. See you later—Hosstail.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 47)

mystery.—Zane E. Jacobs USN, 1418 Regulus Drive, Point Mugu, California 93041.

Hale

My father's name is John W. Hale and my grandfather's name is William Franklin Hale and my great-grandfather's name is Samual Hale. Samual was supposed to have come from Ireland and I think he married an Indian woman. William Franklin was married to Georgia Berry whose father was supposed to have been an Indian and she was born in 1874. She has or had a cousin named Jewel Carroll. My father was born July 26, 1891. Both William Franklin and John W. Hale may have been born in Tyler, Texas, but either or both Samual and William Franklin Hale lived in or around Rome, Georgia. This is all I know about them. I would appreciate any information I can get.—Allen M. Hale, 1526 Laurette, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80909.

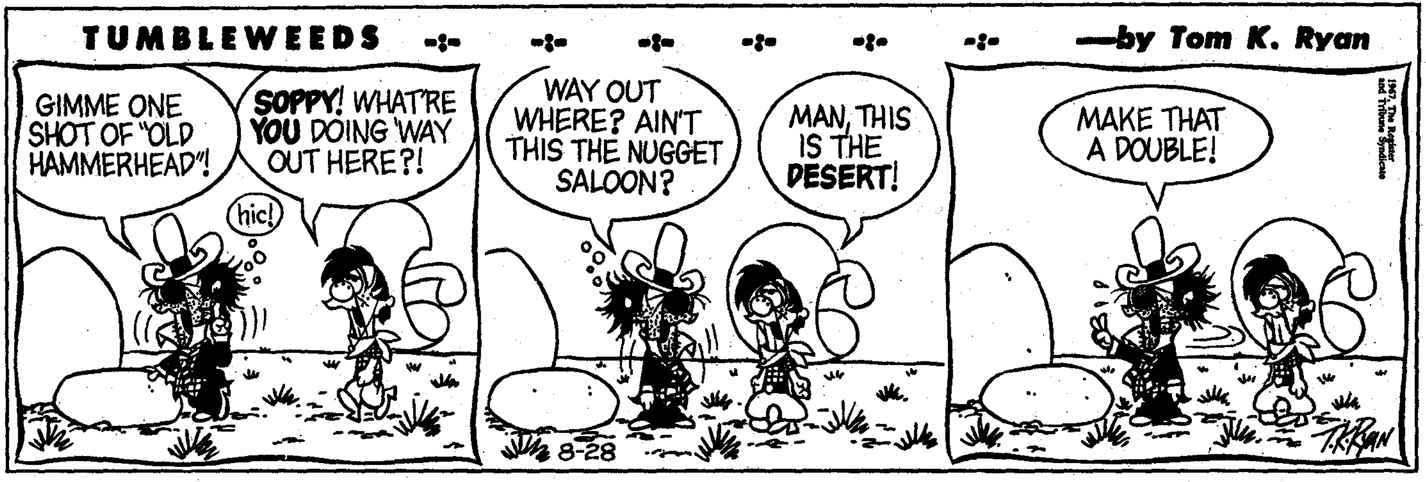
Lewis Johnson

Just recently I've become interested in one of the men who died at the Alamo—Lewis Johnson of Nacogdoches, a Welshman. I have tried to obtain information regarding his place of birth but so far I haven't had any luck. I would appreciate anything anyone could provide.—Sgt. Ken Price, 1157874, R.A.-P.C. Att ICBRJ Corps TPS WKSPS REME BFPO 39, Germany.

Loral Eugene Trotter

I am interested in a small child's grave (Loral Eugene Trotter) located beside the highway between Ft. Sumner and Melrose, New Mexico. My family and I go to Ft. Sumner at least once a year and have repeatedly visited this child's well kept grave. (Inscription)—Loral Eugene, Son of Charles S. & Mozella Trotter, Born Aug. 22, 1905, Died Feb. 16, 1907.

I would like to hear from some of Loral E. Trotter's relatives of sixty years past. I made a trip at age four with my family over almost this same route in 1907 in a covered wagon on our way to Arizona.—Mrs. Gertrude Butler, Rt. 1, Box 56, Bard, New Mexico.


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
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hic!
SOPPY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING 'WAY OUT HERE?!
WAY OUT WHERE? AIN'T THIS THE NUGGET SALOON?
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1967, The Register and Tribune Syndicate
8-28
T.K. RYAN

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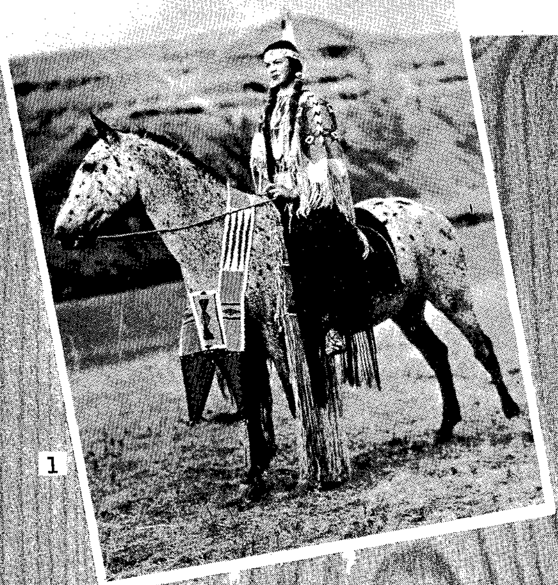
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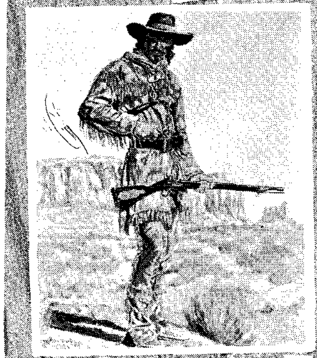
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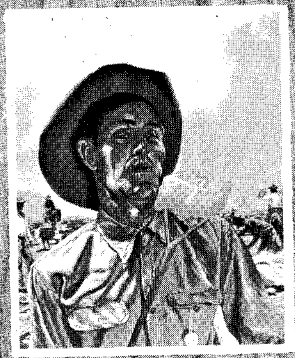
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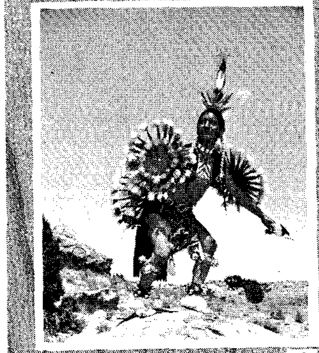
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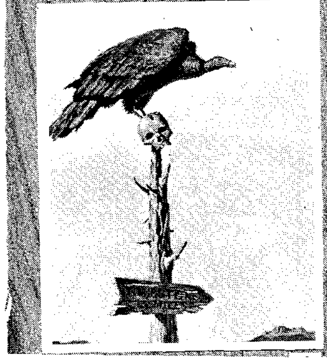

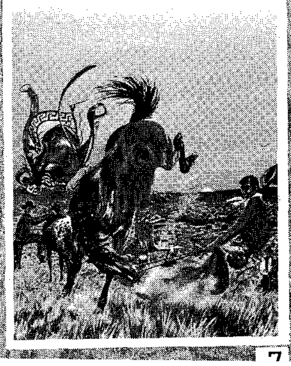
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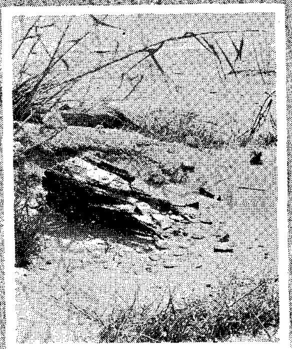
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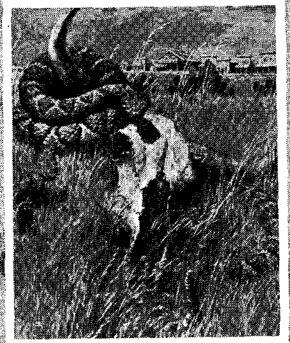
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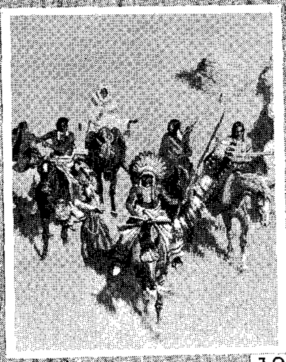
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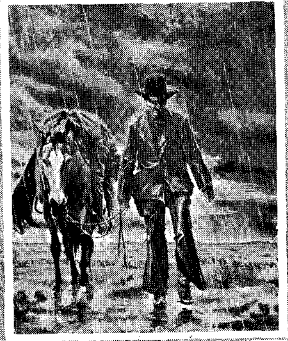
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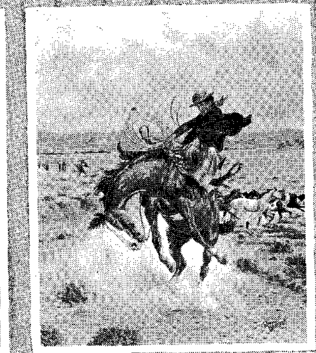
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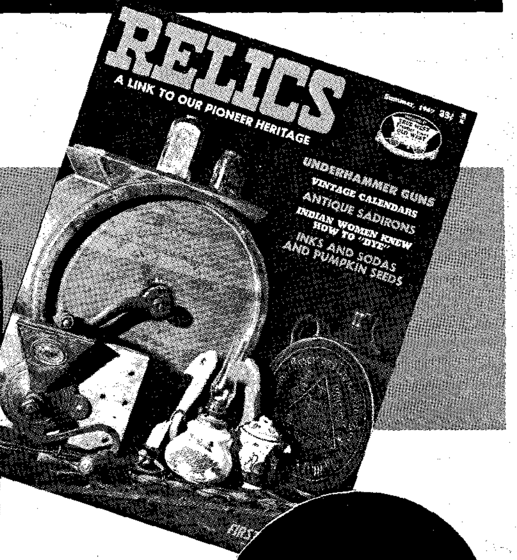
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